

# **SONGES. AND SONETTES**

*written by the right honorable Lorde*

*Henry Haward late Earle of Sur-*

*rey, and other.*

*Apud Richardum Tottell.*

*Cum priuilegio a. imprimendum*

*solum. 1557.*





# SONGES

written by

Henry

Apud London. Tottell.

Cum privilegio Regis imprimendum

Solus 1557.



**T**hat to haue wel witten in verſe, yea & in ſmal  
 parcelles, deſerueth great prayſe, the woꝝkes  
 of ouers Latines, Italians, and other, doe proue  
 ſufficiently. That our tong is able in that kynde to  
 do as praiſe woꝝthely as the reſt, the honorable ſtile  
 of the noble Earle of Surrey, and the weightineſſe  
 of the depe witted ſir Thomas Wyatt the elders  
 verſe, with ſeueral graces in ſundꝝ good Engliſh  
 wꝝiters, do ſhew abundantly. It reſteth now (gen-  
 tle reader) that thou think it not coull done, to pub-  
 liſhe, to the honoꝝ of the Engliſhe tong, and foꝝ pro-  
 ſite of the ſtudious of Engliſhe eloquence, thoſe  
 woꝝkes which the vngentle hoꝝders bp of ſuch trea-  
 ſure, haue heretofore enuied thee. And foꝝ this point  
 (good reader) thine owne proſite and pleaſure, in  
 theſe preſently, and in moe hereafter, ſhal anſwere  
 foꝝ my deſee. If perhappes ſome miſlike the ſtate-  
 lyneſſe of ſtile remoued from the rude ſkil of co-  
 mon eares: I aſke helpe of the learned to de-  
 ſende theyꝝ learned frendes, the authoꝝs  
 of this woꝝke: And I exhoꝝt the vn-  
 learned, by reading to learne to  
 be moꝝe ſkilful, and to purge  
 that ſwinelike groſſeneſſe  
 that maketh the ſweete  
 maſterome not ſo  
 ſmel to their  
 delight.

**C** Description of the restless state  
of a louer, with sute to his  
ladie, to rue on his dis-  
yng hart.

The sunne hath twice brought forth his tender greene,  
Twice clad the earth in liuely lustinesse:  
Ones haue the windes the trees dispoyled clene,  
And ones again begins their cruelnesse.  
Sins I haue hid vnder my brest the harme,  
That neuer shal recouer healthfulnesse.  
The winters hurt recouers with the warme,  
The parched greene rest is with shade.  
What warmth (alas) may serue for to disarme  
The frosen hart that mine in flame hath made:  
What cold againe is able to restore  
My fresh greene yeres, that wither thus and fade?  
Alas I se nothing hath hurt so soze,  
But time in time reduceth a returne:  
In time my harne encreaseth more and more,  
And seemes to haue my cure alwayes in scorne.  
Strange kindes of death, in life that I do trie:  
At hand to melt, farre of in flame to burne.  
And lyke as time list to my cure apply,  
So doth eche place my comfort cleane refuse.  
Al thynge aloue, that seeth the heauens with eye,  
With cloke of night may coner, and excuse  
It selfe from trauaile of the dayes vrest,  
Haue I, alas, against al others vse,  
That then sturc vp the tormentz of my brest,  
And curse eche sterre as causer of my fate:  
And when the sunne hath eke the darke opprest,  
And brought the day it doth nothing abate  
The trauailes of mine endlesse smart and paine,  
For then as one that hath the light in hate,  
I wish for night, more couertly to plaine,  
And me withdraw from euery haunted place,  
Lest by my chere my chance appere to plaine:  
And as my mynde I measure pace by pace,



## Songes

To seeke the place where I my self had lost,  
 That day that I was tangled in the lace,  
 In seming slack that knitteth euer most:  
 But neuer yet the trauaile of my thought  
 Of better state could catch a cause to boast.  
 For if I founde sometime, that I haue sought,  
 Those sterres by whom I trusted of the port:  
 My sailes do fall, and I aduance right nought,  
 As ankerd fast: my sprites do all resort  
 To stand agazed, and sink in more and more  
 The deadly harme which she doth take in sport.  
 Lo, if I seeke, how I do finde my soze:  
 And yf I flee, I cary with me still  
 The venomd shaft, which doth his force restore  
 By haste of flight, and I may plaine my  
 Vnto my self vnlesse this carefull song  
 Print in your hart some parcel of my tene.  
 For I, alas, in silence all to long,  
 Of mine old hurt yet fele the wound but grene,  
 Rue on my life: or els your cruel wrong  
 Shall well appere, and by my death be sene.

**C** Description of Spring, wherein eche  
 thing renews, saue onely  
 the louer.

The soote season, that bud and blome forth brings,  
 With grene hath clad the hill, and eke the vale:  
 The nightingale, with fethers new she sings:  
 The turtle to her make hath tolde her tale.  
 Somer is come, for euery spray now springs,  
 The hart hath hong his old hed on the pale:  
 The buck in brake his winter coate he flings:  
 The fishes flete with new repaired scale:  
 The adder all her slough away she slings:  
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies smalle:  
 The busy bee her honny now she mings:  
 Winter is woone that was the flowers bale:  
 And thus I le among these pleasant things,  
 Eke care decapes, and yet my sorow springs:

Describe

and Sonettes.

**C** Description of the restlesse state  
of a louer.

**W**hen youth had led me halfe the race  
That Cupides scourge had made me runne:  
I looked backe to mete the place,  
From whence my wery cours begunne.  
And then I sawe how my desire,  
Misguiding me, had led the way:  
Whine eyen to greedy of theyr hire,  
Had made me lose a better pray.  
For when in sighes I spent the day  
And could not cloke my grief with game:  
The boyleng smoke did all betwray  
The persant heat of secrete flame.  
And when salt teares do bain my brest,  
Where loue his pleasant traines hath sowne:  
Her beauty hath the frutes opprest,  
Ere that the buds were sprong and blowne.  
And when mine eyen did still pursue  
The flying chase of theyr request  
Their greedy lokes did oft renew  
The hidden wounde within my brest.  
When euery loke these chekes might staine,  
From deadly pale to glowing red:  
By outward signes appeared plaine,  
To her for help my hart was fled.  
But al to late loue learneth me,  
To paint al kind of colours new:  
To blinde their eyes that els should see  
My speckled chekes with Cupides hew.  
And now the couert brest I claime,  
That worshipt Cupide secretly,  
And nourished his sacred flame:  
From whence no blasing sparkes do fyre!

**C** Description of the fickle affections,  
panges, and sleighes  
of loue.



## Songes

Such wappard waies hath I got, that most part in discord  
 Our willes do stand: whereby our harts but seldom do accord,  
 Deceit is his delight, and to begile, and mocke  
 The simple hartes, whom he doth strike & froward diuers stroke,  
 He causeth thene to rage with golden burning dart,  
 And doth alay with leaden colde again the other hart.  
 Whote gleemes of burning fire, and easly sparkes of flame  
 In balaunce of vnequal weight he pondereth by aine.  
 From easly foyd, where I might wade and passe ful wel,  
 He me withdraues, and doth me driue into a depe dark hel.  
 And me withholdes, where I am cald, and offred place:  
 And willes me that my mortal foe I do beseeke of grace.  
 He lettes me to pursue a conquest weluers wonne,  
 To folow where my paines were lost, ere that my sute begonne,  
 So by this meanes I know how soone a hart may turne,  
 From warre to peace, from truse to strife, and so againe returne.  
 I know how to content my self in others lust:  
 Of little stufte vnto my self to weaue a web of trust:  
 And how to hide my harmes with soft dissembling chere,  
 When in my face the painted thoughtes would outwardly apere.  
 I know how that the blood forsakes the face for dyed:  
 And how by shame it staines againe the chekes with flaming red.  
 I know vnder the greene the serpent how he lurkes.  
 The hammer of the restlesse forge I wote eke how it workes.  
 I know and can by roate the tale that I would tel:  
 But oft the wordes come forth awrie of him that loueth wel.  
 I know in heat and cold the louer how he shakes:  
 In singing how he doth complaine, in sleeping how he wakes:  
 To languish without ache, sickelesse for to consume:  
 A thousand things for to deuise, resoluing al in fume,  
 And though he lust to see his ladies grace full face,  
 Such pleasures as delight his eye, do not his heaith restore.  
 I know to seke the track of my desired foe:  
 And feare to find that I do seke. But chiefly this I know,  
 That louers must transforme into the thing beloued,  
 And liue (alas who would beleue:) with spate from life remoued.  
 I know in harty sighes and laughers of the spleene,  
 At ones to change my state, my will, and eke my colour eene.  
 I know how to deceaue my self with others help:  
 And how the Lion chastised is by beating of the whelp.  
 In standing nere my fire, I know how that I freeze:  
 Farre of I burne: in both I waite and so my life I leze.

I know how loue doth rage vppon a yelding minde:  
 How smal a net may take and meash a hart of gentle kinde:  
 How els with seldome swete to season heapes of gall:  
 Reuised with a glimpse of grace old sorowes to let fall.  
 The hidden traines I know, and secret snares of loue:  
 How soone a loke will print a thought, that neuer may remoue.  
 The slipper state I know, the sodain turnes from wealth,  
 The doubtful hope, the certain woe, and sure dispere of health.

Complaint of a louer, that defied  
 loue, and was by loue after  
 the more tor-  
 mented.

When summer toke by hand the winter to assaile,  
 with force of might, & vertue great, his stormy blasts to quail  
 And when he clothed faire the earth about with greene,  
 And euery tree new garmented, that pleasure was to sene:  
 Mine hart gan new reuiue, and changed blood did stur  
 He to withdraue my wynter woes, that kept within the doze.  
 A brede, quod my desire, assay to set thy fote,  
 where thou shalt finde the saueur swete, for spring is euery rote.  
 And to thy health, if thou wert sick in any case,  
 Nothing more good, than in the spring the aire to fele a space.  
 There shalt thou heare and se al kyndes of birdes ywrought,  
 wel tune their voice with warble smal, as nature hath the taught.  
 Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to leaue:  
 And for my health I thought it best such counsel to receaue.  
 So on a morow furth, onwist of any wight,  
 I went to proue how well it woulde my heauy burden light.  
 And when I felt the aire so pleasant rounde about,  
 Lord, to my self how glad I was that I had gotten out.  
 Here might I se how ther had euery blossome hent:  
 And eke the new betrothed birdes ycoupled how they went.  
 And in their songes me thought they thanked nature much,  
 That by her licence al that yere to loue their happe was such.  
 Right as they could deuise to chose them feres throughtout:  
 with much reioysing to their Lord thus flew they al about.  
 which when I gan reioice, and in my head conceaue,  
 what pleasant lyfe, what heapes of ioy these little birdes receaue.

And



## Songes

And saw in what estate I wery man was brought,  
 By want of that they had at wil, and I reiect at nought:  
 I coud how I gan in wrath vnwisely me demeane.  
 I cursed loue and him defied: I thought to turne the streame,  
 But when I well beheld he had me vnder awe,  
 I asked mercy for my fault, that so transgress his lawe.  
 Thou blinded God (quod I) forgeue me this offence,  
 Unwittingly I went about, to malice thy pretence.  
 Wherwith he gaue a beck, and thus me thought he swore,  
 Thy sorow ought suffice to purge thy fault, if it were more.  
 The vertue of which sound mine hert did so reuiue,  
 That I, me thought, was made as whole as any man aliue.  
 But here I may perceiue mine errour al and some,  
 For that I thought that so it was: yet was it stil vndone.  
 And al that was no more but mine exp<sup>d</sup> sed minde,  
 That faine would haue some good reliefe, of Cupide wel assinde.  
 I turned home forthwith, and might perceiue it wel,  
 That he agreed was right soze with me for my rebel.  
 My harmes haue euer since, encreased more and more,  
 And I remaine wihout his help, vndone for euermore.  
 I mirror let me be vnto ye louers all:  
 True not with loue, for if ye do, it will ye thus befall.

### C Complaint of a lover rebuked,

L Oue, that liueth, and raigneth in my thought,  
 That built his seat within my captiue brest,  
 Clad in the armes, wherin with me he fought,  
 Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.  
 She, that me taught to loue, and suffer paine,  
 My doutfull hope, and eke my hot desire,  
 With shamefast cloke to shadowe and restraine,  
 Her smiling grace conuerteth straight to ire.  
 And coward loue then to the hart apace  
 Taketh his flight, whereas he lurkes and plaines.  
 His purpose lost and dare not shewe his face,  
 For my lordes guilt thus faultlesse bide I paines,  
 Yet from my lord shall not my soote remoue.  
 Sweete is his death, that takes his end by loue.

## and Sonettes.

### Complaint of the louer disdained.

**I**n Cyprus springes (whereas Dame Venus dwelt.)

I well so hore, that whoso tastes the same,  
Were he of stone, as thawed yce should melt,  
And kindlyd finde his brest with fire and flame.  
Whose moyst popson dissolued hath my heart:  
This creeping fire my colde lims so opprest,  
That in the hart that harborde freedom fare,  
Endlesse despayre long thraldome hath impress.  
In other so colde in frozen yce is founde,  
Whose chilling venom of repugnant kinde  
The feruent heat doth quenche of Cupides wounde:  
And with the spot of change infectes the minde:  
Whereof my dere hath talke, to my paine.  
My seruice thus is growen into disdaine.

### Description and praise of his loue Geraldine.

**F**rom Tuskanie came my Ladies worthy race:  
Fairst Florence was sometime her auncient seate:  
The Western yle, whose pleasant shore doth face  
Wilde Chambers clifs, did gyue her liuely heate:  
Fostered she was with milke of Irishe brest:  
Her sire, an Erie: her dame, of princes blood.  
From tender yeres, in Brittain she doth rest,  
With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly food.  
Honsdon did first present her to mine yien:  
Wright is her hewe, and Geraldine the sight.  
Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine:  
And windsor, alas doth chase me from her sight.  
Her beauty of kind her vertues from above.  
Happie is he, that can obtaine her loue.

### The frailtie and hurtfulness of beautie.

**L**ittle beautie, that nature made so fraile,  
Wherof the gitt is small, and short the season,  
B. 1. Flower



## Songes 2

Flowring today, to morrowe are to fall,  
 Tickell treasure abhorred of reason,  
 Daungerous to deale with, beinge of none auail,  
 Costly in keeping, past not worth two peason,  
 Slipper in sliding as is an eies talle,  
 Harde to attaine, once gotten not reason,  
 Jewell of ieopardie that perill doth assaile,  
 False and vntrue, entitled oft to treason,  
 Enmy to youth: that most way I bewaile.  
 Ah bitter swete infecting as the popson:  
 Thou farest as frute that with the frost is taken,  
 To day redy ripe, to morow all to shaken.

A complaint by night of the louer  
 not beloued.

As so all thinges now doe hold their peace.  
 Heauen and earth disturbed in nothing:  
 The beastes, the ayer, the birdes their song doe cease:  
 The nightes chare the starres aboute doth bring:  
 Calme is the Sea, the waues worke lesse and lesse:  
 So am not I, whome loue alas doth wring,  
 Bringing befole my face the great encrease  
 Of my desires wherat I wepe and sing:  
 In ioy and wo as in a doutfull ease.  
 For my swete thoughtes sometime do pleasure bring:  
 But by and by the cause of my disease  
 Geues me a pang that inwardly doth sting  
 When that I thinke what grief it is againe,  
 To liue and lack the thing shoud rid my paine.

How echething saue the louer  
 in spring reuiveth to  
 pleasure.

When wind for walles sustained my wearied arme,  
 My hand my chin, to ease my restlesse hed:  
 The pleasant plot reuiveth green with warne,  
 The blossoms bowes with lusty Met. spred,

The flowred meades, the wedded birdes so late  
 Mine eyes discover: and to my minde resorts  
 The ioly woes, the hatelesse short debate,  
 The rakehell life that longes to loues disporte,  
 wherewith (alas) the heauy charge of care  
 Heapt in my breast breakes forth against my will,  
 In smoky sighes, that ouercast the apee,  
 My vapord eyes such drye teares distill,  
 The tender spring which quicken where they fall,  
 And I halfe bent to throwe me downe withall,

Vow to loue faithfully howe  
 soeuer he bere,  
 ward d.

Set me wheras the sunne doth parche the grene,  
 Or where his beames do not dissolue the yse:  
 In temperate heate where he is felt and sens:  
 In pcesence prest of people madde or wise,  
 Set me in hye, or yet in low degree:  
 In longest night, or in the shortest dape:  
 In clearest skie, or where cloudes thickest be:  
 In lusty youth, or when my heeres are graye.  
 Set me in heauen, in earth, or els in hell,  
 In hyll, or dale, or in the foming flood:  
 Thrall, or at large, aloue where so I dwell:  
 Sicke, or in health: in euill fame, or good.  
 Hers will I be, and onely with this thought  
 Content my self, although my chaunce be nought.

Complaint that his ladie after she  
 knew of his loue, kept her  
 face alway hidden  
 from him,

I neuer saw my Ladys face apart  
 Her cornet blacke, to colde nor yet in heate,  
 But first she knew my grief was growen so great,

B. II.

which



Which other fantasies detleth from my hart,  
 That to my self I do the thought reserve,  
 The which vnwares did wounde my wofull hert:  
 But on her face mine eyes mought neuer rest.  
 Yet, sins she knewe I did her loue and serue,  
 Her golden tresses cladd with blacke,  
 Her smiling lokes that hid thus euermore,  
 And that restraines which I desire to loze,  
 So doth thys cornet gouerne me alacke,  
 In somer, sunne, in winters breath a frost,  
 Wherby the light of her faire lokes I lost.

Request to his loue to ioine  
 bountie w ith beautie.

The golden gift that nature did thee giue,  
 To fasten frendes, and fede them at thy will,  
 With fourme and fauour, taught me to beleue,  
 How thou art made to shew her greatest skill.  
 Whose hidden vertues are not so vnknownen,  
 But liuely domes might gather at the full,  
 Where beauty so her perfect seede hath sownen,  
 Of other graces folow nedes there mull.  
 Now certesse Ladie, this all thys is true,  
 That from aboue thy giftes are thus elect:  
 Do not deface them than with fancies new,  
 Nor change of mindes let not thy minde infect:  
 But mercy hym thy frende, that doth the serue,  
 Who sekes alway thine honour to prelerue.

Prisoned in windfor, here  
 counteth his pleasure  
 there passed.

So cruel prison how coulde betide (alacke)  
 As proude Windsor: where I in lust and ioye,  
 With a kinges sonne, my child she piers did passe,  
 In greater feast than Dyrus somes of Troye.  
 Where eche swete place returnes a taste full somer,

*and Snettes.*

The large grene courtes, where we were wont to haue,  
With pies cast vp into the maydens tower.  
And easie sighes, such as folk drawe in loue:  
The statelie seates, the ladies bright of hewe:  
The daunces short, long tales of great delight:  
With wordes and lokes, that tigers coulde but rewe,  
Where ech of vs did pleade the others right:  
The palme play, were dispoyled for the game,  
With dazed pies oft we by gleames of loue,  
Haue mist the ball, and got sight of our dame,  
To bayte her eyes, which kept the leads aboue:  
The grauell ground, with sleues tied on the helme:  
On sompyng horse, with swordes and frendly hartes,  
With cheare, as though one should another whelme:  
Where we haue fought, and chased oft with dartes,  
With siluer droppes the meade yet spred for ruth,  
In actiue games of nimblenes, and strength.  
Where we did straine, trapned with swarimes of youth.  
Our tender limmes, that yet shot vp in length:  
The secret groues, which oft we made resounde  
Of pleasaunt playnt, and of our ladies praise,  
Recording oft what grace ech one had founde,  
What hope of speede, what drede of long delays:  
The wilde forest, the clothed holtes with grene:  
With rayns auayled, and swift ybreathed horse,  
With crie of houndes and mery blastes betwene,  
Where we did chase the fearefull harte of force,  
The wide vales eke, that harborde vs ech night,  
Wherwith (alas) reuiue in my brest  
The swete accorde: such sleepes as yet delight,  
The pleasant dreames, the quiet bed of rest:  
The secrete thoughtes imparted with such trust:  
The wanton talke, the diuers change of play:  
The frendship sworne, eche promise kept so iust:  
Wherwith we past the winter night away.  
And, with this thought, the bloud forsakes the face,  
The teares berayne my chekes of deadly hewe:  
The nyght as sone as sobbing sighes (alas)  
Upsupped haue, thus I my plaint renewe:  
A place of blisse, reuier of my woes,  
Geue me accompt, where is my noble fere:  
Whom in thy walles thou doest ech night enclose,



## Songes

To other leefe, but vnto me most dere.  
 Echo (alas) that doth my sorow rewe,  
 Returns therto a hollow sounde of playnte.  
 Thus I alone, where all my freedom grewe,  
 In prison pine, with bondage and restrainte,  
 And with remembrance of the greater greefe  
 To banishe the lesse, I find my chief releefe.

The louer comforteth himself.  
 with the worthinesse of  
 his loue,

**W**hen raging loue with extreme payne  
 Most cruelly distrains my hart:  
 When that my teares, as floudes of raine,  
 Beare witness of my woofull smart:  
 When sighes haue wasted so my breath,  
 That I lye at the point of death.  
 I call to minde the nauye great,  
 What the Grekes brought to Troy towne:  
 And how the boysteous windes did beate  
 Their ships, and rent their sailes adowne,  
 Till Agamemnons daughters bloode  
 Appealed the gods, that them withstode.  
 And how that in those ten peres warre,  
 Full many a bloudy dede was done,  
 And many a lord, that came full farre,  
 There caught his bane (alas) to lone:  
 And many a good knight ouerronne,  
 Before the Grekes had Helene wonne.  
 Then thinke I thus: sithe such repayre,  
 So longe time warre of valiant men,  
 Was all to winne a lady fayre:  
 Shall I not learne to suffre then,  
 And thinke my life well spent to be,  
 Seruing a worthier wight then she?  
 Therfore I neuer will repent,  
 But paines contented skil endure.  
 For like as when, rough winter spent,  
 The pleasant spring straight draweth in hie:

So after raging stormes of care  
 Joyfull at length may be my fare.

Complaint of the absence of  
 her louer being ypon  
 the sea.

O Happy dames, that may embrace  
 The frute of your delight,  
 Help to bewaile the wofull case,  
 And eke the heauy plight  
 Of me, that wonted to reioyce  
 The fortune of my pleasant choyce:  
 Good Ladies, help to fil my moorning voyes.  
 In ship, freight with remembrance  
 Of thoughts, and pleasures past,  
 He sailes that hath in gouernance  
 My life, while it will last:  
 With scalding sighes, for lack of gale,  
 Furduring hys hope, that is hys sail  
 Toward me, the swete port of hys auail.

Alas, how oft in dremes I see  
 Those eyes, that were my food,  
 Which sometime so delighted me,  
 That yet they do me good.  
 Wherewith I wake with his returne,  
 Whose absent flame did make me burne.  
 But whē I find I lack, Lord how I mourne  
 When other louers in armes acrosse,  
 Reioyce their chief delight:

Drowned in teares to mourne my losse,  
 I stand the bytter night,  
 In my window, where I may see,  
 Befoze the windes how the cloudes flee:  
 Lo, what a mariner loue hath made me.

And in grene wanes when the salt flood  
 Doth rise, by rage of winde:  
 A thousand families in that mood  
 Asayle my restlesse minde.  
 Alas, now drencheth my swete so,  
 That with the spoile of my hart did go.

And



And left me but (alas) why did he so?  
 And when the seas were calme againe,  
 To chase from me annoye  
 My doutfull hope doth cause me plaine:  
 So dreade cuts of my ioye.  
 Thus is my wealth mingled with wo,  
 And of ech thought a dout doth grow,  
 Now he comes, will he come alas, no no.

Complaint of a dying louer res-  
 fused vpon his ladies iniust  
 mistaking of his  
 writing.

**I**n winters lust returne, when Bozras gan his raigne,  
 And euery tree vnclothed fast, as nature taught them plaine  
 In misty morning darke, as shepe are then in holde,  
 I hyed me fast, it sat me on, my sheepe so to vnfolde.  
 And as it is a thing, that louers haue by fittes,  
 Under a palm I heard one crie, as he has lost hys wittes.  
 Whose voice did ring so shrill, in vttering of his plaint,  
 That I amazed was to heare, how loue could him attaint.  
 Ah wretched man (quod he) come death, and ridde thys wo:  
 A iust reward, a happy end it may chaunce thee so.  
 Thy pleasures past haue wrought thy wo, without redresse.  
 If thou hadst neuer felt no ioy, thy smart had ben the lesse.  
 And retchlesse of hys life, he gan both sighe and grone,  
 A rufull thing me thought, it was, to heare him make such mone.  
 Thou cursed pen (sayd he) wo worth the bird that bare,  
 The man, the knife, and al that made thee, wo be to thee there.  
 Wo worth the time, and place, where I so could endite:  
 And wo be it yet once againe, the pen that so can wite.  
 Unhappy hand, it had ben happy time for me,  
 If when to wite thou learned first, vnioyned hadst thou be.  
 Thus cursed he himself, and euery other wight,  
 Haue her alone whom loue him bound to serue both day & night.  
 Which when I heard, and saw how he himself fordid,  
 Against the ground with bloudy strokes, himself euen there to rid:  
 Had ben my heart of flint, it must haue melted tho:

For in my life I neuer sawe a man so full of wo.  
 With teares, for his redresse, I rashly to him ran,  
 And in my armes I caught him fast, and thus I spake him than.  
 What woful wight art thou, that in such heauy case  
 Tormentes thy selfe with such despite, hercin this desert place?  
 Wherwith, as all agast, fulfild with ire, and dzed.  
 He cast on me a staring loke, with colour pale and ded:  
 Say, what art thou (quod he) that in this heauy plight,  
 Doest find me here, most wofull wretch, that life hath in despight?  
 I am (quoth I) but pooze, and simple in degre:  
 A shepardes charge I haue in hand, vnworthy though I be.  
 With that he gaue a sighe, as though the skie shold fall:  
 And lowd (alas) he shrieked oft, and Shepard, gan he call,  
 Come, hie thee fast at ones, and print it in thy hart:  
 So thou shalt know, and I shall tell the, guiltlesse how I smart.  
 His back against the tree, soze sebled all with faint,  
 With weary spzite he stretcht him vp, and thus he told his plaint.  
 Ones in my hart (quoth he) it chanced me to loue  
 Such one, in whom hath nature wrought, her conning for to proue  
 And sure I cannot say, but many yerres were spent,  
 With such good will so recompens, as both we were content  
 Wherto then I me bound, and she likewise also,  
 The sunne should runne his course awy, ere we this faith forgo,  
 Who ioyed then, but I: who had this worldes blisse?  
 Who might compare a life to mine, that neuer thought on this?  
 But dwelling in this truth, amid my greatest ioy,  
 As me befallen a greater losse, then Priam had of Troy,  
 She is reuerfed clene, and beareth me in hand,  
 That my deserts haue geuen her cause to breke this faithful band  
 And for my iust excuse auaieth no defence,  
 Now knowest thou all: I can no more, but sheheard hie the hēe,  
 And geue him leaue to dye, that may no lenger liue:  
 Whose record lo I claime to haue, my death, I do forgeue.  
 And eke when I am gone, be bolde to speake it playne:  
 Thou hast seen dye the truest man, that euer loue did paine.  
 Wherwith he turnde him round, and gaspyng oft for breath,  
 Into his armes a tree he raught, and said welcome my death:  
 Welcome a thousand folde, now dearer vnto me,  
 Than should without her loue to liue, an emperour to be,  
 Thus, in this wofull state, he yelded vp the ghost:  
 And little knoweth his lady, what a louer she hath lost.  
 Whose death when I beheld, no marvail was it, right



## Songes

For pite though my hart did blede, to se so piteous sight,  
My blood from heat to colde oft changed wonders sore:  
A thousand troubles there I found I neuer knew before.  
Twene drede and dolour, so my sprites were brought in scare,  
That long it was ere I could call to minde, what I did there.  
But, as ech thing hath end, so had these payns of myne:  
The furies past, and I my wits restord by length of tyme.  
Then as I could deuise, to sekie I thought it best,  
Where I might finde some worthy place, for such a corse to rest,  
And in my minde it came: from thence not farre away,  
Where Creseids loue, king Pryams sonne, & worthy Troilus lay,  
By him I made his tomb, in token he was true:  
And as to him belongeth well, I couered it with blew,  
Whose soule by angels power, departed not so sone,  
But to the heauens, so it fled, for to receiue his dome.

### Complaint of the absence of her loue being vpon the sea.

Good Ladies: ye that haue your pleasures in exile,  
Step in your fote, come take a place, a moorne with me a while  
And such as by their lordes do set but little price,  
Let them sit still it skilles them not what chance come on the dice,  
But ye whom loue hath bound by order of desire,  
To loue your lordes, whose good desertcs none other wold require:  
Come ye yet once again, and set your fote by mine,  
Whose wofull plight and sorowes great no tong map well define,  
My loue and lorde alas, in whom consistes my welth,  
Hath fortune sent to passe the seas in hazarde of his health,  
Whom I was wont tembrace with well contented minde  
Is now amid the foming floods at pleasure of the winde,  
Where God well him preserue, and sone him home me send,  
Without which hope, my life (alas) were shortly at an end.  
Whose absence yet, although my hope doth tell me plaine,  
With short retarne he comes anone, yet ceaseth not my payne,  
The fearefull dreames I haue, oft times do greue me so:  
That when I wake, I lye in dout, where they be true, or no,  
Sometime the roaring seas (me semes) do grow so hye:  
That my dere Lord (as me alas) me thinkes I see him dye.  
An other time the same doth tell me: he is come:

And playng, where I shall him synd with his faire little sonne.  
 So forth I go apace to se that leessom sight,  
 And with a kisse, me think, I say: welcome my lord, my knyght:  
 welcom my swete, alas, the stay of my welfare.  
 Thy presence bringeth forth a truce atwixt me, & my care:  
 Then luckely doth he loke, and salueth me agayne,  
 And saith: my dere, how is it now, that you haue all this payne?  
 wherewith the heauy cares: that heapt are in my brest.  
 Breake forth, and me dischargen cleue of all my huge vnerset.  
 But when I me awake, and find it but a dreame:  
 The anguish of my former wo becometh more extreme:  
 And me tormenteth so, that vnderneath may I find  
 Some hidden place, wherein to stake the gnawing of my mind  
 Thus euery way you se, with absence how I burn:  
 And for my wound no cure I find, but hope of good return:  
 Haue when I thinke, by some how swete is felt the more:  
 It doth abate some of my paines, that I abode before.  
 And then vnto my self I say: when we shal meete:  
 But litle while shal seme this paine, the ioy shal be so swete:  
 we winde, I you coniure in chiefest of your rage,  
 That ye my lord me safely sende, my sorowes to all wage:  
 And that I may not long abide in this excelle.  
 Do your good wil, to cure a wight, that liueth in distresse.

A praise of his loue: wherein he  
 reproveth them that compare  
 their Ladies with his.

Give place ye louers, here before  
 That spent your boltes and bragges in vaines  
 My Ladies beawtie passeth more  
 The best of yours, I dare wel sayen,  
 Than doth the sunne, the candle light:  
 Or brightest day, the derkest night.  
 And therto hath a troth as true,  
 As had Venelope the faire.  
 For what she sayth, ye may it trust,  
 As it by writing sealed were.  
 And vertues hath she many more,  
 Than I with pen haue skill to shewe.  
 I could reherse, if that I wold,  
 The whole effect of natures plaint.



## Songes

When she had lost the perfit mould,  
The like to whom she could not paynt:  
With wryngyng handes how she did cry,  
And what she said, I know it, I.

I know, she swoze with ragyng minde,  
Her kingdome onely set apart,  
There was no losse, by lawe of kinde,  
That could haue gone so nere her hart.  
And this was chesely all her paine:  
She could not make the like againe.

Sith nature thus gaue her the praise,  
To be the chesest worke she wrought:  
In faith, me thinke some better wayes  
On your behalfe might well be sought,  
Then to compare (as ye haue done)  
To matche the candle with the sunne.

### To the ladie that scorned her louer.

Although I had a check.  
To geue the mate is hard,  
For I haue found a neck,  
To kepe my men in gard.  
And you that hardy are  
To geue so great assay  
Unto a man of warre.  
To driue his men away.

I rede you take good hede,  
And marke this foolish verse,  
For I will so prouide.  
That I will haue you ferse,  
And when your ferse is had,  
And all your warre is done:  
Then shall your self be glad  
To end that you begon.  
For if by chance I winne  
Your person in the felde:  
To late then come you in

Your self to me to yeld  
 For I wil vse my power,  
 As captain full of might,  
 And such I wil deuour,  
 As vse to shew me spight.  
 And for because you gaue  
 Me checke in such degre,  
 This vantage loe I haue:  
 Now checke, and garde to the.  
 Defend it, if thou may:  
 Stand stiffe, in thine estate.  
 For sure I will assay,  
 If I can giue the mate.

A warning to the louer  
 how he is abused by  
 his loue.

Tenderly had I bought my grene and youthfull yeres,  
 If in mine age I could not finde when craft for loue apperes.  
 And seldom though I come in court among the rest:  
 Yet can I iudge in colours dim as depe as can the best.  
 Where grefe tormentes the man that suffreth secret smart,  
 To breke it forth vnto some frend it easeth well the hart.  
 So standes it now with me for my well beloued frend,  
 This case is thine for whom I fele such torment of my mind.  
 And for thy sake I burne so in my secret brest  
 That till thou know my hole disease my hart can haue no rest.  
 I see how thine abuse hath wrested so thy wittes,  
 That all it yeldes to thy desire, and folowes thee by fittes.  
 Where thou hast loued so long with hart and all thy power.  
 I se thee fed with fained wordes, thy freedom to deuoure.  
 I know, (though she say nay, and would it well withstand)  
 When in her grace thou held the most, she bare the but in hand.  
 I se her pleasant chere in chifest of thy suite,  
 When thou art gone, I se him come, that gathers by the fruite.  
 And eke in thy respect I se the base degre  
 Of him to whome she gaue the hart that promised was to the.  
 I se (what would you more) stode neuer man so sure  
 On womans word, but wisdom would mistrust it to endure.



Songes  
The forsaken louer describeth  
and forsaketh loue.

*to the tune of happy  
holo thy v. vint.*

O Lothsom place where I  
Haue sene and hard my dere,  
when in my hart her eye  
Hath made her thought appere,  
By glimsing with such grace  
As fortune it ne would,  
That lasten any space  
Betwene vs lenger should.  
As fortune did auance,  
To further my desire:  
Euen so hath fortunes chance  
Thrown al amidde the mire.  
And that I haue deserued  
With true and faithfull hart,  
Is to his handes reserued  
That neuer felt the smart.  
But happy is that man,  
That scaped hath the grieve  
That loue wel teache him can  
By wanting his reliefe.  
A scourge to quiet mindes  
It is, who taketh hede.  
A common plage that binds  
A trauell without mede.  
This gift it hath also,  
Who so enioies it most,  
A thousand troubles grow  
To vex his wried ghost.  
And last it may not long  
The truest thing of all  
And sure the greatest wrong  
That is within this thrall  
But sins thou desert place:  
Canst geue me no accompt  
Of my desired grace.  
That I to haue was wont  
Farewel thou hast me tought

To thinke me not the furst,  
That loue hath set a loft,  
And casten in the dust.

The louer describes his  
restlesse state.

*to the tune of my minne  
to me a R. m. d. m. 15.*

As oft as I behold and see  
The soueraigne beauty that me bound:  
The nyer my comfort is to me:  
Wlas the fresher is my wound.

As flame doth quench by rage of fire,  
And runnyng streames consume by raine:  
So doth the sight, that I desire,  
Appease my grief and deadly payne.

First when I saw those cristall streames,  
Whose beauty made my mortall wound:  
I little thought within her beames  
So sweete a venom to haue found.

But wilfull will did prick me forth,  
And blinde Cupide did whippe and guide:  
Force made me take my grieke in worth:  
My fruteles hope my harme did hide.

As cruel waues full oft be found,  
Agaynst the rockes to roze and cry:  
So doth my hart ful oft rebound  
Agaynst my brest full bitterly

I fall, and see mine owne decay,  
As one that beares flame in his brest,  
Forgets in payne to put away,  
The thing that bredith mine vnrest.

The louer excuseth himself  
of suspected change,

*to the tune of J. J. J. hold the rem.*

Though I regarded not  
The promise made by me,  
Or passed not to spot  
By faith and honeste:



Songes  
The forsaken louer describeth  
and forsaketh loue.

*to the loue of happy  
holo thy reme.*

O Lothsom place where I  
Hane sene and hard my dets,  
when in my hart her eye  
Hath made her thought appere,  
By glimsing with such grace  
As fortune it ne would,  
That lasten any space  
Betwene vs lenger should,  
As fortune did auance,  
To further my desire:  
Euen so hath fortunes channce  
Thrown al amiddeg the mire.  
And that I haue deserued  
With true and faithfull hart,  
Is to his handes reserued  
That neuer felt the smart.  
But happy is that man,  
That scaped hath the grieve  
That loue wel teache him can  
By wanting his reliefe.  
A scourge to quiet mindes  
It is, who taketh hede.  
A common plague that binds  
A trauell without mede.  
This gift it hath also,  
who so enioies it most,  
A thousand troubles grow  
To bere his weried ghost.  
And last it may not long  
The truest thing of all  
And sure the greatest wrong  
That is within this thrall  
But sing thou desert place:  
Canst geue me no accómp  
Of my desired grace.  
That I to haue was wont  
farewel thou hast me tought

To thinke me not the furst,  
That loue hath set a loſt,  
And caſten in the duſt.

The louer deſcribes his  
reſtleſſe ſtate.

*to the tune of my minne  
to me a Rime is.*

As oft as I behold and ſee  
The ſoueraigne beauty that me bound:  
The nper my comfort is to me:  
Alas the freſher is my wound.

As flame doth quench by rage of fire,  
And runnyng ſtreames conſume by raine:  
So doth the ſight, that I deſire,  
Appeaſe my grief and deadly payne.

Fiſt when I ſaw thoſe cruſtall ſtreames,  
Whoſe beauty made my mortall wound:  
I little thought within her beames  
So ſweete a venom to haue found.

But wilfull will did prick me forth,  
And blinde Cupide did whippe and guide:  
Force made me take my griefe in worth:  
My fruteles hope my harme did hide.

As cruel waues full oft be found,  
Agaynſt the rockes to roze and cry:  
So doth my hart ful oft rebound  
Agaynſt my beſt full bitterly

I fall, and ſee mine owne decay,  
As one that beates flame in his beſt,  
Forgets in payne to put away,  
The thing that bredith mine vneſt.

The louer excuſeth himſelf  
of ſuſpected change,

*to the tune of Jijps. hold thy rime.*

Though I regarded not  
The promiſe made by me,  
Or paſſed not to ſpot  
By faith and honeſte:



## Songes

Yet were my fanſy ſtrange,  
And wilfull will to wite,  
If I ſought now to change,  
I ſhalkeon for a kite.

All men might well diſpraiſe  
My wit and enterpriſe,  
If I eſtemde a peſe,  
I boue a perle in priſe:  
O iudged the owle in ſight  
The ſparchauke to excell,  
Which flieth but in the night,  
As all men know right well.

O if I ſought to ſayle  
Into the bzittle port,  
Where anker hold doth faſte,  
To ſuch as do reſort.  
And leaue the hauen ſure,  
Where blowes no bluſteryng winde,  
Nor ſickelneſſe in vze  
So farforth as I finde.

No, thinke me not ſo light,  
Nor of ſo churliſh kinde,  
Though it lay in my might  
My bondage to vnbinde.  
That I would leue the hinde  
To hunt the ganders ſo.  
No no I haue no minde  
To make exchanges ſo.

Nor yet to change at all,  
For thinke it may not be  
That I ſhoulde ſeke to fall  
From my felicitie,  
Deſirous for to win,  
And loth for to forgo,  
O new change to begin:  
How may all this be ſo?

The fire it cannot freſe:  
For it is not his kinde,  
Nor true loue can not leſe  
The conſtance of the minde.  
Yet as ſone ſhall the fire,  
Want heate to blaſe and burn,

As I in such desire,  
Hauē once a thought to turne.

A carelesse man, scorning and  
describing the futtle v  
sage of women to-  
warde their  
louers,

**VV** Bapt in my carelesse cloke, as I walke to and fro:  
I se, how loue cā shew, what force ther reigneth in his bow.  
And how he shoteth eke, a hardy hart to wound:  
And where he glanceth by againe, that little hurt is found.  
For seldome is it sene, he woundeth hartes alike,  
The tone may rage, when tothers loue is often farre to seke.  
All this I see, with more: and wonder thinketh me:  
How he can strike the one so soze, and leaue the other free.  
I see, that wounded wight, that suffreth all thys wrong:  
How he is fed with peas, and napes, and liueth all to long.  
In silence though I kepe such secretes to my self:  
Yet do I see, how she sometime doth yeld a looke by stealth,  
As though it semde, ywys I will not lose thee so.  
When in her hart so swete a thought did neuer truly grow.  
Then say I thus (alas) that man is farre from blisse:  
That doth receiue for his relief, none other gaine but this.  
And she, that feedes him so, I fele, and finde it plam:  
Is but to glozy in her power, that ouer such can raign.  
For are such graces spent, but when she thinkes, that he,  
A weried man is fully bent, such fantasies to let fte.  
Then to retain him still, she wasteth new her grace,  
And smileth so, as though she would forthwith the man embrace.  
But when the prooffe is made, to try such lookes withall:  
He findeth then the place all boide, and freighted full of gall.  
Lord what abuse is this: who can such women praise:  
That for their glozy do deuise, to vse such craftie waies.  
I, that among the rest do sit, and marke the row,  
Finde, that in her is greater craft, then is in twenty mo.  
whose tender yeres, alas, with wiles so well are sped:  
What wil she do, when hozy heates, are powdzed in her hede



An answer in the behalfe of a woman of an  
vncertain aucthor.

Yet in my gittles growne as I sit here and sow,  
I see that thinges are not in dede as to the outward shew.  
And who so list to looke and note thinges somewhat nere:  
Shall finde where plainesse senies to haue nothing but craft appeere  
For with indifferent eyes my self can well discerne,  
How some to guide a ship in stormes seke for to take the sterne,  
Whose practise if were proued in caline to stee a barge,  
Assuredly beleue it well it were to great a charge,  
And some I see againe sit still and say but small,  
That could do ten times more then they that say they can do all,  
Whose goodly giftes are such the more they vnderstand,  
The more they seke to learne and know & take lesse charge in hand  
And to declare more plain the time flees not so fast:  
But I can beare full well in minde the song now song and past:  
The aucthor wherof came wrapt in a crafty cloke:  
With will to force a flaming fire where he could raise no smoke,  
If power and will had iounde as it appeareth plaine,  
The truth noz right had tane no place their vertues had ben vaine  
So that you may perceiue, and I may safely se,  
The innocent that gittlesse is, comdemned should haue be.

The constant louer la-  
menteth.

*So shee mee  
my mynne  
me in Kingdome*

Thus fortunes wrath enuieth the wealth,  
Wherin I raigned by the sight:  
Of that that sed mine eyes by stealth,  
With sower, swete, dread and delight.  
Let not my grief moue you to mone,  
For I will wepe and waile alone.

Spite draue me into Bozias raigne,  
Where hozy frostes the frutes do bite,  
When hilles were spred and euery plaine  
With stormy winters mantle white.  
And yet my dere such was my heate,  
When others freze then did I sweate.

And now though on the sunne I durt,  
Whose seruent flaine all thinges decaies,

His beames in brightesse may not strise,  
 With light of your eyes golden ryses,  
 Nor from my brest this beate remoue,  
 The frosen thoughtes grauen by loue.  
 He may the waues of the salt floodde,  
 Quenche that your beauty set on fire;  
 For though mine eyes forbear the foode,  
 That did relieue the hot desire.  
 Such as I was such wyll I be,  
 Your owne, what woulde ye more of me.

A song writen by the Earle of Surrey  
 by a Lady that refused to  
 daunce with him.

The beast can chose his fere according to his mynde,  
 And eke can shew a frendly chere like to their beastly kynde.  
 A Lion sawe I late as white as any snow,  
 Which semed well to lede the race his port the same did show.  
 Upon the gentle beast to gaze it pleased me,  
 For still me thought he semed well of noble blood to be.  
 And as he pranced before, still seeking for a make,  
 As who would say there is none here I trow wyll me forsake.  
 I might perceave a wolfe as white as whales bone,  
 A fairer beast of fresher hue beheld I neuer none.  
 Sane that her lookes were coy, and froward eke her grace,  
 Unto the which this gentle beast gan him aduance apace.  
 And with a becke full low he bowed at her feete,  
 In humble wise as who would say I am so farre vnmeeete.  
 But such a scornfull chere wherwith she him rewarded,  
 Was neuer sene I trow the like to such as well deserved.  
 With that she start asyde well nere a foote or twaine,  
 And vnto him thus gan she say with spite and great disdain.  
 Lion she saide if thou hadst knowen my minde before,  
 Thou hadst not spent thy travaile thus nor all thy paine forlore.  
 Doway I let thee wete then shalt not play with me,  
 Go range about where thou maist finde soueraine meter fere for thee.  
 With that he bet his taile, his eyes began to flame,  
 I might perceine his noble hart much moved by the same.  
 Yet saw I him refraine and eke his wrath aswage,  
 And vnto her thus gan he say when he was past his rage.



# Songes

Cruel, you do me wrong to hit me thus to light,  
 Without desert for my good will to show me such despite?  
 How can ye thus entreat a lion of the race,  
 That with his pawes a crowned king deuoured in the place?  
 Whose nature is to pray upon no simple food,  
 As long as he may suck the flesh and drink of noble blood.  
 If you be faire and fresh, am I not of your hue?  
 And for my haunt I dare well say my blood is not vntrue.  
 For you your self haue heard it is not long agoe,  
 Sith that for loue one of the race did end his life in woe,  
 In tower strong and he for his assured truth,  
 Whereas in teares he spent his breath, alas the more the ruth.  
 This gentle beast so dyed whom nothing could remoue,  
 But wyllyngly to lese his lyfe for losse of his true loue.  
 Other there be whose liues do linger still in paine  
 Against their wylles preserved are that would haue died faine.  
 But now I do perceaue that nought it moueth you,  
 My good intent, my gentle hart, nor yet my kinde so true.  
 But that your will is such to lure me to the trade,  
 As other some full many peres to trace by craft ye made.  
 And thus behold our kindes how that we differ farre.  
 I seke my foes: and you your frendes do threaten still with warre.  
 I fawne where I am fled: you slay that seeks to you,  
 I can deuour no yelding pray: you kill where you subdue.  
 My kinde is to desire the honour of the field:  
 And you with blood to slake your thirst on such as to you yeld.  
 wherefore I would you wist that for your coped lokes,  
 I am no man that wyl be trapt, nor tangled with such hokes.  
 And though some lust to loue where blame full well they might.  
 And to such beasts of currant sort that would haue trauail bright.  
 I wyl obserue the law that nature gaue to me,  
 To conquer such as wyl resist and let the rest go free.  
 And as a fawcon free that soareth in the ayre,  
 which neuer fed on hand nor lure, nor for no stalle doth care,  
 while that I liue and breath such shall my custome be,  
 In wyldnes of the woods to seke my pray where pleaseeth me.  
 where many one shall rue, that neuer made offence:  
 Thus your refuse against my power shall bote them no defence.  
 And for reuenge therof I vow and sweare thereto,  
 A thousand spoiles I shal commit I neuer thought to do.  
 And if to light on you my lucke so good shall be,  
 I shall be glad to fede on that that would haue fed on me.

And

And thus farewell vnkinde to whom I bent and bow,  
 I would you wist the ship is safe that bare his sailes so low,  
 With that a Lions hart is for a wolf no pray,  
 With bloody mouth go slake your thirst on simple shepe I say.  
 With more despite and ire than I can now expresse,  
 Which to my paine though I refrain, the cause you may wel gesse.  
 As for because my self was aucthor of the game,  
 It bootes me not that for my wrath I should disturbe the same.

**T**he faithfull louer declareth his paines  
 and his vncertein ioyes, and with  
 only hope recomforteth  
 somewhat his wo-  
 full heart.

If care do cause men cry, why do not I complaine?  
 If eche man do bewaile his wo, why shew not I my paine?  
 Since that amongst them all I dare well say is none,  
 So farre from weale, so full of wo, or hath more cause to mone.  
 For all thinges hauing life sometime hath quiet rest,  
 The bearing Ass, the drawing Oxe, and euery other beast.  
 The peasant and the post, that serues at all assayes,  
 The shipboy and the gailley slaue, haue time to take their ease,  
 Saue I, alas whom care of force doth so constrain  
 To waste the day and wake the night continually in paine.  
 From pensiuenes to plaint, from plaint to bitter teares,  
 From teares to painful plaint againe: and thus my lyfe it weares.  
 No thing vnder the sunne that I can heare or see,  
 But moueth me for to bewaile my cruell destenie.  
 For where men do reioyce since that I can not so,  
 I take no pleasure in that place, it doubleth but my wo.  
 And when I heare the sound of song or instrument,  
 Me thinke eche tune there doleful is, and helpes me to lament.  
 And if I se some haue their most desired sight,  
 Alas think I eche man hath weale saue I most wofull wight.  
 Then as the stricken Dere withdrawes him self alone,  
 So do I seke some secrete place where I may make my mone.  
 There do my flowyng eyes shew forth my melting hart,  
 So y<sup>e</sup> the streames of those two welles right well declare my smart.

And



## Songes

And in those cares so colde I force my selfe a hente;  
 As sicke men in their shaking fittes procure them selfe to sweate,  
 With thoughtes that for the tyme do much appease my paine,  
 But yet they cause a farther feare and dzebe my woe againe.  
 We thinke within my thought I se right plaine appere,  
 My hartes delight my sorowes leche mine earthy goddesse here.  
 With euery sundry grace that I haue sene her haue,  
 Thus I within my wefull brest her picture paint and graue.  
 And in my thought I roll her beawties too and fro,  
 Her laughing chere, her lovely looke, my hart that perled so.  
 Her strangenes when I sued her seruant for to be,  
 And what she said and how she smiled when that she pittied me.  
 Then comes a sodaine feare that riueteth all my rest:  
 Lest absence cause forgetfulnesse to sinke within her brest.  
 For when I think how farr this earth doth vs deuide,  
 Alas me semes loue throwes me down. I fele how that I slide.  
 But then I thinke againe why should I thus mistrust,  
 So swete a wight so sad and wise that is so true and iust.  
 For loth she was to loue, and wauering is she not,  
 The farther of the more desirde thus louers tie their knot.  
 So in dispaire and hope plunged am I both vp and downe,  
 As is the ship with wind and waue when Neptune list to frowne.  
 But as the watery showers delay the raging winde,  
 So doth good hope cleene put away dispaire out of my minde.  
 And bids me for to serue and suffer patiently,  
 For what wot I the after weale that fortune willes to me.  
 For those that care do know and tasted haue of trouble,  
 When passed is their wofull paine eche ioy shall seme them double.  
 And bitter sendes she now to make me tast the better,  
 The pleasant swete when that it comes to make it seme the sweter.  
 And so determine I to serue vntill my breath,  
 Ye rather dye a thousand times then once to false my faith.  
 And if my feble corpe through weight of wofull smart,  
 Do faile or faint my wyl it is that still she kepe my hart.  
 And when this carcas here to earth shaibe rewarde,  
 I do bequeeth my worried ghod to serue her afterwarde.

The meanes to attaine  
happy life.

*Translated out of Martiall*

Martiall

**M**artiall, the thinges that do attain  
 The happy life, be these, I finde,  
 The riches left, not got with pain:  
 The frutefull ground: the quiet minde:  
 The egall frend, no grudge, no strife:  
 No charge of rule, no: gouernance:  
 Without disease the healthful life:  
 The household of continuance:  
 The meane diet, no delicate fare:  
 Few wisdom ioynde with simplenesse:  
 The night discharged of all care,  
 Where wine the wit may not oppresse:  
 The faithfull wife, without debate:  
 Such sleepes, as may begile the night:  
 Contented with thine owne estate,  
 Ne wish for death, ne feare his might.

Praise of meane and  
 constant estate,

*Out of Howar.*

**O**f thy life, Thomas, this compasse wel mark:  
 Not aye with full sailes the hye seas to beat:  
 Be by coward dzed, in shonning stormes dark,  
 On shalow shores thy keel in peril fret.  
 Who so gladly halseth the golden meane,  
 Aloide of daungers aduisdly hath his home  
 Not with lothsome muck, as a den vncleane  
 Nor palacelike, wherat disdain may glome.  
 The lofty pine the great winde often riuers:  
 With violenter sweep falne turrets stepe:  
 Lightnings assault the hie mountaines, & cliues,  
 A hart wel stayd, in ouerthwartes depe,  
 Hopeth amendes: in swete, doth feare the sowre.  
 God that sendeth, with draweth winter sharp.  
 Now it, not aye thus: oncephebus to lowre,  
 With bowe vnbent shall cesse, and frame to harp  
 His voice, in strait estate appere thou stout:  
 And so wisely, when lucky gale of winde  
 All thy puffed sailes shall fill, looke well about:  
 Take in a rift: hast is wast, prose doth finde.

Praise



Songes  
Praise of certaine psalmes  
of Dauid translated by  
sir T. W. the elder. *A*

**T**he great Macedon. that out of Persie chased  
Darius of whose huge power all Asia rung,  
In the rich ark Dan Homers times he placed,  
Who fained gestes of heathen princes song.  
What holy graue: what worthy sepulture  
To Wiattes Psalmes shold Christians then purchase  
Where he doth paint the liuely faith and pure.  
The stedfast hope, the swete returne to grace  
Of iust Dauid, by perfite penitence.  
Where rulers may see in a mirrour cleere  
The bitter frute of false concupiscence.  
How Jewry bought Arias death ful dere.  
In princes hartes Gods scourge unprinted depe,  
Dought them awake, out of their sinfull slepe.

Of the death of the same  
sir T. W.

**D**iuers thy death do diuersly becomone.  
Some, that in presence of thy liuelyhed  
Lurked, whose brestes enuy with hate had swolne,  
peld Ceasars teares vpon Pompeius hed,  
Some, that watched with the murderers knife,  
With eger thirst to drink thy guiltlesse blood,  
Whose practise brake by happy end of life,  
With enuius teares to heare thy fame so good.  
But I, that knewe what harbored in that hed:  
What vertues rare were temperd in that brest:  
Honour the place, that such a iewell bred,  
And kisse the ground, wheras thy corse doth rest,  
with vapord eyes: from whence such streames auail,  
As Pyramus did on Thisbes brest bewail.

Of the same.

**VV**. Velleth here, that quick could neuer rest:  
whose heauenly giftes encreased by disdain.

And vertue sank the deper in his brest,  
Such profit he by enuy could obtain.

A head, where wisdom miseries did frame:  
Whose hammers bet still in that lively brain,  
As on a stithe: where that some work of fame  
Was dayly wrought, to turne to Britaines gaine

A visage stern, and mylde: where both did grow,  
Vice to contemne, in verue to reioyce:

Amid great stormes, whom grace assured so,  
To liue vp right, and smile at fortunes choyce.

A hand, that taught, what might be said in rime:  
That rest Chaucer the glory of his wite

A mark, the which (vnpartited, for time)  
Some may approch, but neuer none shal hit.

A tounge, that serued n. forein realmes his king:  
Whose courteous talke to vertue did enflame

Eche noble hart: a worthy guide to bring  
Our English youth, by traual, vnto fame.

An eye, whose iudgement none affect could blinde,  
Frendes to allure, and foes to reconcile:

Whose perling loke did represent a minde  
With vertue fraught, reposed, voyd of gile.

A hart, where dreade was neuer so unprest,  
To hide the thought, that might the trowth auance:

In neither fortune lost, nor yet represt,  
To swel in wealth, or yeld vnto mischance,

A valiant corps, whete force, and beauty met:  
Happy, alas, to happy, but for foes:

Lived, and ran the race, that nature set:  
Ot wanhobes shape, whete she the mold did lose:

But to the heauens that simple soule is fled:  
Which left with such, as couer Chaunt to know,

Wunnesse of faith, that neuer shall be ded:  
Sent for our helth, but not receiued so.

Thus, for our gilt, this tewel haue we lost:

The earth his bones, the heauens possesse his goth.

Of the same.

If the rude age when knowledge was not rise;  
If Ioue in Create and other were that taught.

C. 1.

Artes



## Songes

Artes to conuert to profit of our life,  
Wend after death to haue their temples sought,  
If vertue yet no voide vnthankfull time,  
Failed of some to blast her endles fame,  
A goodly meane both to deterre from crime:  
And to her steppes our sequele to enflame,  
In daies of truth if wiates frendes then walle,  
The only det that dead of quick may claime:  
That rare wit spent employd to our auaille.  
Where Christ is taught we led to vertues traine.  
His liuely face their brestes how did it treat,  
Whose cindres yet with enuy they do eate.

Of Sardanapalus dishonorable  
life, and miserable  
death.

T' Hascirian king in peace, with soule desire,  
And filthy lustes, that staine his regal hart  
In warre that should set princely hartes on fire:  
Did yeld, vanquisht for want of marciall art.  
The dint of swordes from kisses semed strange:  
And harder, than his ladies side, his targe.  
From glutton feastes, to souldiars fare a change:  
His helmet, farre aboue a garlands charge.  
Who seace the name of manhode did retain,  
Drenched in slouth, and womantsh delight,  
Feeble of sprite, impacient of pain:  
When he had lost his honoz, and his right:  
Proud, time of wealth, in stormes appalled with dzed,  
Furthered himself, to shew some manful dede.

How no age is content with his  
owne estate, and how the age  
of children is the happiest,  
if they had skill to  
vnderstand it.

**I** lye in my quiet bed, in study as I were,  
 I saw within my troubled head, a heape of thoughtes appere:  
 And euery thought did shewe so liuely in myne eyes,  
 That now I sighed, & the I smile, as cause of thought dyd rise.  
 I saw the litle boy in thought, how oft that he  
 Did wish of god, to scape the rod, a tall yong man to be.  
 The yongman eke that feles, his bones with paines opprest  
 How he would be a rich olde man, to lyue, and lye at rest.  
 The ryche old man that sees his end drawe on so soze,  
 How he would be a boy again, to liue so much the moze,  
 wherat full oft I smile, to se, how all these thre,  
 From boy to man, from man to boy, wuld chop & change degree,  
 And musing thus I thinke, the case is very strange,  
 That man from welth, to liue in poore, doth euer seke to change.  
 Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I saw my witherd skyn,  
 How it doth show my dented chowes, the flesh was worne so thyn:  
 And eke my tothelesse chaps, the gates of my right way,  
 That opes and shuttes, as I do speake, doe thus vnto me say:  
 Thy white and horish heeres, the messengers of age,  
 That shew like lines of true belife, that this life doth asswage,  
 Byds thee lay hand, and sele them hanging on thy chin:  
 The which do write two ages past, the third now comming in.  
 Hang vp therfore the bit of thy yong wanton time:  
 And thou that therein beaten art, the happiest life define,  
 wherat I sighed, and sayd, farewell, my wonted ioy:  
 Trusse vp thy pack, and trudge from me to euery litle boy:  
 And tell them thus from me, their time most happy is:  
 If, to their time, they reason had to know the trueth of this.

Bonum est mihi quod  
 humiliasti me.

**T**he stornes are past these cloudes are ouerblowne,  
 And humble chere great rigour hath represt:  
 For the defeaute is set a paine foreknowne,  
 And pacience graft in a determed best.  
 And in the hart where heapes of griefes were growne,  
 The sweete reuenge hath planted mirth and rest,  
 No company so pleasant as mine owne.  
 Chazdom at large hath made this prison free,  
 Danger wel past remembred workes delight:



## Songes

Of lingring doubtēs such hope is sprong pardle,  
That nought I finde displeasānt in my sight:  
But when my glasse presented vnto me  
The curelesse wound that bledeth day and night,  
To thinke (alas) such hap should granted be  
Vnto a wretch that hath no hart to fight,  
To spyll that blood that hath so oft bene shed,  
For Britannes sake (alas) and now is ded.

Exortacion to learne by o-  
thers trouble.

My Ratclif, when thy retchlesse youth offendes:  
Receue thy scourge by others chastisement.  
For such calling, when it workes none amendes:  
Then plagues are sent without aduertisement.  
Yet Salomon said, the wronged shall recure:  
But what said true, the skarre doth aye endure,

The fansie of a wried  
louer.

The fanse, which that I haue serued long,  
That hath alway bene enmy to myne ease,  
Hemed of late to rue vpon my wrong,  
And bad me flye the cause of my missease.  
And I forthwith did prease out of the throng.  
That thought by flight my painfull hart to please  
Some other way: tyll I saw faith more strong:  
And to my selfe I said: alas, those daies  
In vain were spent, to runne the race so long.  
And with that thought, I met my gurdy, that playn  
Out of the way wherein I wandered wrong.  
Brought me amidde the hilles, in base Bullayn:  
Where I am now, as restless to remayn,  
Against my will, full pleased wpth my payn.

SVRREY.

The louer for shamefastnesse hideth  
his desire w ithin his faiths  
full hart.

**T**he long loue, that in my thought I harbor,  
And in my hart both kepe his residence,  
Into my face pzeaseth with bold pzetence,  
And there campeth, displaying his banner,  
She that me learns to loue, and to suffer  
And willes that my trust, and lustes negligence  
Be reined by reason, sham, and reuerence.  
With his hardinesse takes displeasure,  
Wherwith loue to the hartes foze he fleeth,  
Leauing his enterprize with paine and crye,  
And there him hideth and not appeareth.  
What may I do: when my maister feareth,  
But in the field with him to liue and dye,  
For good is the life, ending faithfully,

The louer waxeth wiser, and  
will not die for affec-  
cion.

**Y**et was I neuer of your loue agreed,  
Nor neuer shall, while that my life doth last:  
But of hating my self, that date is past,  
And teares continuall soze hath me werled,  
I will not yet in my graue be buried.  
Nor on my tombe your name haue fixed fast  
As cruel cause, that did my sprite sone hast.  
From thunhappy boones by great sighes stirred,  
Then if an hart of amorous faith and will  
Content your minde withouten doing grief:  
Please it you so to this to do relief,  
If other wise you seke for to fulfill  
Your wrath: you erre, and shall not as you wene.  
And you your self the cause therof haue bene,



## Songes

The abused louer seeth his folie,  
and entendeth to trust  
no more.

**V**As neuer file yet half so well yfild,  
To file a file for any smithes entent,  
As I was made a filing instrument,  
To frame other, while that I was begiled,  
But reason loe, hath at my folly smiled,  
And pardoned me, sins that I me repent  
Of my last yerres, and of my time mispent:  
For youth led me, and falshood me misguided,  
Yet, this trust I haue of great apparence:  
Sins that disceit is ay returnable,  
Of very force it is agreable,  
That therewithall be done the recompence.  
Then gile begiled playnd should be neuer,  
And the reward is little trust for euer.

The louer describeth his being  
stricken with sight of  
his loue.

**T**he linely sparkes, that issue from those eyes,  
Against the which there vailleth no defence,  
Haue perst my hart and done it none offence,  
With quaking pleasure, more then once or twice.  
Was neuer man could any thing deuise,  
Sunne beames to turne with so great vehemence  
To dase mans sight, as by their bright presence  
Dased am I, much like vnto the gife  
Of one stricken with dint of lightening,  
Blinde with the stroke, and crying here and there,  
So call I for helpe, I not when, nor where,  
The pain, of my fall patiently bearing.  
For streight after the blase (as is no wonder)  
Of deadly noyse heare I the fearfull thunder.

The wauering louer willeth,  
and dreadeth, to moue  
his desire,

Such vaine thought, as wonted to misleade me  
In desert hope by well assured mone,  
Makes me from cumpany to liue alone,  
In folowing her whom reason bids me flee.  
And after her my hart would faine be gone:  
But armed sighes my way do stop anone,  
Twixt hope and dreade lockinge my libertie.  
So fleeth she by gentle crueltie.  
Yet as I gesse vnder disda, nfull brow  
One beame of ruth is in her cloudy looke:  
Which comfortes & minde, that erst for feare shooke  
That bolded straight the way then seke I how  
To vtter forth the smart I byde within:  
But such it is, I not how to begin.

The louer hauing dreamed enioying  
of his loue, complaineth that  
the dreame is not either  
longer or truer.

Vnstable dreame according to the place,  
Be stedfast ones, or els at least be true.  
By tasted sweetenesse, make me not to rewe  
The lodeyn losse of thy false fayned grace.  
By good respect in such a dangerous case  
Thou broughtest not her into these tossing seas,  
But madest my sprite to liue my care tencrease,  
My body in tempest her delight timbrace,  
The body dead, the sprite had his desire.  
Painlesse was thone, the other in delight.  
Why then alas did it not kepe it right,  
But thus returne to leape into the fier:  
And where it was at wish, could not remaine?  
Such mockes of dreames do turne to deadly paine.



## Songes

The louer vnhappy biddeth happy  
louers reioice in Maie, while he  
waileth that month to him  
most vnlucky.

Ye that in leue finde luck and swete abundāce  
And liue in lust of ioyfull iolitie,  
Arise for shame, doway your sluggardy:  
Arise I say, do May some obseruaunce.  
Let me in bed lye, dreamyng of mischance.  
Let me remember my mishappes vnhappy,  
That me betyde in May most commonly  
As one whom loue list little to aduance.  
Stephan saide true, that my natiuitie  
Mischanced was with the ruler of May.  
He gest (I proue) of that the veritie.  
In May my welth, and eke my wittes, I say,  
Haue stand so oft in such perplexitie.  
Joy: let me dreame of your felicitie.

The louer confesseth him in loue  
with phillis.

If waker care: if sodayn pale colour:  
If many sighes with little speche to plaine:  
Now ioy, now wo: if they my chere distaine:  
For hope of small, if much to feare therefore,  
To haste, or slack: my pace to lesse, or more:  
Be signe of loue: then do I loue againe.  
If thou aske whom: fare sins I did refraine  
Brunet that set my welth in such a roze,  
Thunfayned chere of Phillis hath the place  
That Brunet had: she hath and ever shall:  
She from my self now hath me in her grace:  
She hath in hand my wit, my will and all:  
My hart alone well worthy she doth stay,  
Without whose helpe saant do I liue a day.

Of others fained sorow, and  
the louers fained  
mirth.

Cesar, when that the traytour of Egypt  
with thonoꝛable hed did him pꝛesent,  
Couering his hartes gladnesse, did represent  
Plaint with his teares outward, as it is writ.  
Eke Hannibal, when fortune him out hit  
Clene from his reigne, and from al his entent,  
Laught to his folke, whom sorow did torment,  
His cruel dispite for to disgorge and quit.  
So chaunced me, that euery passion  
The minde hideth by colour contrary,  
With fained visage, now sa. ., now mery,  
Wherby, if that I laugh at any season:  
It is because I haue none other way  
To cloke my care, but vnder sport and play.

Of change in mynde.

The man me telth, I change most my deuise:  
And on my faith, me thinke it good reason  
To change purpose, like after the season.  
For in eche case to kepe still one guise  
Is mete for them, that would be taken wise,  
And I am not of such maner condicion:  
But treated after a diuers fashion:  
And thereupon my diuersenesse doth ryse.  
But you, this diuersnesse that blamen most,  
Change you no more, but still after one rate  
Treat you me well: and kepe you in that state,  
And while with me doth dwell this weryed gost,  
My word nor I shall not be variable.  
But alwayes one, your owne both firme and stable.

How the louer perissheth in his  
delight, as the flic in  
the fire.



## Songes

**S**ome fowles there be that haue so perfite sight,  
Against the sunne their eyes for to defende:  
And some, because the light doth them offende,  
Neuer appere, but in the darke or night.  
Other reioyce, to se the fire so bright,  
And wene to play in it, as they pretende:  
But finde contrary of it, that they entende.  
Alas, of that sort may I be by right.  
For to withstand her loke I am not able:  
Yet can I not hide me in no darke place:  
So foloweth me remembrance of that face:  
That with my teary eyes, swolne, and vnsable,  
My destiny to beholde her doth me leade:  
And yet I know I runne into the gleade.

Against his tong that failed  
to vtter his lutes,

**B**ecause I still kept thee fro lyes and blame,  
And to my power alwayes thee honoured,  
Unkinde tongue, to pl haust thou me rendred,  
For such desert to do me wike and shame.  
In nede of succour most when that I am,  
To aske rewarde: thou standes like one afraid.  
Alway most cold: and if one word be said,  
As in a dreame, vnperfite is the same.  
And ye salt teares, against my wpll eche night,  
That are with me, when I would be alone:  
Then are ye gone, when I should make my mone:  
And ye so ready sighes, to make me shright,  
Then are ye slacke, when that ye should out start,  
And onely doth my loke declare my hart.

Description of the contras  
rious passions in a  
louer.

**I** finde no peace, and all my warre is done:  
I feare and hope: I burne, and frese like pfe:

I slype aloft, yet can I not arise:  
 And nought I haue, and all the worlde I season,  
 That lockes noz loseth, holdeth me in prision.  
 And holdes me not, yet can I scape no wise:  
 Nor lettes me liue, nor dye, at my deuise,  
 And yet of death it geueth me occasion.  
 Without eye I se, without tong I playne:  
 I wish to perish, yet I aske for helth:  
 I loue another, and I hate my selfe.  
 I fede me in sorow, and laugh in all my paine,  
 He, thus displeaseth me both death and life,  
 And my delight is causer of this strife.

The louer compareth his state to  
 a shippe in perilous storme  
 tossed on the sea,

My galley charged with forgetfulnesse,  
 Through sharp seas, in winter nightes doth passe,  
 Twene rocke, and rocke: and eke my fo (alas)  
 That is my lord, stereth with cruelnesse:  
 And euery houre, a thought in readinesse,  
 As though that death were light in such a case.  
 An endlesse winde doth teare the sayle apace  
 Of forced sighes and trusty fearefulnesse,  
 A rayne of teares, a clowde of darke disdaine  
 Haue done the wried coardes great hinderance,  
 Wrethed with errour and with ignorance,  
 The starres be hidd, that leade me to this paine,  
 Drownde is reason that should be my comfort:  
 And I remaine, despairing of the port.

Of doubtfull loue.

Mistng the bright beames of those faire eyes,  
 where he abides that mine oft moistes and washeth:  
 The wried mynde streight from the hart departeth,  
 To rest within his worldly Paradise,

f. ii.

And



## Songes

And bitter findes the swete, vnder his gife.  
What webbes there he hath wrought, well he percea. ieth  
Whereby then with him selfe on loue he plaineth,  
That spurs with fire, and bziidleth eke with yse.  
In such extremitie thus is he brought:  
Frosen now cold, and now he standes in flaine:  
Twixt wo and wealth: betwixt carnell and game:  
With seldome glad, and many a diuers thought:  
In soze repentance of his hardinesse,  
Of such a roote lo commeth frute frutelesse.

The louer sheweth how he is forsaken  
of such as he some  
tyme enoyed.

They flee from me, that sometime did me seek  
With naked foote stalking within my chamber.  
Once haue I sene them gentle, tame and meke,  
That now are wilde, and do not once remember  
That sometime they haue put them selues in dāger,  
To take bread at my hand, and now they range  
Busely seeking in continual change.

Thanked be fortune, it hath ben otherwise  
Twenty times better: but once especiall,  
In thynne aray, after a pleasant gife,  
When her loose gowne did from her shoulders fall,  
And she me caught in her armes long and small,  
And therewithall, so sweetely did me kisse,  
And softly said: deare hart, how like you this?

It was no dreame: for I lay broade awaking,  
But all is turnde now through my gentlenesse,  
Into a bitter fashion of forsaking:  
And I haue leaue to go of her goodnesse,  
And she also to vse new fanglenesse.  
But, sing that I vnkindely so am serued:  
How like you this, what hath she now deserued?

To a Lady to aunswere directly  
with yea or nay.

Madame

**M**adame, withorten many wordes:  
 Once I am sure, you wyll, or no.  
 And if you wyll: then leaue your boozdes.  
 And vse your wit, and shew it so:  
 For with a becke you shall me call:  
 And if of one, that burnes alway,  
 we haue pitie or ruth at all:  
 I answered him faire with yea or nay.  
 If it be yea: I shall be faine.  
 If it be nay: i'tendes, as before.  
 you shall another man obtaine:  
 And I mine owne, and yours no more.

To his loue vvhom he had  
 kissed against  
 her vvyl.

**L**as Madame, for stealing of a kisse,  
 Haue I so much your mynde therein offended:  
 Or haue I done so greuouly amisse:  
 That by no meanes it may not be amended:  
 Reuenge you then the rediest way is this:  
 Another kisse my life it shall haue ended.  
 For, to my mouth the fist my hart did sucke:  
 The next shall cleue out of my brest it plucke.

Of the Ielous man that loued the  
 same woman and espied  
 this other sitting  
 vvith her.

**T**he wandring gadling in the summer tide,  
 That findes the adder with his rechelesse foots  
 Startes not dismaide so sodeinly aside,  
 As ielous despite did, though there were no boote,  
 when that he sawe me sitting by her side,  
 That of my health is very crop and roote.



## Songes

It pleased me then to haue so faire a grace,  
To sponge the hart, that would haue had my place,:

To his loue from whom he had  
her gloues.

**W**hat nedes these threatenng wordes, and wasted winde?  
Al this can not make me restore my pray.  
To robbe your good ywis is not my mynde:  
Nor causelesse your faire hand did I display.  
Let loue be iudge: or els whom next we finde:  
That may both heare what you and I can say  
She rest my hart: and I a gloue from her:  
Let vs se then if one be worth the other

### Of the fained frende.

**R**ight true it is, and saide full yore ago:  
Take hede of him that by the back the claweth  
For, none is worse, then is a frendly fo,  
Though thee seme good, al thing that the deliteth  
Yet know it well, that in thy bosome crepeth.  
For, many a man such fire oft times he kindleth:  
That with the blase his beard him self he singeth.

### The louer taught, mistrusteth allurements.

**I**t may be good like it who list:  
But I do doubt who can me blance  
For oft assured, yet haue I mist:  
And now againe I feare the same.  
The wordes, that from your mouth last came,  
Of sodaine change make me agast,  
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.  
Alas I treade an endlesse mase:  
That seke taccoyde two contraries,  
And hope thus still, and nothing haue:

Impressed in liberties,  
 As one vnheard, and still that cries:  
 Alwayes thirsty, and nought both taste,  
 For dread to fall I stande not fast.  
 Assured I doubt I be not sure,  
 Should I then trust vnto such suertes  
 That oft hath put the prose in vze,  
 And neuer yet haue founde it trustier  
 May sit in faith, it were great folly.  
 And yet my life thus do I wast,  
 For dread to fall I stand not fast.

The louer complaineth that his loue  
 doth not pitie him.

Resownde my voyce ye woods, that heare me plaine:  
 Both hilles and dales causing reflexion,  
 And riuers eke, record ye of my paine:  
 Which haue oft forced ye by compassion,  
 As iudges lo to heare my exclamation.  
 Among whom, ruth (I finde) yet doth remaine,  
 Where I it seeke, alas, there is disdain.  
 Oft ye riuers, to heare my wofull sounde,  
 Haue stopt your cours, and plainly to expresse,  
 Many a teare by moisture of the grounde  
 The earth hath wept to heare my heauinesse:  
 Which causelesse I endure without redresse.  
 The huggones haue roied in the winde,  
 Eche thing me thought complaining in theyr kinde:  
 Why then alas doth not she on me rewe,  
 Or is her hart so harde that no pitie  
 May in it sink, my ioy for to renew?  
 O stony hart who hath thus framed thee  
 So cruel that art cloked with beautie,  
 That from thee may no grace to me procede,  
 But as rewarde death for to be my mede.

The louer reioyseth against fortune that  
 by hindering his sute had happely  
 made him forsake his folly.



## Songes

**I**n faith I wot not what to say,  
Thy chaunces ben so wonderous,  
Thou fortune with thy diuers play  
That makist the ioyful dolorous,  
And eke the same right ioyous.  
Yet though thy chaine hath me entwapt  
Spite of thy hap, hap hath wel hapt.

Though thou hast set me for a wonder,  
And seekst by change to do me paine:  
Whens mindes yet maist thou not so order,  
For honestie if it remaine:  
Shall shine for all thy cloudy raine.  
In vaine thou seekst to haue me trapt,  
Spite of thy hap, hap hath wel hapt.

In hindring me, me didst thou further,  
And made a gap where was a stile,  
Cruell willes ben oft put vnder.  
Wening to lower, then didst thou smile,  
Lord, how thy selfe thou didst begile,  
That in thy cares would me haue wrapte  
But spite of hap, hap hath wel hapt.

### A renouncyng of hardly escaped loue.

**F**arewell the hart of crueltie,  
Though that with paine my libertie  
Deare haue I bought, and wofully  
Finnisht my fearefull tragedy.  
Of force I must forsake such pleasure:  
A good cause iust, sins I endure  
Therby my wo, which be ye sure,  
Shall therwith go me to recure.  
I fare as one escapt that fleeth,  
Glad he is gone, and yet stil feareth  
Spied to be caught, and so dredeth  
That he for nought his paine leseth.  
In ioyful paine reioyce my hart,  
Thus to sustaine of eche apart

Let not this song from thee astart,  
Welcome among my pleasant smart.

The louer to his bed, with  
describing of his vn-  
quiet state.

**T**he restfull place, renewer of my smart:  
The labours salve, encreasing my sorrow:  
The bodie ease, and troubler of my hart:  
Quieter of minde, mine vnquiet fo:  
Forgetter of paine, remember of my wo:  
The place of slepe, wherin I do but wake:  
Besprent with teares, my bed, I thee forsake.  
The frosty snowes may not redresse my heat:  
Nor heat of sunne abate my feruent cold.  
I know nothing to ease my paines so great.  
The cure causeth encrease by twenty folde.  
Renewing cares vpon my sorowes old.  
Such ouerthwart effectes in me they make.  
Besprent with teares my bed for to forsake.  
But all for nought: I finde no better ease  
In bed, or out. This most causeth my paine:  
Where I do seeke how best that I may please,  
My lost labour (alas) is all in vaine.  
My hart once set, I can not it refraine.  
No place from me my grief away can take,  
Wherefore with teares, my bed I thee forsake.

Comparison of loue to a streame  
falling from the Alpes.

**F**rom these hie hilles as whē a spring both fall,  
It trilleth downe with still and suttile course,  
Of this and that it gathers ay and shall,  
Till it haue iust down flowed to streame and force:  
Then at the foote it rageth ouer all.  
So fareth loue, when he hath tane a course,  
Rage is his raine. Resistance baileth none,  
The first eschue is remedy alone.



## Songes

Wiates complaint vpon loue to  
reason with loues  
answere.

**M**ine old dere enemy, my froward maister,  
 Afore that Quene, I coulde to be acited,  
 which holdeth the deuine part of our nature,  
 That like as golde, in fire he mought be tried.  
 Charged with dolour, there I me presented  
 with horrible feare, as one that greatly dreedeth  
 A wrongfull death, and iustice alway seketh.  
 And thus I sayd: Once my left foote, Madame,  
 When I was yong, I set within his raighe:  
 Wherby other then firely burning flame  
 I neuer felt, but many a greuous paine.  
 Torment I suffred angre and disdaine:  
 That mine oppressed patience was past,  
 And I mine own life hated at the last.  
 Thus hitherto haue I my tyme passed  
 In paine and smart, What waies profitable?  
 How many pleasant daies haue me escaped,  
 In seruing this false lyer so deceauable?  
 What wit haue wordes so prest and forcable,  
 That may contain my great mishappinesse?  
 And iust complaintes of his vngentlenesse?  
 So small hony, much aloes, and gall,  
 In bitternesse, my blinde life hath ytasted.  
 His false semblance, that turneth as a ball:  
 With faire and amorous daunce, made me be traced  
 And where I had my thought, and minde araced,  
 From earthly frailnesse, and from vaine pleasure,  
 He from my rest he toke, and set in errour.  
 God made he me regardlesse, than I ought,  
 And to my self to take right little hede:  
 And for a woman haue I sit at nought  
 All other thoughtes: in this onely to spede.  
 And he was onely counseler of thys dede:  
 Whetting alwaies my youthly fraile desire  
 On cruell whetston, tempered with fire.  
 But (Oh alas) where, had I euer wite:

O: other gift giuen to me of nature:  
 That sooner shalbe changed my weries spite:  
 Then the obstinate will, that is my ruler.  
 So robbeth he my fredome with displeasure,  
 This wicked traitout, whome I thus accuse:  
 That bitter life hath turned in pleasant vse.

He hath me hailed, through diuers regions:  
 Through desert woodes, and sharp hie mountaines:  
 Through froward people, and through bitter passions:  
 Through rocky seas, and ouer hilles and plaines:  
 With wery trauell, and with laborous paines:  
 Alwaies in trouble and in tediousnesse:  
 All in errour, and daungerous distresse.

But nother he, nor she, my tother so,  
 For all my flight, did euer me forsake:  
 That though my timely - zath hath been to slow  
 That me as yet, it hath not ouertake:  
 The heauenly Gods of pite do it flake,  
 And, note they this his cruell tyranny,  
 That feedes him, with my care, and misery.

Sins I was his, howe rested I neuer,  
 Nor looke to do: and eke the waky nightes  
 The banished slepe may in no wise recover.  
 By guile, and force, ouer my thralled sprites,  
 He is ruler: sins which bell neuer strikes,  
 That I heare not as sounding to reuue  
 My plaintes. Himself, he knoweth that I say true.

For neuer wormes old rotten stocke haue eaten:  
 As he my hatt, where he is resident  
 And doth the same with death dayly threaten,  
 Thence come the teares, and thence the bitter torment:  
 The sighes: the wordes, and eke the languishment:  
 That noy both me, and parauenture other.

Judge thou that knowest the one, and eke the tother,  
 Mine aduersair, with such greuous reproofe,  
 Thus he began. Heare I ad: the other part:  
 That the plain troth, from which he draweth aloofe,  
 This vnkinde man may shew, ere that I part,  
 In hys pong age, I toke him from the art,  
 That selleth wordes and make a clattering knight:  
 And of my wealth I gaue him the delight.

Now shames he not to lie for to complain.



## Songes

That held him euermore in pleasant gaine,  
From hys desire that might haue been his paine.  
Yet therby alone I brought him to some frame:  
Which now as wretchednes, he doth so blame:  
And toward honour quickned I his wit:  
Wheras a daskard els he mought haue sit.

He knoweth, how great Atride that made Troy great,  
And Hanniball, to Rome so troubelous:  
Whom Homer honored, Achilles that great,  
And Chaffricane Scipion the famous:  
And many other, by much honour glorious:  
Whose fame, and actes did lift them by aboue:  
I did let fall in base dishonest loue.

And vnto him, though he vnworthy were:  
I chose the best of many a Milion:  
That, vnder sunne yet neuer was her pei-  
Of wisdome, womanhod, and of discrecion:  
And of my grace I gaue her such a facion,  
And eke such way I taught her for to teache,  
That neuer base thought his hart so hie might reach.

Euermore thus to content his maistresse,  
That was hys onely frame of honestie,  
I stirred him still toward gentlenesse,  
And causde him to regard fidelity.  
Paciencie I taught him in aduersity.  
Such vertues learned he in my great schoole:  
Wherof repenteth now the ignorant foole,  
These were the same deceites, and bitter gall,  
That I haue vsed, the torment and the anger:  
Sweeter, then euer did to other fall,  
Of right good seede yll fruite so thus I gather:  
And so shall he, that the vnkinde doth further.  
A Serpent nourish I vnder my wing:  
And now of nature, ginneth he to sting.

And for to tell, at last, my great seruise.  
From thousand dishonesties haue I him drawn:  
That, by my meanes, him in no maner wise,  
Neuer vile pleasure once hath ouerthrowen.  
Where in his dede, shame hath him alwaies gnawen:  
Douting report that should come to her care:  
Whom now he blames, her wanted he to scare,  
What euer he hath of any honest custome:

Of her, and me: that holdes he euery whit,  
 But lo, yet neuer was there nightly fantome  
 So farre in errour, as he is from his wit.  
 To plain on vs, he strueth with the bit,  
 Which may rule him, and do him ease, and paine:  
 And in one hower, make al his grief his gaine.  
 But one thing yet there is, aboue all other:  
 I gaue him winges, wherwith he might by flie  
 To honour and fame: and if he would to higher  
 Then mortall thinges, aboue the starry skie:  
 Considering the pleasure, that an eye  
 Might geue in earth, by reason of the loue:  
 What should that be that lasteth still aboue?  
 And he the same himself hath sayd ere this.  
 But now, forgotten is both that and I,  
 That gaue her him, his onely welth and blisse,  
 And at this word, with dedly shreke and cry.  
 Thou gaue her once (quod I) but by and by  
 Thou toke her ayen from me, that wo worth the.  
 Not I but price: more worth than thou (quod he.)  
 At last: eche other for himself, concluded:  
 I, trembling still: but he, with small reuerence.  
 Lo, thus, as we eche other haue accused.  
 Dere Lady: now we waite thine onely sentence.  
 She smiling, at the whistled audience:  
 It liketh me (quod she) to haue heard your question,  
 But, lenger time doth aske a resolucion.

The louers sorow full state maketh  
 him write sorow full songes, but  
 Souche, his loue may  
 change the same.

MArueil no more altho  
 The songes, I sing do mone  
 For other life then wo,  
 I neuer proued none.  
 And in my hart also,  
 Is grauen with letters depe,  
 A thousand sighes and mo  
 A flood of teares to wepe.



## Songes

How may a man in smart  
Find matter to reioyce?  
How may a moorning hart  
Set forth a pleasant voice?  
Play who so can, that part,  
Nedes must in me appere,  
How fortune euery thwart  
Doth cause my moorning chere.

Perdy there is no man,  
If he saw neuer sight,  
That perfittly tell can  
The nature of the light.

Alas how should I than,  
That neuer tast but sowre,  
But do as I began,  
Continually to leaue.

But yet perchance some chance  
May chance to change my tune,  
And when (Souch) chance doth chauce,  
Then shall I thank fortune.

And if I haue (Souch) chance,  
Perchance ere it be long,  
For (Souch) a pleasant chauce,  
To sing some pleasant song.

The louer complaineth him:  
self forsaken.

Where shall I haue, at mine owne will,  
Teares to complain: where shall I set,  
Such sighes: that I may sigh my fill,  
And then againe my plaintes repecte.  
For, though my plaint shal haue none end,  
My teares cannot suffise my wo.  
So none my harm, haue I no friend,  
For fortunes frende is mishaps fo.  
Comfort (God wet) els haue I none,  
But in the winde to waite my wordes,  
Nought moueth you my dedly mone,  
But still you turne it into wordes

I speake

I speake not, now, to moue your hart,  
 That you should rue vpon my pain,  
 The sentence giuen may not reuert:  
 I know, such labour were but vain.  
 But sins that I for you (my dere)  
 Haue lost that thing, that was my best:  
 A right small losse it must appere,  
 To lese these wordes, and all the rest.  
 But though they sparkle in the winde:  
 Yet, shall they shew your falsed faith,  
 Which is returned to his kinde  
 For like to like, the prouerb saith,  
 Fortune, and you did me auance.  
 He thought I swam, and could not drown,  
 Happiest of all, but my mischance  
 Did lift me vp, to throw me down.  
 And you, with her, of cruelnesse,  
 Did set your foote vpon my neck,  
 He, and my welfare to oppresse:  
 without offence your hart to wreck,  
 Where are your pleasant wordes (alas)  
 where is your faith: your stedfastnesse?  
 There is no more, but al doth passe,  
 And I am left all comfortlesse.  
 But sins so much it doth you greue,  
 And also me my wretched life:  
 Haue here my troth, I thought shall releue,  
 But death alone my wretched strife.  
 Therfore, farewell my life my death,  
 My gain, my losse, my salue, my soze,  
 farewell also, with you my breath:  
 For, I am gone for euermore.

Of his loue that pricked  
 her finger with  
 a needle,

He sat, & sowd that hath done me the wrong  
 Wherof I plain, and haue done many a day,  
 And, whilst he heard my plaint, in pitious sogg  
 He



## Songes

She wisht my hart the sampler, that it lay.  
The blinde maister, whom I haue serued so long:  
Grudging to heare, that he did hearse her say:  
Made her own weapon do her finger blede:  
To sele, if pricking were so good in dede.

### Of the same-

**W**hat man hath heard such cruelty before:  
That, when my plaint remembred her my wo,  
That caused it: she cruell more and more,  
Wished eche stitche, as she did sit and sow,  
Had prickt my hart, for to encrease my soze,  
And, as I think, she thought it had been so.  
For as she thought, this is his hart in dede:  
She pricked hard, and made her self to blede.

### Request to Cupides for re- uenge of his vnkinde loue.

**B**ehold, Loue thy power how she disptiseth:  
My greuous pain how litle she regardeth,  
The solemne othe, wherof she takes no cure,  
Broken she hath: and yet, she bideth sure,  
Right at her ease, and litle thee she dzedeth.  
Weaponed thou art, and she vnarmed sitteth:  
To the disdainfull, all her life she leadeth:  
To me spitefull, without iust cause, or measure.  
Behold Loue, how proudly she triumpheth,  
I am in hold, but if thee pitie meueth:  
Go, bend thy bow, that stony hartes breaketh:  
And with some stroke reuēge the great displeasure  
Of thee, and him that sorow doth endure,  
And as his Lord the lowly here entreateth.

### Complaint for true loue vnrequited.

**W**hat baileth troth: or by it, to take pain  
 To strue by stedfastnesse, for to attain  
 How to be iust: and flee from doublenesse?  
 Since all alike, where ruleth craftinesse,  
 Rewarded is both crafty, false, and plain.  
 Soonest he spedes, that most can lye and faine,  
 True meaning hart is had in hys disdain.  
 Against deceit, and coked doublenesse,  
 What vaileth troth, or parfit stedfastnesse.  
 Deceiued is he, by false and crafty train,  
 That meanes no gile, and faithful doth remain  
 within the trap, without help or redresse.  
 But for to loue (so) such a sterne maistrisse,  
 Where cruelty dwelles, alas it were in vain.

The louer that fled loue, now folowes  
 it with his harme.

**S**omtime I fled the fire, that me so bzent,  
 By sea, by land, by water, and by winde:  
 And now, the coales I folow, that be quent,  
 From Douer to a alas, with willing minde,  
 Lo, how desire is both forth sprong, and spent:  
 And he may see, that whilom was so blinde:  
 And all his labour, laughes he now to scozne,  
 Wheashed in the breezes, that erst was only tozne.

The louer hopeth of bet-  
 ter chance,

**H**e is not dead, that sometime had a fall.  
 The sunne returnes, that hid was vnder clowd  
 And when fortune hath spit out all her gall,  
 I trust, good luck to me shall be alowed,  
 For, I haue seen a ship in haue fall,  
 After that storme hath broke both maste, and shroud,  
 The willow eke, that stoupeth with the winde,  
 Doth rise againe, and greater wood doth binde.



## Songes

The louer compareth his hart  
to the ouercharged  
gonne.

**T**he furious goonne, in his most raging ire:  
When that the boule is rammed in too sore:  
And that the flame cannot part from the fire,  
Crackes in sunder: and in the ayer do roze  
The sheuered peces. So doth my desire,  
Whose flame encreaseth ay from more to more.  
Which to let out, I dare not loke, nor speake.  
So inward force my hart doth all to breake.

The louer suspected of change  
praieth that it be not be-  
leued against  
him.

**A** Cused though I be, without desert:  
Sith none can proue, beleue it not for true.  
For neuer yet, since that you had my hert,  
Intended I to false, or be vnttrue.  
Sooner I would of death sustain the smart,  
Than breake one word of that I promised you  
Accept therfore my seruice in good part.  
None is aliue, that can ill tonges eschew.  
Hold them as false: and let not vs depart  
Our frendship old, in hope of any new.  
Put not thy trust in such as vse to sayn,  
Except thou minde to put thy frend to payn.

The louer abused renowne  
seth loue.

**M**y loue to skorne, my seruice to retaine,  
Therin (no thought) you vsed crueltie.

Since

Since with good wyll I lost my libertie,  
 Might neuer wo yet cause me to refraine,  
 But onely this, which is extremitie,  
 To geue me nought (alas) noz to agree,  
 That as I was, your man I might remaine.  
 But since that thus ye list to order me.  
 That would haue bene your seruant true & fast:  
 Displease you not my doting tyme is past.  
 And with my losse to leaue I must agree,  
 For as there is a certaine tyme to rage:  
 So is there tyme such madnes to assuage.

The louer professeth  
 him selfe con-  
 stant.

Within my brest I neuer thought it gaine,  
 Of gentle mindes the fredome for to lose  
 Noz in my hart sanck neuer such disdain,  
 To be a forger, faultes for to disclose.  
 Noz I can not endure the truth to glose,  
 To set a glosse vpon an earnest paine.  
 Noz I am not in number one of those,  
 That list to blow retreat to euery traine.

The louer sendeth his com-  
 plaintes and teares to  
 sue for grace.

Pass forth my wonted cyes.  
 Those cruel cares to pearce,  
 which in most hatefull wyse  
 Doe still my plaintes reuerse.  
 Do you, my teares, also  
 So wet her barren hart:  
 That pitie there may grow,  
 And crueitie depart.  
 For though hard rockes among

H II.

She



## Songes

She seemes to haue ben bred:  
And of the Tigre long  
Wene nourished and fed.  
Yet shall not nature change,  
If pitie once win place,  
Whom as vnknownen, and strange,  
She now away doth chase.  
And as the water soft,  
without forcing or strength:  
where that it falleth oft,  
Hard stones doth perse at length:  
So in her stony hart  
My plaintes at last shall graue,  
And rigour set apart.  
Wynne graunt of that I craue.  
wherefore my plaintes, present  
Stil so to her my sute,  
As ye, through her assent,  
May bring to me some frute.  
And as she shall me proue,  
So bid her me regarde,  
And render loue for loue:  
which is a iust rewarde.

The louers case can not be  
hidden how euer he  
dissemble.

Our lokes so often cast,  
Your eyes so frendly rolde,  
Your sight fixed so fast,  
All wayes one to beholde.  
Though hide it faine ye would:  
It plainly doth declare,  
who hath your hart in hold,  
And where good will ye bare:  
Fayne would ye finde a cloke  
your brenning fire to hide:  
Yet both the flame and smoke  
Breakes out on euery side.

we can not loue so guide.

That it no issue winne:

Abode nedes must it glide,

That brens so hotte within.

For cause your selfe do wink,

ye iudge all other blinde:

And secret it you think,

which euery man doth finde.

In wast oft spend ye winde

your selfe in loue to quit,

For agues of that kinde

will show who hath the fit.

Your sighes you set from farre,

And all to wry your wo:

yet are ye neare the narre.

When are not blinded so.

Depely oft swere ye no:

But all those othes are vaine,

So well your eye doth shew,

who puttes your hart to paine.

Think not therfore to hide,

That still it selfe betrayes:

For seke meanes to prouide

To darke the sunny dayes.

Forget those wonted wayes:

Leaue of such frowning chere:

There will be founde no stayes

To stoppe a thing so cleere.

The louer prayeth not be disdain-  
ned, refused, mistrusted,  
nor forsaken.

**D**isdaigne me not without desert:

For leaue me not so sodenly:

Since well ye wot, that in my hert

I meane ye not but honestly.

Refuse me not without cause why:

For think me not to be vnjust,

Since



## Songes

Since that by lot of fantasy,  
This carefull knot nedes knit I must.  
Mistrust me not, though some there be,  
That faine would spot my stedfastnesse:  
Beleue them not, sing that ye se,  
The prose is not, as they expresse.  
Forsake me not, till I deserue:  
Nor hate me not, till I offende.  
Destroy me not, till that I swerue,  
But sing ye know what I intend:  
Disdaine me not that am your owne:  
Refuse me not that am so true:  
Mistrust me not till all be knowne:  
Forsake me not, now for no new.

The louer lamenteth his estate  
w ith sute for grace.

For want of will, in two I plaine:  
Under colour of sobernesse.  
Renewing with my sute my paine,  
My wanhope with your stedfastnesse.  
I wake therefore of gentlenesse,  
Regard at lenth, I you require,  
My swelling paines of my desire.  
Betimes who geueth wyllyngly,  
Redoubled thanks aye doth deserue.  
And I that sue vnfeinedly,  
In frutelesse hope (alas) do sterue.  
How great my cause is for to swerue:  
And yet how stedfast is my sute:  
Lo, here ye see: where is the frute.  
As hound that hath his keper lost,  
Seke I your presence to obtaine:  
In which my hart deliteth most,  
And shall delight though I be slaine.  
You may release my band of paine.  
Lose then the care that makes me crie,  
For want of helpe or els I die.

I dye

I dye, though not incontinent,  
 By processe yet consumingly  
 As wast of fire, which doth relent,  
 If you as wilfull will deny.  
 Wherefore cease of such cruelty:  
 And take me wholly in your grace:  
 Which lacketh will to change his place.

The louer waileth his  
 changed ioyes.

I If euery man might him auant  
 Of fortunes frendly chere:  
 It was my self I must it graunt,  
 For I haue bought it dere.  
 And derely haue I held also  
 The glory of her name:  
 In yelding her such tribute, lo,  
 As did set forth her fame.  
 Sometime I stode so in her grace:  
 That as I would require,  
 Ech ioy I thought did me embrace.  
 That fundered my desire.  
 And all those pleasures (lo) had I,  
 That fany might support:  
 And nothing she did me deny.  
 That was vnto my comfort.  
 I had (what would you moze perde?)  
 Ech grace that I did craue.  
 Thus fortune will was vnto me  
 All thing that I would haue.  
 But all to rathe alas the while,  
 She built on such a ground:  
 In litle space, to great a guile  
 In her now haue I found.  
 For she hath turned so her whele:  
 That I vnhappy man  
 May weyle the tyme that I dyd fele  
 wherwith she fed me than  
 For broken now are her behestes:  
 And pleasant looks she gaue:

And



## Songes

And therfore now al my requestes,  
From perill can not saue.  
Yet would I well it might appere  
To her my chiefe regard:  
Though my desertes haue ben to dere  
To merite such reward.  
Sins fortunes will is now so bent  
To plage me thus pooze:man:  
I must my selfe therwith content:  
And beare it as I can.

To his loue that had giuen  
him answere of  
refusell.

He answere that ye made to me my dere,  
When I did sue for my pooze hartes redresse:  
Hath so appalde my countnance and my chere:  
That in this case, I am all comfortlesse:  
Sins I of blame no cause can well expresse.  
I haue no wrong, where I can claime no right,  
Nought tane me fro, where I haue nothing had,  
Yet of my wo, I can not so be quite.  
Namely sins that another may be glad  
With that, that thus in sorow makes me sad  
Yet none can claime (I say) by former graunt,  
That knoweth not of any graunt at all.  
And by desert, I dare well make auant,  
Of faithful will, there is no where that shall  
Beare you more truch, more ready at your call.  
Now good then, call againe that bitter word:  
That toucht your frende so nere with panges of paine:  
And say my dere that it was said in boord,  
Late, or to sone, let it not rui the game,  
Wherwith free will both true desert retaine.

To his ladie cruel ouer her  
yelden louer.

**S**uch is the course, that natures kinde hath wrought,  
 That snakes haue time to cast away their stinges.  
 Against chainde prisoners what nede defence be sought:  
 The fierce Lion will hurt no yelden thinges:  
 Why should such spite be nursed then by thought?  
 Sith all these powers are prest vnder thy winges  
 And eke thou seest, and reason thee hath taught:  
 What mischief malice many wayes it brings:  
 Consider eke, that spight auailleth naught,  
 Therfore this song thy fault to thee it sings:  
 Displease thee not, for saying thus (me thought.)  
 For hate thou him fro whō no hate forth springs  
 For furies, that in hell be execrable,  
 For that they hate, are made most miserable.

The louer complaineth that deadly  
 sicknesse can not help his  
 affection.

**T**he enemy of life, decayer of al kinde,  
 That with his colde withers away the grene:  
 This other night me in my bed did finde:  
 And offerd me to rid my feuer clene.  
 And I dyd graunt, so did dispaire me blinde,  
 He drew his bowe, with arrowes sharp and kene:  
 And strake the place, where loue had hit before:  
 And draue the first dart deper more and more.

The louer reioiceth the enioying  
 of his loue.

**O**nce as me thought, fortune me kist:  
 And bad me aske, what I thought best:  
 And I should haue it as me list,  
 Therwith to set my hart in rest.  
 I asked but my ladies hart  
 To haue for euer more mine owne:  
 Then at an end were all my smart,  
 Then should I nede no more to mone.



## Songes

Yet for all that a stormy blast  
Had ouerturnde this goodly nay:  
And fortune semed at the last,  
That to her promise she said nay.  
But like as one out of dispaire  
To sodeine hope reuiued I,  
Now fortune sheweth her selfe so faire,  
That I content me wonderly.

My most desire my hand may reach:  
My wyll is alway at my hande,  
I nede not long for to beseeche  
Her, that hath power me to commaunde,  
What earthly thing more can I craue?  
What would I wishe more at my wyll?  
Nothing on earth more would I haue,  
Saue that I haue, to haue it still.  
For fortune now hath kept her promise,  
In graunting me my most desire,  
Of my soueraigne I haue redresse,  
And I content me with my hire.

The louer complaineth the vn-  
kindnes of his loue.

My lute awake performe the last  
Labour that thou and I shall wast:  
And end that I haue now begonne:  
And when this song is song and past,  
My lute be still for I haue done.

As to be heard where care is none:  
As leade to graue in marble stone,  
My song may pearse her hart as sone,  
Should we then sigh, or sing, or mone?  
No, no, my lute for I haue done.

The rockes do not so cruelly  
Repulse the waues continually  
As she my lute and affection:  
So that I am past remedy,  
Wherby my lute and I haue done.  
Proude of the spoyle that thou hast gotte

Of simple hartes through loues shot:  
 By whom vnkinde thou hast them worne,  
 Thinke not he hath his bow forgot,  
 Although my lute and I haue done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain  
 That makest but game on earnest paine,  
 Thinke not alone vnder the sunne  
 Vnquit to cause thy louers plaine:  
 Although my lute and I haue done.

May chaunce thee lie withered and olde,  
 In winter nightes that are so colde,  
 Plaining in vaine vnto the mone:  
 Thy wishes then dare not be tolde,  
 Care then who list for I haue done.

And then may chaunce thee to repent  
 The time that thou hast lost and spent  
 To cause thy louers sigh and sworne.  
 Then shalt thou know beautie but lent,  
 And wish and want as I haue done.

Now cease my lute this is the last,  
 Labour that thou and I shall wast  
 And ended is that we begonne,  
 Now is this song both song and past,  
 My lute be still for I haue done.

How by a kisse he found both  
 his lyfe and deth.

Nature that gaue the Bee so feate a grace,  
 To finde honny of so wondrous fashion,  
 Hath taught the spider out of the same place  
 To fetch the popson by strange alteration,  
 Though this be strange, it is a stranger case,  
 With one kisse by secret operation,  
 Both these at once in those your lips to finde,  
 In change wherof, I leaue my harte behinde.

The louer describeth his being  
 taken with sight of  
 his loue.



## Songes

**V** Awailely so was neuer no man caught,  
With stedfast loke vpon a goodly face:  
As I of late: for sodcinely me thought,  
My hart was torne out of his place.

Therow mine eye the stroke from hers did slide,  
And downe directly to my hart it ranne:  
In helpe wherof the blood thereto did glide,  
And left my face both pale and wanne.

Then was I lyke a man for wo amased:  
Or like the fowle that fleeth into the fire.  
For whyle that I vpon her beautie gased:  
The more I burnde in my desire.

Anone the bloud start in my face againe,  
Inflamde with heat, that it had at my hart:  
And brought therewith throughtout in euery vaine,  
A quaking heate with pleasant smart.

Then was I like the thrawe, when that the flame  
Is driuen therin, by force, and rage of wynde:  
I can not tell, alas, what I shall blame:  
Nor what to seke, nor what to finde.

But well I wot: the griefe doth holde me soze  
In heate and cold, betwixt both hope and dreade:  
That, but her helpe to health do me restore:  
This recklesse lyfe I may not leade.

### To his louer to loke vpon hym.

**A**l in thy loke my life doth whole depende,  
Thou hydest thy selfe, and I must dye therefore.  
But sing thou maist so easely helpe thy frend:  
Why dost thou sticke to salue that thou madest soze?  
Why do I dye: since thou maist me defend:  
And if I dye, thy lyfe may last no more,  
For eche by other doth liue and haue reliefe,  
I in thy loke and thou most in my griefe.

The

The louer excuseth him of wordes  
w herwith he was vniustly  
charged.

**P**erdy I said it not:

Nor neuer thought to do.

As well as I ye wot:

I haue no power thereto,

And if I did, the lot,

That first did me enchaîne:

May neuer slake the knot,

But strait it to my paine.

And if I did eche thing,

That maie do harme or woe:

Continually maie wryng

My hart where so I go.

Report maie alwaies ring

Of shame on me for aye:

If in my hart did spring

The wordes that you do saye.

And if I did, eche starre

That is in heauen aboue,

May frowne on me to marre

The hope I haue in loue.

And if I did, suche warre

As they brought vnto Troy,

Bring all my life as farre

From all his lust and toye.

And if I did so say:

The beautie that me bounde,

Increase from day to day

More cruel to my wounde:

With all the mone that may,

To plaint may turne my song:

My life may soone decay,

Without redress by wrong.

If I be cleare from thought,

Why do you then complaine?

Then is this thing but sought,

To turne my hart to paine,



## Songes

Then this that you haue wrought,  
You must it now redresse,  
Of right therfore you ought  
Such rigour to repressse.

And as I haue deserued:  
So graunt me now my hire,  
You know I neuer swarued,  
You neuer founde me lier.  
For Rachel haue I serued,  
For Leo cared I neuer:  
And her I haue reserued  
Within my hart for euer.

Of such as had forsaken him.

**L**ex, my faire fawlcen, and thy felowes all:  
How well pleasant it were your libertie:  
Ye not forsake me, that faire mought you fall,  
But they that sometime liked my company:  
Like lice away from dead bodies they crall.  
Loe, what a prooffe in light aduersitie,  
But ye my birdes, I swere by all your belles,  
Ye be my frendes, and very few elles.

A description of such a one as  
he would loue.

**A** face that should content me wonderous well,  
Should not be faire, but louely to beholde:  
Of liuely loke, all grief for to repel,  
With right good grace, so would I that it should  
Speke without word, such wordes as none can tell  
Her tresse also should be of crisped golde,  
With wit, and these perchaunce I might be tride,  
And knit againe with knot, that should not slide.

How vnpossible it is to finde  
quiet in loue.

**E**Uer my hap is slacke and slow in commyng  
 Desire encreasing ap my hope vncertaine:  
 with doubtfull loue that but encreaseth paine  
 For Tigre like so swift it is in parting.  
 Alas the snow blacke shall it bee and scalding,  
 The sea waterlesse and fishe vpon the mountaine:  
 The Temnies shall backe retourne into his fountaines  
 And where he rose the sunne shall take his lodging.  
 Ere I in this finde peace or quietnesse,  
 Or that loue or my ladie rightwisely  
 Leaueto conspire against me wrongfully.  
 And if I haue after such bitternesse,  
 One drop of swete, my mouth is out of taste:  
 That al my trust and trauell is but waste.

Of loue, fortune, and the  
louers mynde.

**L**oue, fortune, & my mind which do remember  
 Eke that is now, & that, that once hath bene:  
 Torment my hart so sore that very often  
 I hate and enuy them beyonde al measure.  
 Loue sleeth my hart while Fortune his depriuer  
 Of all my comfort: the solishe minde than:  
 Burneth and plainth, as one that very seldam  
 Liucth in rest. So still in displeasure  
 My pleasant dayes they flete away and passe:  
 And dayly doth mine yll change to the worse:  
 whyle more then halfe is runne now of my course.  
 Alas not of Steele, but of brittle glasse,  
 I fe that from my hand falleth my trust:  
 And all my thoughtes are dashed into dust.

The louer prayeth his offred  
hart to be receaued.

**H**ow oft haue I, my deare and cruell so:  
 with my great paine to get some peace or truce,  
 Geuen you my hart: but you do not vse,  
 In so hie thinges, to cast your minde so low,



## Songes

If any other loke for it, as you trow,  
Their vaine weake hope doth greatly them abuse.  
And that thus I disdain, that you refuse,  
It was once mine it can no more be so,  
If you it chase, that it in you can finde,  
In this exile, no maner of comfort:  
Nor liue alone, nor where he is calde, resort,  
He may wander from his naturall kinde.  
So shall it be great hurt vnto vs twayne,  
And yours the losse, and mine the deadly payne.

### The louers life compared to the Alpes.

Lpke vnto these vnmeasurable mountaines,  
So is my painefull lyfe the burden of yre,  
For hye be they, and hie is my desire,  
And I of teares, and they be full of fountaines.  
Under craggy rockes they haue barren plaines,  
Hard thoughtes in me my wofull minde doch tire,  
Smal frute and many leaues their toppes do attire,  
With small effect great trust in me remaines.  
The boystous windes oft their hie boughes do blast:  
Hotte sighes in me continually be shed,  
Wilde beastes in them, fierce loue in me is fed,  
Vnmoueable am I: and they stedfast.  
Of singing birdes they haue the tune and note:  
And I alwayes plaintes passing through my throte.

### Charging of his loue as vnpite- ous and louing other.

If amorous faith, or if an hart vnfained  
A swete langour, a great louely desire:  
If honest wyll, kindled in gentle fire:  
If long errour in a blinde mase chained,  
If in my visage eche thought distained:  
Or if my sparkeling voice, lower, or hier,

which

which feare and shame, so wofully doth tye:  
 If pale colour, which loue alas hath stained:  
 If to haue another then my selfe moze dere,  
 If wailing or sighing continually,  
 With sorowfull anger feeding busily  
 If burning farre of, and if frysing nere,  
 Are cause that I by loue my selfe destroy:  
 Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

### A renouncing of loue.

Farewell, Loue, and all thy lawes for euer,  
 Thy bayted hookes shall tangle me no moze.  
 Seneca, and Plato call me from thy loze:  
 To partit wealth my wit, or to endeuer,  
 In blinde error when I did perseuer:  
 Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so soze:  
 Taught me in trifles that I set no store:  
 But scape forth thence: since libertie is leuer.  
 Therefore, farewell: go trouble yonger hartes:  
 And in me claime no more auctoritie.  
 With ydle youth go vse thy propertie.  
 And thereon spend thy many brittle dartes.  
 For, hitherto though I haue lost my time:  
 Yet I will no lenger rotten boughes to clime.

### The louer forsaketh his vnrinde loue.

My hart I gaue thee, not to do it pain:  
 But to preserue, so it to thee was taken.  
 I serued thee not that I should be forsaken:  
 But, that I should receiue reward again,  
 I was content thy seruant to remain,  
 And not to be repayed on this fashion.  
 Now, since in thee there is none other reason:  
 Dispicase thee not, if that I do refrain.  
 Unsatiat of my wo, and thy desire.  
 Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault.  
 But, sins it please thee to faim default:

R. i.

Fare:



## Songes

Farewell, I say. departing from the fire.  
For, he that doth beleue bearing in hand:  
Bloweth in the water: and soweth in the sand.

The louer describeth his  
restlesse state.

The flaming sighes that boyle within my brest  
Somtime breake forth and they can well declare  
The hartes unrest and how that it doth fare,  
The pain therof, the grief and all the rest.  
The watred eye from whence the teares do fall,  
Do fele some force or els they would be dry:  
The wasted flesh of colour ded can try,  
And sometime tell what sweetenes is in gall.  
And he that lust to see and to disarne,  
How care can force within a worried minde:  
Come he to me I am that place assinde,  
But, for all this, no force it doth no harme.  
The wound alas hadde in some other place:  
From whence no toole away the scare can race.  
But you that of such like haue had your part,  
Can best be iudge, Wherfore my friend so deare:  
I thought it good my state should now appeare,  
To you, and that there is no great defart.  
And wheras you in weighty matters great:  
Of fortune saw the shadow that you know,  
For trifling thinges I now am stricken so  
That though I fele my hart doth wound and beat,  
I sit alone saue on the second day:  
My feuer comes with whom I spend my time,  
In burning heat while that she list assigne,  
And who hath helth and libertie alway:  
Let him thank God, and let him not prouoke,  
To haue the like of this my painfull stroke.

The louer lamentes the  
death of his loue.

The pillar perisht is wherto I lent,  
The strongest stay of mine vnquiet minde:

The like of it no man again cand finde:  
 From East to west still seeking though he went,  
 To mine unhappe, for happe away hath rent  
 Of all my ioy the very back and rinde:  
 And I (alas) by chance am thus assinde,  
 Dayly to moorne till death do it relent.  
 But sing that thus it is by destiny,  
 What can I more but haue a wofull hart,  
 My penne, in plaint, my voyce in carefull cry:  
 My minde in wo, my body full of smart,  
 And I my self, my selfe alwaies to hate.  
 Till dreadfull death do ease my dolefull state,

The louer sendeth sighes to  
 mone his sure.

GO burning sighes vnto the frosen hart,  
 Go breake the yse with pitiees painfull dart.  
 Might neuer perce and if that mortall praier,  
 In heauen be heard, at least yet I desire  
 That death or mercy end my wofull smart.  
 Take with thee pain, wherof I haue my part,  
 And eke the flame from which I cannot start,  
 And leaue me then in rest, I you require:  
 Go burning sighes fulfill that I desire.  
 I must go worke I see by craft and art,  
 For truth and faith in her is laid apart:  
 Alas, I can not therfore now assaile her  
 With pitifull complaint and scalding fier,  
 That from my brest disceiuably doth start.

Complaint of the absence  
 of his loue.

SO feble is the threde, that doth the burden stay,  
 Of my pore life: in heauy plight, that falleth in decay:  
 That, but it haue elsewhere some ayde or some succours.  
 The running spindle of my fate anone shall end his course,  
 For since thunhappy hower, that did me to depart,  
 From my swete weale: one onely hope hath staied my life, apart:  
 Which doth perswade such wordes vnto my soled minde:

B. ii.

Wain



## Songes

Maintaine thy self, O wofull wight, some better luck to finde.  
 For though thou be depriued from thy desired sight:  
 Who can thee tell, if thy returne be for thy more delight:  
 Or, who can tell, thy losse if thou mayst once recouer:  
 Some pleasant hower thy wo may wrap: and thee defend, & couer  
 Thus in this trust as yet it hath my life sustained:  
 But now (alas) I see it faint: and I, by trust, am trayed.  
 The time doth flete, and I see how the howers, do bend  
 So fast: that I haue scant the space to marke my coming end  
 Westward the sunne from out the East scant shewes his light:  
 When in the West he hies him strayght, within the dark of night.  
 And comes as fast, where he began, his path awry,  
 From East to West, from West to East so doth his iourney lye.  
 The life so short, so frayle, that mortall men liue here:  
 So great a weight, so heauy charge the bodies that we bere:  
 That, when I think vpon the distaunce, and the space:  
 That doth so farre deuide me from my dere desired face:  
 I know not, how tattaine the winges, that I require,  
 To lift me vp: that I might flie, to folow my desire.  
 Thus of that hope, that doth my life some thing sustaine,  
 Alas: I feare, and partly fele: full little doth remain.  
 Eche place doth bring me grief: where I do not behold  
 Those liuely eyes: which of my thoughts wer wot y keys to hold,  
 Those thoughts wer pleasant swete: whilst I enioyed that grace:  
 My pleasure past, my present pain, when I might well embrace.  
 And, for because my want should more my wo encrease:  
 In watch, and slepe, both day and night, my will doth neuer cease  
 Ehat thing to wish: whet of sins I did lese the sight:  
 Was neuer thing that mought in ought my wofull hart delight,  
 Thuneasy life I leade, doth teach me for to mete  
 The floodes, the seas, the land, the hilles: that doth the entermete  
 Ewe me, and those shene lights: that wonted for to clere  
 My darked pangs of cloudy thoughts, as bright as Phebus spere  
 It teacheth me also, what was my pleasant state:  
 The more to feie, by such record, how that my wealthy doth bate.  
 If such record (alas) prouoke then flamed minde:  
 Which sprong that day, that I did leaue the best of me behinde:  
 If loue forget himself, by length of absence let:  
 Who doth me guyde (O wofull wretch) vnto this bayted net:  
 Where doth encrease my care: much better wer for me,  
 As dumme as stone, all thing forgot, still absent for to be.  
 Alas: the clere chrysell, the bright transplendant glasse

Doth

Doth not the may the colours hyde Which vnderneath it hase:  
 As both the accumbred sprite the thoguhtfull throwes discover,  
 Of seares delite, of feruent loue: that in our hartes we couer.  
 Out by these eyes, it shewith that euer more delight.  
 In playnt, and teares to seke redresse: and eke both day and night.  
 Those kindes of pleasures most wherin men so reioyce,  
 To me they do redouble still of stormy sighes the voyce.  
 For, I am one of them, whom playnt doth well content:  
 It sates me well mine absent wealth me seems for to lament:  
 And with my tears, assay, to charge mine eyes twayn  
 Like as my hart aboue the brinke is fraughted full of payne,  
 And for because, thereto, that those faire eyes to treat  
 Do me prouoke: I will returne, my plaint thus to repeate.  
 For, there is nothing els, so toucheth me within:  
 Where they rule all: and I alone nought but the case, or skin,  
 Wherefore, I shall returne to them, as well, or syng:  
 From whom descendes my mortall woe, aboue all other thing.  
 So shall mine eyes in payne accompany my hart,  
 That were the guides, that did it leade of loue to fele the smart.  
 The crisped gold, that doth surmount Appollos pride:  
 The liuely streames of pleasant starres that vnder it doth glide:  
 wherein the beames of loue do still encrease their heate:  
 Which yet so farre touch me so nere, in cold to make me sweate,  
 The wise and pleasant talke, so rare, or els alone:  
 That gaue to me the curteis gift, that erst had neuer none:  
 Be farre from me, alas: and euery other thing,  
 I might forbear with better will: then this that did me bring.  
 With pleasant woord and chere, redresse of lingred payne:  
 And wonted eke in kindled will to vertue me to trayne:  
 Thus, am I forst to heare, and harken after newes.  
 My comfort, scant, my large desire in doutfull trust renewes.  
 And yet with more delite to mone my wofull case:  
 I must complain those hands, those armes: that firmly do embrace,  
 Wherfrom my self: and rule the sterne of my pooze life:  
 The swete disdaines, the pleasat wrathes, and eke the louely strife.  
 That wonted well to tune in temper iust, and mete,  
 The rage: that oft did make me erre, by furour vndiscrete.  
 All this is hid fro me, with sharp, and ragged hilles:  
 At others will, my long abode my depe dispayre fulfille.  
 And if my hope sometime rise vp, by some redresse:  
 It stumblith straight, for seable faint: my seare hath such excesse.  
 Such is the sort of hope: the lesse for more desyre:

And



## Songes

And yet I trust ere that I dye to se that I require:  
The resting place of loue: where vertue dwelles and growes  
There I desire, my wery life, sometime, may take repose.  
My song: thou shalt attain to finde that pleasant place:  
Where she doth liue, by whō I liue: may chance to haue this grace  
When she hath read, and sene the grief, wherein I serue:  
Betwene her bresses she shall thee put: there, shall she the reserve,  
Then tell her, that I come: she shall me shortly see  
And if for waighte the body sayle, the soule shall to her flee,

The louer blameth his loue for  
renting of the letter he  
sent her,

I misse not (madame) that you did teare,  
My woful hart, but thus also to rent:  
The weping paper that to you I sent.  
Wherof eche lettiter was witten with a teare.  
Would not my present paines, alas suffice,  
Your greedy hart: and that my hart doth fele,  
Tormentes that prick more sharper then the stele,  
But new and new must to my lot arise.  
Use then my death, so shall your cruelty:  
Spite of your spite rid me from all my smart,  
And I no more such tormentes of the hart:  
Fele as I do. This shall you gain thereby,

The louer curseth the time when  
first he fell in loue.

When first mine eyes did view, and marke,  
Thy faire beawtie to behold:  
And when mine eares listned to harke:  
The pleasant wordes, that thou me told:  
I would as then, I had been free,  
From eares to heare, and eyes to see,  
And when my lips gan first to moue,  
Whereby my hart to thee was knowne:  
And when my tong did talk of loue,

To thee that hast true loue down throwne:  
 I would my lips, and tong also:  
 Had then bene dum, no deale to go.  
 And when my handes haue handled ought,  
 That thee hath kept in memorie:  
 And when my feete haue gone, and sought  
 To finde and get thee companie:  
 I wou'd, eche hand a foote had bene,  
 And I eche foote a hand had sene,  
 And when in minde I did consent  
 To folow this my fantasies will:  
 And wen my hart did first relent,  
 To taste such bap, my life to spill:  
 I would, my hart had bene as thine:  
 Or els thy hart had bene as mine:

The louer determineth to  
 serue faithfully.

Once loue will nedes, that I shall loue:  
 Of very force I must agree.  
 And since no chance may it remoue:  
 In wealth, and in aduersitie,  
 I shall alway my self apply  
 To serue and suffer patiently:  
 Though for good will I finde but hate:  
 And cruelty my life to wast:  
 And though that still a wretched state  
 Should pine my daies vnto the last:  
 Yet I professe it willingly,  
 To serue, and suffer patiently.  
 For since my hart is bound to serue,  
 And I not ruler of mine owne:  
 What so befall, till that I serue,  
 By prooffe full well it shall be knowne:  
 That I shall still my selfe apply  
 To serue, and suffer patiently.  
 Yea though my grief finde no redresse:  
 But still increase before mine eyes:  
 Though my reward be cruelnesse,  
 With all the harme, happe can deuise:



## Songes

Yet I professe it willingly  
To serue and suffer patiently.  
Plea though fortune her pleasant face  
Should shew, to set me vp a loft:  
And straight, my wealth for to deface,  
Should wauhe away, as she doth oft:  
Yet would I still my selfe apply  
To serue and suffer patiently.

There is no grief, no smart no wo:  
That yet I feele, or after shall:  
That from this minde may make me go,  
And what so euer me befall:  
I do professe it willingly  
To serue and suffer patiently.

The louer suspected bla-  
meth yll tongues.

Mistrustfull mindes be moued  
To haue me in suspect.

The troth it shalbe proued:  
Which time shall once detect.

Though falsshed go about  
Of crime me to accuse:  
At length I do not dout,  
But truth shall me excuse.

Such sawce, as they haue serued  
Come without desert:  
Euen as they haue deserued:  
Therof God send them part.

The louer complaineth and his  
ladie comforteth.

Louer. I burneth yet, alas my hartes desire:  
Ladye. What is the thing, that hath inflamed thy hert?  
Louer. A certain point, as seruent, as the fire  
Ladye. The heate shall cease, if that thou wilt conuert.  
Louer. I cannot stop the seruent raging yre.

what

La. What may I do, if thy self cause thy smart?  
 Lo. Heare my request, and rewe my weeping chere.  
 La. With right good will, say on so, I thee here.  
 Lo. That thing would I, that maketh two content.  
 La. Thou sekest, perchance, of me, that I may not.  
 Lo. Would god, thou wouldst, as thou maist, well assent.  
 La. That I may not, the grief is mine: God wot.  
 Lo. But I it fele, what so thy wordes haue ment.  
 La. Suspect me not: my wordes be not forgot.  
 Lo. Then say, alas: shall I haue helpe: or no.  
 La. I see no time to answer, yea, but no.  
 Lo. Say yea, dere hart: and stand no more in doubt.  
 La. I may not grant a thing, that is so dere.  
 Lo. Lo, with delates thou breuens me still about.  
 La. Thou wouldst my death: it plainly doth appere.  
 Lo. First, may my hart his blood, and life blede out.  
 La. Then for my sake, alas, thy will forbere.  
 Lo. From day to day, thus wastes my life away.  
 La. Yet, for the best, suffer some small delay.  
 Lo. Now, good, say yea: do once so good a dede.  
 La. If I said yea: what should therof ensue?  
 Lo. An hart in paine of succour so should speede.  
 La. Twixt yea, and nay, my doute shall still renew.  
 Lo. My swete, say yea: and do away this drede.  
 La. Thou wilt nedes so: be it so: but then be trew.  
 Lo. Nought would I els, nor other treasure none.  
 La. Thus hartes be wonne, by loue, request, and mone.

### why loue is blinde.

O f purppse, loue chole first for to be blinde:  
 For he with sight of that, that I beholde,  
 Vanquisht had been, against all godly kinde.  
 His bow pour hand, and trulle should haue vnfolde.  
 And he with me to serue had bene assinde.  
 But, for he blinde, and recklesse would him holde:  
 And still, by chance, his dedly strokes bestowe:  
 with such as see, I serue, and suffer wo.

To his vnkinde loue,

L. i.

What



## Songes

**W**hat rage is this: what furore of what kinde?  
 What power, what plage doth wray thus my minde?  
 Within my bones to rankle is assinde:  
 What posson pleasant swete?

Lo, see, myne eyes flow with continuall teares,  
 The body still a way slepelesse it weares:  
 My foode nothing my fainting strength repaires,  
 Nor doth my humours sustaine.

In depe wide wound, the dedly stroke doth turne:  
 To curles skarre that neuer shall retorne.  
 Go to: triumph: reioyce thy goodly turne.  
 Thy frend thou dost oppresse.

Oppresse thou dost: and hast of him no cures  
 Nor yet my plaint no pitie can procure.  
 Fierce Tigre, fell, hard rock without recure:  
 Cruell rebell to Loue.

Once may thou loue, neuer beloued again:  
 So loue thou still, and not thy loue obtain:  
 So wrathfull loue, with spites of iust disdain,  
 May thret thy cruell hart.

The louer blameth his instant  
 desire.

**D**esire (alas) my maister, and my lo:  
 So sore altered thy self how maist thou see?  
 Sometime thou sekest, that driues me to and fro,  
 Sometime, thou leadst, that leadeth thee and mee.  
 What reason is to rule thy subiectes so?  
 By forced law, and mutabilitie,  
 For where by thee I doutted to haue blame:  
 Euen now by hate again I dont the same.

The louer complaineth his  
 estate,

**I** See, that chance hath chosen me  
 Thus secretly to liue in paine:  
 And to another giuen the see

Of al my losse to haue the gain.  
By chance asinde thus do I serue:  
And other haue, that I deserue.

Unto my self so netime alone  
I do lament my wofull case.  
But what aualleth me to mone?  
Since troth, and pittie hath no place  
In them: to whom I sue and serue:  
And other haue, that I deserue.

To seke by meane to change this minde:  
Alas, I proue, it will not be.  
For in my hart I cannot finde  
Once to refraine, but styl agre,  
As bound by force alway to serue:  
And other haue that I deserue.

Such is the fortune, that I haue  
To loue them most, that loue me lest:  
And to my paine to seke, and craue  
The thing, that other haue possesse.  
So thus in vain alway I serue.  
And other haue that I deserue,

And till I may appease the heate:  
If that my happe will happe so well,  
To waile my wo my hart shall create,  
Whose pensif paine my tong can tell.  
Yet thus vnhappy must I serue:  
And other haue, that I deserue.

Of his loue called  
Anna.

What word is that, that changeth not,  
Though it be turnde & made in twaine,  
It is mine Anna god-it wot.  
The only cause of my paine  
My loue that mebeth with disdaine,  
Yet is it loued what will you more,  
It is my salue, and eke my soze.

L.ii.

That



That pleasure is mixed  
with euery  
paine.

V Enemous thornes that are so sharp and hene,  
Beare flowers we se ful fresh and faire of hne,  
Poison is also put in medicine.  
And vnto man his helth doth oft renue,  
The fier that all thinges eke consumeth clene  
May hurt and heale: then if that this be true.  
I trust sometime my harne may be my health,  
Sins euery woe is ioyned with some wealth.

A riddle of a gift giuen by  
a ladie.

A Lady gaue me a gift she had not,  
And I receiued her gift which I toke not  
She gaue it me willingly, and yet she would not,  
And I receiued it, albeit I could not,  
If she giue it me, I force not,  
And if she take it againe she cares not.  
Conster what this is and tel not,  
For I am fast swozne I may not.

That speaking or profering  
bringes alway  
speding.

S Peake thou and spede where will o: power ought helpeth,  
Where power doth want will must be wonne by welch.  
For nede will spede, where will workes not his kinde,  
And gaine thy foes, thy frendes shall cause thee kinde,  
For sute and golde, what do not they obtaine,  
Of good and bad the triers are these twaine.

He ruleth, not though he raigne ouer  
realmes, that is subiect to his  
own lustes.

If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage  
Of cruell will, and see thou kepe thee free  
From the foule pocke of sensuall bondage,  
For though thine empyre stretch to Indian sea,  
And for thy feare trembleth the fardest Thilce,  
If thy desire haue ouer thee the power,  
Subiect then art thou and no gouernour.

If to be noble and high thy minde be meued,  
Consider well thy ground and thy beginning:  
For he that hath eche starre in heauen fixed,  
And geues the Moone her hornes and her eclipsing:  
Whike hath made thee noble in his working,  
So that wretched no way may thou bee.  
Except foule lust and vice do conquer thee.

Ill were it so thou had a flood of gold,  
Unto thy thirst yet should it not suffice.  
And though with Indian stones a thousand folde,  
More precious then can thy selfe deuise,  
Pcharged were thy backe: thy couetise  
And busy biting yet should neuer let,  
Thy wretched life, ne do thy death profet.

whether libertie by losse of life, or  
life in prison and thraldom  
be to be preferred.

Like as the birde within the cage enclosed,  
The doze vnspurred, her foe the Hauke without,  
Twixt death and prison piteously oppressed,  
Whether for to chole standeth in dout,  
Lo, so do I, which leke to bring about.  
Which should be best by determination,  
By losse of life libertie, or life by prison.  
O mischief by mischief to be redressed,  
Where pain is best there lieth but little pleasure,

By



## Songes

By short death better to be deliuered,  
 Than bide in painfull life, thraldome, and doler,  
 Small is the pleasure where much pain we suffer.  
 Rather therefore to choose me thinketh wilddome,  
 By losse of life libertie, then life by prison.

And yet me thinkes although I liue and suffer,  
 I do but waite a time and fortunes chance,  
 Oft many thinges do happen in one hower.  
 That which opprest me now may me aduance,  
 In time is trust which by deathes greivance  
 Is wholly lost. Then were it not reason,  
 By death to choose libertie, and not life by prison.

But death were deliverance where life lengthens pain.  
 Of these two piles let see now choose the best,  
 This bird to deliuer that here doth plain  
 What say ye louers: which shall bee the best?  
 In cage thraldome, or by the Hawke opprest.  
 And which to choose make plain conclusion,  
 By losse of life libertie, or life by prison.

## Against houlders of moncy.

For shamefast harme of great, and hateful dede,  
 In depe dispaire, as did a wretch go,  
 With ready corde, out of his life to spede,  
 His stumbling foote did finde an horde lo.  
 Of gold, I say, where he preparde this dede,  
 And in eschange he left the corde, tho.  
 He that had hid the golde, and found it not  
 Of that he found, he shapt his neck a thow.

## Discription of a gonne.

Alcane begat me, Minerva me taught,  
 Nature, my mother, I rast nourisht me pere by pere,  
 Thre bodyes are my foode, my strength is in naught,  
 Anger, wrath, wast, and noyce are my children dere,  
 Gesse frend, what I am: and how I am wrought,  
 Monster of sea, or of land, or of els where,  
 Know me, and vse me, and I may thee defend,  
 And if I be thine enemy, I may thy life end.

wast

Wiate being in prison, to  
Brian.

Sighes are my foode: my Drinke are my teares.  
Clinking of fetters would such musick craue,  
Stink, and close ayre away my life it weares.  
Dooze innocence is al the hope I haue.  
Raine, winde, oz wether iuge I by my cares.  
Malice assautes, that righteousnesse should haue.  
Sure am I, Brian, this wound shall heale again;  
But yet alas, the skarre shall still remain.

### Of dissembling wordes.

Throughout the world if it wer sought,  
Faite wordes ynough a man shall finde:  
They be good chepe they cost right nought.  
Their substance is but only winde:  
But well to say and so to mene:  
That swete accord is seldom sene.

### Of the meane and sure estate.

Stand who so list vpon the slipper wheele,  
Of hie estate, and let me here reioyce.  
And vse my life in quietnesse eche deile.  
Unknowen in court that hath the wanton toyes:  
In hidden place my time shall slowly passe  
And when my yerres be past withouten noyes  
Let me die olde after the common trace  
For gripes of death doth he do hardly passe  
That knowen is to all: but to himselfe alas,  
He dieth unknowen, dased with dreadfull face.

*Qui notat nimis omnibus  
ignatus moritur sibi.  
Senec.*

### The courtiers life,

In court to serue decked with fresh aray,  
Of sugred meates feling the swete repast:  
The life in bankets, and sundry kindes of play,



## Songes

Amid the ptease of worldly lookes to waste,  
Hath with it ioynde est tunes such bitter taste,  
That who so ioyes such kinde of life to hold,  
In prison ioyes fettered with cheines of gold.

### Of disapointed purpose by negligence.

O Carthage he that worthy warriour  
Could overcome, but could not vse his chance,  
And I likewise of all my long endeour  
The sharpe conquest though fortune did aduance,  
He could I vse. The hold that is geuen ouer,  
I vnpossesse, so hangeth now in balance  
Of warre, my peace, reward of all my payne,  
At Mountzon thus I restless rest in Spaine.

### Of his returne from Spaine.

Agus farewell that Westward with thy stremes  
Turnes vp the graines of gold al ready tried,  
For I with spurre and saile go seke the temynnes  
Gainward y sunne that sheweth her welthy pride  
And to the town that Brutus sought by dreames  
Like bended mone that leanes her lully side,  
My king my countrey, I seke for whom I live,  
O mighty Ioue the windes for this me gile.

### Of sodaine trasting.

Giuen by desire I did this dede  
To danger my selfe without cause why:  
To trust thyntrue not like to speede,  
To speake and promise faithfully  
But now the prooffe doth verifie,  
That who so trusteth ere he know,  
Doth hurt himself and please hys foe,

Of the mother that eate her  
childe at the siege of  
Ierusalem.

**I**n doutfull bzeast whiles motherly pity  
With furious famine standeth at debate,  
The mother saith: O childe vnhappy  
Returne thy blood where thou hadst milke of late  
Yeld me those limmes that I made vnto thee,  
And entre there where thou were generate.  
For of one body against all nature,  
To an other must I make sepulture.

Of the meane and sure estate  
written to Iohn  
Poins.

**M**y mothers maides when they do sowe and spinne:  
They sing a song made of the feldishe mouse:  
That forbicause her liuelod was but thinne,  
Would nedes go se her townish sisters house,  
She thought her self endured to greuous paine,  
The stormy blastes her caue so soze did sowle:  
That when the furrowes swimmied with the raine:  
She must lie colde, and wet in soze plight.  
And worse then that, bare meat there did remaine  
To comfort her when she her house had dight:  
Sometime a barley corne: sometime a beane:  
For which she laboured hard both day and night,  
In haruest time, while she might go and gleane.  
And when her store was stroyed with the floode.  
Then welaway for she vndone was cleane.  
Then was she faine to take in stede of foode,  
Slepe if she might, her hunger to begile.  
My sister (quod she) hath a liuing good:  
And hence from me she dwelleth not a mile.  
In colde and storme, she lieth warme and drye,  
In bed of downe: the durt doth not defile  
Her tender sote, she labours not as I.



## Songes

Richely she fedes, and at the richewand cost:  
 And for her meat she nedes not craue nor cry.  
 By sea, by land, of delicates she most  
 Her cater likes, and spareth for no perell:  
 She fedes on boyle meat, bake meate, and on rost;  
 And hath therfore no whit of charge nor trauell.  
 And when she list the litout of the grape  
 Doth glad her hart, tyll that her belly swell.  
 And at this iourney makes she but a iape:  
 So forth she goes, trusting of all thys wealth,  
 With her sister her part so for to shaye,  
 That if she might there kepe her self in health  
 To liue a Lady while her life do last.  
 And to the doze now is she come by stealth:  
 And with her foote anone she scrapes full fast.  
 Thother for feare, durst not well scarce appare,  
 Of euery noyle so was the wretch agast.  
 At last, she asked softly who was there.  
 And in her language as well as she could,  
 Pepe (quod the other) sister I am here.  
 Peace (quod the towne mouse) why speakest thou so louder  
 And by the hand, she toke her faire and well.  
 welcome (quod she) my sister by the rode.  
 She seasted her that ioye it was to tell.  
 The fare they had, they drank the wine so clere:  
 And as to purpose now and then it fell,  
 She chered her, with how sister what chere?  
 And this ioy befell a sozy chance,  
 That (welaway) the stranger bought full dere  
 The fare she had, for as she lookt a scance:  
 Under a stole she spied two stering eyes  
 In a round head, with sharpe eares: in France  
 Was neuer mouse so feard, for the vnwise  
 Had not ysene such a beast before.  
 Yet had nature taught her after her gise,  
 To know her so: and dread him euermore.  
 The townmouse fled: she knew whither to go:  
 The other had no shift, but wonders soze  
 Feard of her life, at home she wisht her tho:  
 And to the doze (alas) as she did skippe:  
 The heauen it would, lo, and eke her chance was so:  
 As the threhold her sely fote did trippe,

And ere she might recouer it againe:  
 The traytour cat had caught her by the hippe:  
 And made her there against her will remaine:  
 That had forgot her power, suertie and rest,  
 For seeking wealth, wherin she thought to raigne.  
 Alas (my Poynts) how men do seke the best,  
 And finde the worse, by errour as they stray,  
 And no maruell, when sight is so oppressed,  
 And blindes the guide anone out of the way  
 Goeth guide and all in seeking quiet lyfe.  
 O wretched mindes there is no golde that may  
 Graunt that you seke, no warre, no peace, no strife.  
 No, no, although, thy head were hoopt with golde,  
 Sergeant with mace, with hawbart, sworde, & knife,  
 Can not repulse the care that folow should,  
 Eche kinde of life hath with him his disease.  
 Liue in delites, euen as thy lust would:  
 And thou shalt finde, when lust doth most thee please:  
 It irketh, straight: and by it selfe doth fade.  
 A small thing is it, that may thy minde appease.  
 None of you all there is, that is so madde,  
 To seke for grapes on brambles: or on briers.  
 Nor none I trow that hath a wit so badde,  
 To set his hay for cornepes euer riuers:  
 Nor ye set not a dragge net for an hare,  
 And yet the thing, that most is your desire.  
 You do misseke, with more trauell and care,  
 Make plaine thine hart, that it be not knotted  
 With hope or dreade, and se thy will be bare  
 From all affectes whom vice hath neuer spotted.  
 Thy selfe content with that is thee assigned:  
 And vse it well that is to thee allotted,  
 Then seke no more, out of thy selfe to fynde  
 The thing that thou hast sought so long before.  
 For thou shalt feele it sticking in thy minde.  
 Ahade, if ye list to continue your soze:  
 Let present passe, and gape on time to come,  
 And depe thy selfe in traueil more and more.  
 Henceforth (my Poynts) this shall be all and some  
 These wretched foolcs shall haue nought els of me:  
 But, to the great God and to his dome,  
 None other paine pray I for them to be:



## Songes

But when the rage doth leade them from the right  
That loking backward, vertue they may se,  
Euen as she is, so goodly faire and bright.  
And whilst they claspe their lusses in armes a crosse:  
Graunt them good Lord, as thou maist of thy might,  
To treat inwarde, for losing such a losse.

### Of the Courtiers life written to Iohn Poins,

Myne owne Iohn Poins since ye delite to know  
The causes why that homewarde I me draw,  
And fle the ptease of courtes, where so they go:  
Rather then to liue thzall vnder the awe,  
Of Lordly lokes, wrapped within my cloke,  
To will and lust learning to set a lawe:  
It is not that because I scozne or mocke  
The power of them: whom Fortune here hath lent  
Charge ouer vs of right to strike the stroke.  
But true it is that I haue alwayes ment  
Lesse to esteeme them then the common sort  
Of outwarde thinges: that iudge in theyr entent,  
Without regarde, what inward both resort.  
I graunt, sometime of glozy that the fire  
Doth touch my hart. He list not to report  
Blame by honour, and honour to desire.  
But how may I this honour now attaine?  
That can not dye the colour blacke a lier:  
My Poins, I can not frame my tune to faine:  
To cloke the truth, for praise without desert,  
Of them that list all vice for to retaine.  
I can not honour them, that set their part  
With Venus, and Bacchus, all theyr life long:  
Nor holde my peace of them, although I smart.  
I can not crouch nor knele to such a wrong:  
To worship them like god on earth alone:  
That are as wolues these sely lambes among,  
I can not with my wordes complaine and mone,  
And suffer nought: nor smart without complaint:  
Nor turne the worde that from my mouth is gone,  
I can not speake and loke like as a saint:  
Use wiles for wit, and make disceit a plesure:

Call craft cōsumfacke, for lucre skil to paint.  
 I can not wrest the law to fill the coffe:  
 With innocent blood to fede my selfe satte:  
 And do most hurt: where that most helpe I offer.  
 I am not he, that can allow the state  
 Of hie Ceasar, and damne Cato to die:  
 That with his death did scape out of the gate,  
 From Ceasars handes, if Liue doth not lie:  
 And would not liue, where libertie was lost,  
 So did his hart the common wealth apply.  
 I am not he, suche eloquence to boast:  
 To make the crow in singing, as the swanne:  
 Nor call the lion of coward beastes the most,  
 That can not take a mouse, as the cat can.  
 And he that dieth for hunger of the golde,  
 Call him Alexander, and say that Pan  
 Passeth Appollo in musicke manifolde:  
 Praise sir Topas for a noble tale,  
 And scozne the stozy that the knight tolde:  
 Praise him for counsell, that is dronke of ale:  
 Grinne when he laughes, that beareth all the sway,  
 Frowne, when he frownes: and grone when he is pale:  
 On others lust to hang both night and day.  
 None of these pointes would euer frame in me,  
 My wit is nought I can not learne the way.  
 And much the lesse of thinges that greater be,  
 That asken helpe of colours to deuise  
 To ioyne the meane with eche extremitie:  
 With nearest vertue ay to cloke the vice.  
 And as to purpose likewise it shall fall:  
 To presse the vertue that it may not rise.  
 As dronkenesse good felowship to call:  
 The frendly foe, with his faire double face,  
 Say he is gentle and curties therewithall.  
 Affirme that sauel hath a goodly grace,  
 In eloquence: and crueltie to name  
 Zeale of Justice: and change in time and place.  
 And he that suffereth offence without blame:  
 Call him pitifull, and him true and plaine.  
 That rapleth rechlesse vnto eche mans shame.  
 Say he is rude, that can not lye and faine:  
 The letcher a louer, and tyranny



## Songes

To be the right of a Princes raigae.  
I can not I, no, no, it wyll not be.  
This is the cause that I could neuer yet  
Hang on their sleues, that weigh (as thou maist se)  
A chippe of chaunce moze then a pounce of wit.  
This maketh me at home to hunt and hauke:  
And in fowle wether at my booke to sit:  
In frost and snow, then with my bowe to stalke,  
No man doth marke where so I ride oz go.  
In lully leas at libertie I walke:  
And of these newes I fele noz weale noz wo:  
Sawe that a clogge doth hang yet at my heele.  
No force for that, for it is ordred so:  
That I may leape both hedge and dike full wele,  
I am not now in Fraunce, to iudge the wine:  
With sauery sauce those delicates to fele.  
Noz yet in Spaine where one must him incline,  
Rather then to be, outwardly to seme.  
I meddle not with wittes that be so fine,  
Noz flanders chere lettes not my sight to deme  
Of blacke, and white, noz takes my wittes away  
With beaklinesse; such do those beastes esteeme.  
Noz I am not where truth is geuen in pray,  
For money, poyson, and treason: of some  
A comen practise, vsed night and day.  
But I am here in Kent and christendome:  
Among the mules, where I reade and rime,  
Where if thou list, mine own John Doings to come  
Thou shalt be iudge, how I do speade my time.

How to vse the court and him  
selfe therein, written to sir  
Fraunces Brian.

A spending hand that alway potwreth out,  
Had nede to haue a bringer in as fast,  
And on the stone that still doth turne about,  
There groweth no mosse. These prouerbes yet do last:

Reason

Reason hath set them in so sure a place:  
 That length of yeares their force can neuer waste:  
 When I remember this, and eke the case,  
 Wherin thou standst, I thought forthwith to write  
 (Brian) to thee: who knowes how great a grace  
 In writing is to counsaile man the right.  
 To thee therefore that trottes still vp and downe:  
 And neuer restes, but running day and night,  
 From realme to realme, from citie strete, and towne.  
 Why dost thou weare thy body to the bones?  
 And mightst at home slepe in thy bedde of downe:  
 And drinke good ale so nappy for the nones,  
 Fede thy self fatte, and heape vp pounds by pound.  
 Liked thou not thyse? No why? For swine so groines  
 In sty, and chew dung moulded on the ground.  
 And druel on pearles with head still in the maunger,  
 So of the harpe the assie doth heare the sound,  
 So sackes of durt be fulde. The neat courtier  
 So serues for lesse, then do these fatted swine.  
 Though I seme leane and drie, withouten moyster,  
 Yet will I serue my prince, my lord and thine.  
 And let them liue to fede the paunch that list.  
 So I may liue to fede both me and mine.  
 By god well said. But what and if thou wilt  
 How to bring in, as fast as thou doest spende.  
 That would I learne. And it shall not be mist,  
 To tel the how. Now harke what I intende.  
 Thou knowest well first, who so can seke to please,  
 Shall purchase frendes: where trouth shall but offend,  
 Flee therfore trouth, it is both welth and ease.  
 For though that trouth of euery man hath praise,  
 Full nere that winde goeth trouth in great missease.  
 Use vertue, as it goeth now adales:  
 In worde alone to make thy language swete:  
 And of thy dede, yet do not as thou sayes.  
 Els be thou sure: thou shalt be farre vnmete  
 To geat thy bread, ech thing is now so scant.  
 Seke still thy profit vpon thy bare fete.  
 Lend in no wise: for feare that thou do want,  
 Unlesse it be, as to a calfe a chese:  
 But if thou can be sure to winne a cant  
 Of halfe at least, It is not good to leese.

Learne



## Songes

Learne at the ladde, that in a long white cote,  
 From vnder the stall, withouten landes or fee,  
 Hath lept into the shoppe: who knowes by rote  
 This rule that I haue told thee here before.  
 Sometime also rich age beginnes to dote,  
 Se thou when there thy gaine may be the more.  
 Stay him by the arme, where so he walke or go:  
 Be nere alway, and if he coughe to sore:  
 What he hath spit treade out, and please him so.  
 A diligent knaue that pikes his maisters purse,  
 May please him so, that he withouten mo  
 Executour is. And what is he the wurse:  
 But if so chance, thou get nought of the man:  
 The widow may for al thy paine disburse.  
 A riueld skinnie, a stinking breath, what than?  
 A tothlesse mouth shall do thy lippes no harme.  
 The gold is good, and though she curse or banne:  
 Yet where thee list, thou mayst lie good and warme,  
 Let the olde mule bite vpon the bridle:  
 Whilst there do lie a sweter in thy arme.  
 In this also se that thou be not idle:  
 Thy nece, thy cosin, sister or thy daughter,  
 If she bee faire: if handsome be her middle:  
 If thy better hath her loue besought her:  
 Auance his cause, and he shall helpe thy nede.  
 It is but loue, turne thou it to a laughter.  
 But ware I say, so gold thee helpe and speede:  
 That in this case thou be not so vnwise,  
 As Pandar was in such a like dede.  
 For he the foole of conscience was so nice:  
 That he no gaine would haue for all his paine.  
 Be next thy self for frendship beares no price.  
 Laughest thou at me, why? do I speake in vaine?  
 Do not at thee, but at thy thursty iest.  
 Wouldest thou, I should for any losse or gaine,  
 Change that for golde, that I haue tane for best.  
 Next godly thinges: to haue an honest name?  
 Should I leane that: then take me for a beast.  
 May then farewell, and if thou care for shame:  
 Content thee then with honest poertie:  
 With free tong, what thee mislikes, to blame,  
 And for thy trouth sometime aduersitie

And therewithall thys gyfte I shall thee giue,  
In this world now litle prosperitie:  
And copne to kepe: as water in a siue.

The song of Iopas vnfinished.

**V**hen Dido feasted first the wandring Troian knight:  
Whō Junos wrath & stormes did force in Libik sad to light  
That mighty Atlas taught, the supper lasting long,  
with crisped lockes on golden harpe, Iopas sang in song.  
That same (quod he) that we the world do call and name:  
Of heauen and earth with all contents, it is the very frame.  
Or thus, of heauenly powers by more power kept in one  
Repugnant kindes, in mids of whom the earth hath place alone:  
firme round, of liuing thinges, the mother, place and nourse:  
without the which in egal weight, this heauē doth hold his course  
And it is calde by name, the first and mouing heauen,  
The firmament is placed next, conteining other seuen,  
Of heauenly powers that same is planted full and thicke,  
As shining lightes which we call starres, that therin cleue & sticke  
With great swift sway, the first, and with his restlesse sours,  
Carrieth it self, and all those eyght, in euen continuall cours.  
And of this world so round within that rolling case,  
Two points there be that neuer moue, but firmly kepe their place  
The one we see alway, the tother standes obiect  
Against the same, deuiding iust the ground by line direct.  
Which by imaginacion, drawn from the one to thother.  
Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is none other.  
And these be calde the Poles, descryde by starres not bright,  
Artike the one northward we see: Antartike thother hight,  
The line, that we deuise from thone to thother so:  
As axel is, vpon the which the heauens about do go  
Which of water nor earth, of ayre nor fire haue kinde,  
Therefore the substance of those same were hard for man to finde  
But they bene vncorrupt, simple and pure vnmixt:  
And so we say been all those starres, that in those same be fixt.  
And eke those erring seuen, in circle as they stray:  
So cald, because against that first they haue repugnant way:  
And smaller by wayes to, skant sensible to man:  
To busy worke for my poore harpe: let sing them he that can.  
The wydest saue the first, of all these nine aboue  
One hundred yere doth ake of space, for one degree to moue.



## Songes

Of which degrees we make, in the first moouing heauen,  
Thzee hundzed and threescore in partes iustly deuided euen.  
And yet there is another betwene those heauens two:  
Whose mouing is so fly so slack: I name it not for now.  
The seuenh heauen or the shell, next to the starry sky,  
All those degrees that gatherth vp, with aged pace so fly:  
And doth perfoyme the same, as elders count hath bene,  
In nine and twenty yeres complete, and daies almost sixtene:  
Doth carry in his bowt the starre of Saturne old:  
A threathner of all liuing things, with drought and with his cold:  
The sixt whom this contains, doth stalke with yonger pace:  
And in twelue yere doth somewhat moze then thothers viage wag,  
And this in it doth beare the starre of Ioue benigne,  
Twene Saturns malice and vs men, frendly defending signe.  
The fift bears bloody Mars, that in thzee hundzed daies,  
And twise eleuen with one full yere, hath finisht all those waies.  
A yere doth aske the fourth, and howers therto sixe,  
And in the same the daies eye the sunne, therein he stickes.  
The thirde that gouerns is by that, that gouerns mee:  
And loue for loue, and for no loue prouokes: as oft we see:  
In like space doth perfoyme that course, that did the tother.  
So doth the next vnto the same, that second is in order.  
But it doth beare the starre, that cald is Mercury:  
That many a crafty secrete steppe doth tread, as Calcars try.  
That sky is last, and fixt next vs, those waies hath gone,  
In seuen and twanty common daies, and eke the thurd of one:  
And beareth with his sway, the diuers Moone about:  
Now bright, now brown, now bet, now ful, & now her light is out.  
Thus haue they of their own two mouinges all these seuen  
One, wherein they be caried still, eche in his seuerall heauen.  
An other of them selues, where their bodies be layd  
In bywaies, and in lesser rowndes, as I, afore haue sayd.  
Haue of them all the Sunne doth stray least from the streight,  
The starry sky hath but one course, that we haue cald the eight,  
And all these moouinges eight are ment from West to East:  
Although they seme to cline aloft, I say from East to West,  
But that is but by force of the first moouing sky:  
In twise twelue houres from east to east that carieth themby & by  
But marke we well also, these moouinges of these seuen,  
Be not about the axeltree of the first moouing heuen.  
For they haue their two poles directly tone to the tother, &c.

*T. VVYATE the elder.*

The complaint of a louer  
with sute to his loue  
for pitie.

I f euer wofull man might moue your hartes to ruthe,  
Good ladies heare his woful plaint, whose deth shal try his truth  
And rightfull iudges be on this his true report:  
If he deserue a louers name among the faithfull sort.  
Five hundred times the Sunne hath lodged him in the West:  
Since in my hart I hartzed first of all the gooddest gest.  
Whose worthinesse to shew my wits are all to faynt.  
And I lack cunning of the scooles, in colours her to paynt,  
But this I briefly say in wordes of egall weight.  
So void of vice was neuer none, nor with such vertues freight.  
And for her beauties prayse, no wight, that with her warres.  
For, where she comes, she shewes her self as sun among the starres  
But Lord, thou wast to blame, to frame such partitenesse:  
And puttes no pitie in her hart, my sorowes to redresse.  
For if ye knew the paines, and panges, that I haue past:  
I wonder would it be to you, how that my life hath last.  
When all the Gods agreed, that Cupide with his bow  
Should shote his arrowes from her eies, on me his might to shew  
I knew it was in vaine my force to trust vpon:  
And well I wist, it was no shame, to yelde to such a one.  
Then did I me submit with humble hart and mynde,  
To be her man for euermore: as by the Gods assinde,  
And since that day, no wo, wherwith loue might torment,  
Could moue me from this faithfull band: or make me once repent.  
Yet haue I felt full oft the hottest of his fire:  
The bitter teares, the scalding sighes, the burning hote desire.  
And with a sodaine sight the trembling of the hart:  
And how the blood both come, and go, to succour euery part.  
When that a pleasant look hath lift me in the ayer:  
I frowne hath made me fall as fast into a depe despayre.  
And when that I see this, my tale could well by hart:  
And that my tong had learned it, so that no word might start:  
The sight of her hath set my wittes in such a stay:  
That to be lord of all the world, one word I could not say.



## Songes

And many a sodayn cramp my hart hath pinched so:  
That for the time, my senses all felt neither weale, nor wo:  
Yet saw I neuer thing, that might my minde content:  
But wisht it hers, and at her will, if she could so consent.  
Nor neuer heard of wo, that did her will displease:  
But wisht the same vnto my self, so it might do her ease.  
Nor neuer thought that fayre, nor neuer liked face:  
Unlesse it did resemble her, or some part of her grace.  
No distance yet of place could vs so farre deuide,  
But that my hart, and my good will did still with her abide.  
Nor yet it neuer lay in any fortunes powre,  
To put that swete out of my thought, one minute of an houre.  
No rage of drenching sea, nor woodnesse of the winde,  
Nor canons & their thundring cracks could put her fro my minde  
For when both sea and land a sunder had vs set:  
My whole delite was onely then, my self alone to get.  
And thitherward to looke, as nere as I could gesse:  
Where as I thought, that she was the, that might my wo redresse.  
Full oft it did me good, that waies to take my wunde:  
So pleasant ayre in no place els, me thought I could not finde.  
I saying to my self, my life is ponder way:  
And by the winde I haue her sent, a thousand sighes a day.  
And sayd vnto the sunne, great giftes are geuen thee:  
For thou mayst see mine earthly blisse, where euer that she be.  
Thou seest in euery place, would God I had thy might:  
And I the ruler of my self, then should she know no night:  
And thus from wish to wish, my wits haue been at strife:  
And wanting all that I haue wisht, thus haue I led my life.  
But long it can not last, that in such wo remaines.  
No force for that: for death is swete to him, that feles such paines,  
Yet most of all me greues: when I am in my graue,  
That she shall purchase by my death a cruel name to haue.  
Wherefore all you that heare this plaint, or shall it see:  
Wish, that it may so perce her hart, that she may pitie mee.  
For and it were her will: for both, it were the best,  
To saue my life, to kepe her name, and set my hart at rest.

Of the death of master Deuorox  
the lord Ferres  
sonne,

Who

**VV** Ho iustly may reioyce in ought vnder the skye?  
 As life, or lands: as friends, or frutes: which only liue to dye.  
 Or who doth not well know all worldly works are vaine:  
 And geueth nought but to the lendes, to take the same again.  
 For though it lift some vp: as we long vpwrd all:  
 Such is the sort of slipper welth: all things do rise to fall.  
 Thuncerteintie is such: experience teacheth so:  
 That what things men do couet most, them sonest they forgo.  
 Lo Deuozor where he lieth: whose life men held so deare  
 That now his death is sorowed so, that pitie it is to heare.  
 His birth of auncient blood, his parents of great fame:  
 And yet in vertue farre before the foremost of the same,  
 His king, and countrey both he serude to so great gaine:  
 That with the Bzutes record doth rest, and euer shall remaine.  
 No man in warre so mete, an enterprize to take:  
 No man in peace that pleasurde more of enmies friends to make.  
 A Cato for his counsell: his hed was surely such.  
 He Theseus friendship was so great, but Deuozor was as much.  
 A grasse of so small grothe, so much good frute to vring:  
 Is seldome heard, or neuer sene: it is so rare a thing.  
 A man sent vs from God, his life did wel declare,  
 And now sent for by God again, to teach vs what we are.  
 Death, and the graue, that shall accompany all that liue,  
 Hath brought him heue, though so what sone, which life could neuer  
 God graunt well all, that shall professe as he profelt: (Gue  
 To liue so well, to dye no worse: and send his soule good rest.

They of the meane estate  
 are happiest.

If right be rackt, and ouertonne:  
 And power take part with open wrong:  
 If feare my force do yelde to soone,  
 The lack is like to last to long.  
 If God for gooddes shalbe vnplaced:  
 If right for riches lose his shape:  
 If world for wisdom be embraced:  
 The gesse is great, much hurt may hap,  
 Among good things, I proue and finde,  
 The quiet life doth most abound:

And



## Songes

And sure to the contented minde  
Ther is no riches may be found.  
For riches hates to be content:  
Rule is enemy to quietnesse.  
Power is most part impatient:  
And seldom likes to liue in pefe  
I heard a herdman once compare:  
That quiet nightes he had mo slept:  
And had mo mery days to spare:  
Then he, whiche ought the beastes, he kept.  
I would not, haue it thought herby  
The Dolphin swimme I meane to teache:  
Nor yet to learne the Faucon fly:  
I row not so farre past my reache,  
But as my part aboue the rest,  
As well to wish and well to will:  
So till my breath shall fail my brest,  
I will not cease to wish you still.

### Comparison of life and death.

The life is long, that lothsomly doth last:  
The dolefull dayes draw slowly to their date  
The present panges, and painfull plagues forpast  
Pelde grieve aye grene to stablish this estate.  
So that I feele, in this great storme, and strife,  
The death is swete that endeth such a life.  
Yet by the stroke of this strange ouerthrow,  
At which conflict in thraldom I was thrust:  
The Lord be praised: I am well taught to know  
From whence man came, and eke whereto he must:  
And by the way vpon how feeble force,  
His terme doth stand, till death doth end his course.  
The pleasant yeres that senie, so swift that runne  
The mery dayes to end, so fast that flete:  
The toyfull nightes, of which day daweth so soone.  
The happy howers, which mo do misse then mete,  
Do all consume: as snow against the sunne:  
And death makes end of all, that life begunne.

Since

Since death shall dure, till all the world be wast:  
 What meaneth man to dzeade death then so soze:  
 As man might make, that life should alway last.  
 Without regard, the lord hath led before  
 The daunce of death, which all must runne on row:  
 Though how, or when: the Lord alone doth know.  
 If man would minde, what burdens life doth know.  
 What greuous crimes to God he doth commit:  
 What plagues, what panges, what perilles therby spring:  
 With no sure hower in all his dates to sit:  
 He would sure thinke, as with great cause I do:  
 The day of death were better of the two.

Death is a port, wherby we passe to ioy:  
 Life is a lake, that drowneth all in payn.  
 Death is so dere, it ceaseth all annoy.  
 Life is so lewde, that all it yeldes is bayn.  
 And as by life to bondage man is brought:  
 Euen so likewise by death was fredome wrought.  
 wherfore with Paul, let all men wish and pray  
 To be dissolude of this foule fleshy masse:  
 Or at the least be armed against the day:  
 That they be found good souldiers, prest to passe  
 From life to death: from death to life again  
 To such a life, as euer shall remain.

The tale of Pigmalion with con-  
 clusion vpon the beautie  
 of his loue.

I N Grece somtyme there dwelt a man of worthy fame:  
 To graue in stone his cunning was: Pygmalio was his name.  
 To make his fame endure, when death had him bereft:  
 He thought it good, of his own hand some filed worke were left,  
 In secrete studie then such worke he gan deuise,  
 As might his cunning best commend, and please the lookers eyes.  
 A courser faire he thought to graue, barbd for the field:  
 And on his back a semely knight, well armed with speare & shield:  
 Or els some foule, or fish to graue he did deuise:  
 And still, within his wandering thoughtes, new fancies did arise.  
 Thus



## Songes

Thus varied he in minde, what enterprize to take:  
 Till fanſy moued his learned hand a woman ſayze to make.  
 Whereon he ſtayde, and thought ſuch perfitte fourme to frame:  
 Whereby he might amaze all Grece, and winne immortall name.  
 Of yuorie white he made ſo faire a woman than:  
 That nature ſcornd her perfitneſſe ſo taught by craft of man.  
 Wel ſhaped were her lims, full comly was her face:  
 Ech litle vain moſt liuely coucht, eche part had ſemely grace.  
 Twixt nature & Pygmalion, there might appere great ſtriſe,  
 So ſemely was this ymage wrought, it lackt nothing but life,  
 His curious eye beheld his own deuiled work:  
 And, gaſing oft thereon, he found much venonie there to lurk.  
 For all the featurde ſhape ſo did his fanſie moue:  
 That, with his idoll, whom he made, Pygmalion fell in loue.  
 To whom he honour gaue, and deckt with garlandes ſwete,  
 And did adourn with iewels rich, as is for louers mete.  
 Somtimes on it he ſawnd: ſomtime in rage would cry:  
 It was a wonder to behold, how fanſy bleard his eye.  
 Since that this ymage dumme enſlained ſo wiſe a man:  
 My dere alas, ſince I you loue, what wonder is it than?  
 In whom hath nature ſet the glory of her name:  
 And brake her mould, in great diſpaire, your like ſhe coulde not  
(frame)

The louer ſheweth his wofull  
 ſtate, and praieth pitie.

Like as the Lark within the Marlians foote  
 With piteous tunes doth chirp her yelden lay:  
 So ſing I now, ſeyng none other boote,  
 My rendering ſong, and to your will obey.  
 Your vertue mountes aboue my force ſo hye.  
 And with your beautie ſeaſed I am ſo ſure:  
 That there auails reſiſtance none in me,  
 But patiently your pleaſure to endure.  
 For on your will my fanſy ſhall attend:  
 My life, my death, I put both in your choyce:  
 And rather had this life by you to end,  
 Than liue, by other alwayes to reioyce.  
 And if your crueltie do thirill my blood:  
 Then let it forty if it may do you good,

Upon

Vpon consideration of the state  
of this life he wisheth death.

The longer life, the more offence:  
The more offence the greater paine,  
The greater paine, the lesse defence:  
The lesse defence, the lesser gaine.  
The losse of gaine long yll doth trye:  
Wherefore come death, and let me dye.  
The shorter life, lesse count I finde:  
The lesse account, the sooner made:  
The count soone made, the merier minde:  
The mery minde doth thought euade,  
Short life in truth this thing doth trie:  
Wherefore come death, and let me dye.  
Come gentle death, the ebbe of care,  
The ebbe of care the flood of lyfe,  
The flood of life, the ioyfull fare,  
The ioyfull fare, the end of strife,  
The end of strife, that thing wishe I:  
Wherefore come death, and let me dye.

The louer that once disdained loue  
is now become subiect being  
caught in his snare.

To this my song geue care who list:  
And mine entent iudge as ye wyl:  
The time is come, that I haue mist,  
The thing wher on I hoped styll,  
And from the toppe of all my trust,  
My shap hath throwen me in the dust.  
The time hath bene and that of late:  
My hart and I might leape at large,  
And was not shut within the gate  
Of loues desire: nor toke no charge  
Of any thing, that did pertaine



## Songes

As touching lone in any payn.

My thought was free, my hart was lyght

I marked not, who lost, who laught.

I playd by day, I slept by nyght.

I forced not, who wept, who laught.

My thought from all such thinges was free

And I my self at libertee.

I toke no hede to tauntes nor toyes:

As leet to see them frowne as smile:

Where fortune laught I scornde their ioyes:

I founde their fraudes and euery wyle.

And to my selfe oft tymes I smiled:

To see howe loue had them begyled.

Thus in the net of my conceit

I masked still amonge the sort

Of such as fed vpon the bayte,

That Cupide laide for his disport.

And euer as I saw them caught:

I them beheld, and thereat laught.

Uyll at the length when Cupide spied

My scornfull wyl and spitefull vie

And how I past not who was tyed,

So that my selfe might still lue lose:

He set him selfe to lye in waite:

And in my way he threwe a baite.

Such one as nature neuer made,

I dare well say saue she alone,

Such one she was as would inuade

A hart, more hard then marble stone.

Such one she is, I know it right,

Her nature made to shew her might.

Then as a man euen in a maze,

When vse of reason is away:

So I began to stare and gaze,

And sodeinly, without delay,

Oz euer I had the wit to loke:

I swallowed vp both bait and hoke.

which dayly greues me more and more

By sundry sortes of carefull wo:

And none aliue may salue the soze,

But onely she that hurt me so.

In whom my lyfe doth now consist

To saue or slay me as she list.

But seing now that I am caught,  
And bounde so fast, I can not flee:  
We ye by mine ensample taught,  
That in your fancies fele you free.  
Despise not them, that louers are:  
Lest you be caught within his snare.

### Of Fortune, and Fame.

The plage is great, where fortune frownes:  
One mischief brings a thousand woes  
Where trumpets geue their warlike sownes:  
The weake susteine sharp ouerthrowes.  
No better life they taste and fele,  
That subiect are to fortunes whele.

Her happy chaunce may last no time:  
Her pleasure threatneth paines to come,  
She is the fall of those that clime:  
And yet her whele auanceth some.  
No force, where that she hates, or loues:  
Her fickle minde so oft remoues.

She geues no gift, but craues as fast,  
She soone repentes a thankfull dede,  
She turneth after euery blast,  
She helpe them oft, that haue no neede.  
Where power dwelles, and riches rest:  
False fortune is a common guest.

Yet some affirme and proue by sayll:  
fortune is not as fleeing fame,  
She neither can do good, nor ill,  
She hath no sourse, yet beares a name,  
Then we but striue against the streames,  
To frame such topes on fancies dreames.

If she haue shape, or name alone:  
If she do rule or beare no sway:  
If she haue bodie, life or none:  
Be she a sprite I can not say.

But well I wot, some cause there is:  
That causeth wo, and sendeth blisse.

The cause of thinges I will not blame:

D. 11.

Lest



## Songes

Lest I offende the prince of peace.  
But I may chide, and braule with Fame;  
To make her crye, and neuer cease.  
To blow the trump within her eares:  
That may appease my wofull teares.

### Against wicked tonges.

O Curyl tonges, which clap at euery winde:  
Ye flea the quicke, and eke the dead defame:  
Those that liue well, some faute in them ye finde,  
Ye take no thought in sclaundring their good name.  
Ye put iust men oft times to open shame.  
Ye ryng so loude, ye sounde vnto the skyes:  
And yet in pzoofe, ye sow nothing but lyes.  
Ye make great warre, where peace hath been of long  
Ye bring rich realmes to ruine and decay,  
Ye pluck downe right: ye do enhaunce the wrong.  
Ye turne swete mirth to wo, and well away  
Of mischiefes all ye are the grounde, I say.  
Happy is he, that liues on such a sozt:  
That nedes not feare such tonges of false report.

Hell tormenteth not the damned  
ghostes so sore as vnkind-  
nesse the loue.

The restlesse rage of depe deuouring hell,  
The blasing brandes, that neuer do consume,  
The roypng route, in Platoes den that dwell:  
The fiery breath, that from those ympes doth fumes  
The dropfy dryeth, that Cantale in the flood  
Endureth ay, all hopelesse of reliefe:  
He hungersteruen, where fruite is ready food  
So wretchedly his soule doth suffer grieve:  
The lyuer gnawne of gylefull Promethus,  
which Vultures fell with strained talant tire:  
The labour lost of wried Sisyphus:

These

These hellish houndes, with paines of quenchlesse fire,  
Can not so soze the silly soules torment,  
As her vnt ruth my hart hath all to rent.

Of the mutabilitie of  
the worlde.

By fortune as I lay in bed, my fortune was to finde  
Such fancies, as my careful thought had brought into my mind  
And when eche one was gone to rest, full soft in bed to lye:  
I would haue slept: but then the watche did folow still mine eye,  
And sodainly I saw a sea of wofull sorowes prest:  
Whose wicked waies of sharpe repulse bred mine vnquiet rest.  
I saw this world: and how it went, eche state in his degree:  
And that from welth ygraunted is, bothe life and libertee.  
I saw, how enuy it did raine, and beare the greatest price:  
Yet greater poison is not founde within the Cockatrice.  
I saw also, how that disdain oft times to forge my wo,  
Gaue me the cup of bitter swete, to pledge my mortall fo.  
I saw also, how that desire to rest no place could finde  
But still constrainde in endlesse paine to folow natures kinde.  
I saw also most straunge of all how nature did forsake  
The blood, & in her wombe was wrought: as doth & lothed snake.  
I saw, how fansie would retaine no lenger then her lust:  
And as the winde how she doth chaunge: and is not for to trust.  
I saw, how stedfastnes did flie with winges of often change:  
A flying bird, but seldom seen, her nature is so strange.  
I saw, how pleasant times did passe, as flowres do in the mede:  
To daie that riseth red as rose: to morow falleth ded.  
I saw, my time how it did runne, as sande out of the glasse.  
Euen as eche hower appointed is, from time and tide to passe.  
I saw the peres that I had spent, and losse of all my gaine:  
And how the sport of youthfull playes my folly did retaine.  
I saw, how that the little Ant in somer still doth runne  
To seke her soode, wherby to liue in wynter for to come,  
I saw eke vertue, how she sat the threde of life to spinne,  
Which sheweth the end of euery worke, befoze it doth beginne.  
And when all these I thus beheld with many mo pardy:  
In me, me thought, eche one had wrought a perfite propertie.  
And then I said vnto my selfe: a lesson this shalbe  
For other: that shall after come, for to beware by me.

Thus



## Songes

Thus all the night I did deuise, which way I might constrain  
To forme a plot, that wit might weake these branches in my brain.

Harpalus complaint of Phillidaes loue  
bestowed on Corin, who loued  
her not: and denied him

*Folke briefe* that loued her. *to the nexte*  
*in the*

1. Phillida was a faire mayde,  
As fresh as any flowre:  
Whom Harpalus the herdman prayde  
To be his paramour.

2. Harpalus and eke Corin  
were herdmen both pfer:  
And Phillida could twist and spinne  
And thereto sing full clere.

3. But Phillida was all to coy  
For Harpalus to winne,  
For Corin was her onely toy,  
who forst her not a pinne.

4. How often would she flowers twine  
How often garlandes make:  
Of Couslips and of Colombine,  
And al for Corins sake.

5. But Corin he had Haukes to lure  
And forced more the field:  
Of louers lawe he toke no cure  
For once he was begilde.

6. Harpalus preuailed nought  
His labour all was lost:  
For he was fardest from her thought  
And yet he loued her most.

7. Therefore waxy he both pale and leane  
And dyed as clot of clay:  
His fleshe it was consumed cleane  
His colour gone away.

8. His beard it had not long be shaued,  
His heare hong all vnkempt:  
A man most fit euen for the graue  
Whom spitefull loue had spent.

his

His eyes were red and all forewatched  
His face besprent with teares:  
It semde vnhap had him long hatched,  
In mids of his dispaire.

His clothes were blacke and also bare  
As one forlorne was he:  
Upon his head alwayes he ware,  
A wreath of myllo tree.

His brastes he kept vpon the hyll,  
And he sate in the Dale:  
And thus with sighes and sorowes shyll,  
He gan to tell his tale.

O Harpalus (thus would he say)  
Unhappiest vnder sunne:  
The cause of thine vnhappy day  
By loue was first begunne.

For thou wentest first by sute to seeke  
A Tigre to make tame:

That lettes not by thy loue a lecke  
But makes thy griefe her game.

As easy it were for to conuert  
The frost into the flame:  
As for to turne a froward hert  
Whom thou so faine wouldst frame.

Corn he liueth carelesse  
He leapes among the leaues:  
He rates the frutes of thy redresse  
Thou reapes, he takes the sheaues.

My beastes a while your foode refrains  
And harken your herdmans sounde:  
Whom spitefull loue alas hath slaine  
Through girt with many a wounde.

O happy be ye beastes wilde  
That here your pasture takes:  
I fe that ye be not begilde  
Of these your faithfull makes.

The hart he feedeth by the Vinde  
The Bucke hard by the Do,  
The Turtle Dove is not vnkinde  
To him that loues her so.

The ewe she hath by her the Ramme  
The yong Cow hath the Bull,

The



## Songes

The Calfe with many a lusty Lambe  
Do fede their hunger full.

But welaway that nature wrought  
Thee Phillyda so faire:  
For I may say that I haue bought  
Thy beauty all to deare.

What reason is it that crueltie  
with beautie should haue part,  
Or els that such great tyranny  
Should dwell in womans hart.

I see therfore to shape my death  
She cruelly is prest:  
To thende that I may want my breath  
My dayes been at the best.

O Cupide graunt this my request  
And do not stoppe thine cares,  
That she may feele within her brest,  
The paines of my dispaire.

Of Cozin that is carelesse  
That she may craue her fee,  
As I haue done in great distresse  
That loued her faithfully.

But sins that I shall die her slaue  
Her slaue and eke her thrall:  
Write you my frendes, vpon my graue  
This chaunce that is befall.

Here lieth vnhappy Harpelus  
By cruell loue now slaine,  
Whom Phillyda vniustly thus  
Hath murdred with disdain.

### Vpon sir Iames wylfordes death.

Where the end of man the cruell sisters thre  
The web of wylfordes life vneth had halfe ysponne,  
When rash vpon misdede they all accorded bee  
To breake vertues course ere halfe the race were runne  
And trip him on his way that els had wonne the game  
And holden highest place within the house of fame.  
But yet though he be gone, though sence with him be past,  
wh

Which trode the euen steppes that leaden to renowne  
 We that remaine aliue ne suffer shall to waste  
 The fame of his desertes, so shall he lose but sowne,  
 The thing shall aye remaine, aye kept as fresh in stoe  
 As if his eares should ring of that he wrought before.  
 Waile not therfore his want sith he so left the stage  
 Of care and wretched life, with ioy and clap of handes  
 Who plaieyth lenger partes may well haue greater age  
 But few so well may passe the gulf of fortunes sandes  
 So triedly did he treade ay prest at vertues beck  
 That fortune founde no place to giue him once a check.  
 The fates haue rid him hence, who shall not after go?  
 Though earthed be his corps, yet flourish shall his fame,  
 A gladsonic thing it is that ere he slept vs fro,  
 Such mirrours he vs left our life therby to frame,  
 Wherfore his praise shall last aye freshe in Brittons sight,  
 Till sunne shal cease to shine, and lende the earth his light.

Of the wretchednes in this  
 world,

**W**ho list to liue vpright, and hold himself content,  
 Shall se such wonders in this world, as neuer erst was sent,  
 Such groping for the swete, such tasting of the sower  
 Such wandring here for worldly welth that lost is in one houre.  
 And as the good or badde gette vp in hie degree,  
 So wades the world in right or wrong it may none other be.  
 And loke what lawes they make, ech man must them obey.  
 And yoke himself with pacient hart to driue and draw, that way,  
 Yet such as long a go, great ruleris were assinde  
 Both liues and lawes are now forgot & worne clene out of minde  
 So that by this I se, no state on earth may last  
 But as their times appointed be, to rise and fall as fast  
 The goodes that gotten be by good and iust desert,  
 Yet vse them so that neady handes may helpe to spend the part  
 For looke what heape thouh ordest of rully golde in stoe,  
 Thine enemies shall wast the same, that neuer swat therfore.

The repentant sinner in durance  
 and aduersitie.



## Songes

**V**nto the liuing Lord for pardon do I pray,  
 From whō I graunt ruen frō the shell, I haue run still astray.  
 And other lines there none (my death shall wel declare)  
 On whom I ought to grate for grace, as faulty folkes do fare,  
 But thee O lord alone, I haue offended so,  
 That this small scourge is much to scant for mine offence I know  
 I ranne without returne, the way the world likte best  
 And what I ought most to regard, that I respected lest  
 The throng wherin I thrust, hath throwen me in such case  
 That lord my soule is soze beset, without thy greater grace.  
 My gultes are growen so great, my power doth so appaire  
 That with great force they argue oft, and mercy much dispaire.  
 But then with faith I flee to thy prepared store  
 When there lieth helpe for euery hurt, and salue for euery soze.  
 My lost time to lament, my vaine waies to bewaile.  
 No day, no night, no place, no houre, no moment I shall faile  
 My soule shall neuer cease with an assured faith  
 To knock, to craue, to cal, to cry, to thee for helpe, which faith  
 Knock and it shall be heard, but aske and geuen it is  
 And all that like to kepe this course, of mercy shall not misse  
 For when I call to minde how the one wandring shepe,  
 Did bring more ioy with his returne, then all the flock did kepe,  
 It yeldes full hope and trust my strayed and wandring ghost  
 Shalbe receiued and held more dere then those were neuer lost,  
 O Lord my hope behold, and for my helpe make haste  
 To pardon the for passed race that carelesse I haue past.  
 And but the day draw nere that death must pay the det,  
 For lous of life which thou hast lent and time of payment set.  
 From this sharpe shower me shilde which threathened is at hand,  
 Wherby thou shalt great power declare & I the storme withstand  
 Not my will lord but thine, fulfild be in ech case,  
 To whose gret wil & mighty power al powers shal once geue place  
 My faith my hope my trust, my God and eke my guide  
 Stretch forth thy hand to saue the soule, what so the body bide.  
 Refuse not to receiue that thou so dere hast bought,  
 For but by thee alone I know all safety in vaine is sought,  
 I know and knowledge eke albeit very late,  
 That thou it is I ought to loue and dread in ech estate.  
 And with repentant hart to laud thee Lord on hye,  
 That hast so gently set me straight, that erst walkt so awry.  
 Now grant me grace my God to stand thine strong in sprete  
 And let y world the work such waies, as to the world seemes mete.  
The

The louer here telleth of his diuers  
ioyes and aduersities in loue  
and lastly of his  
ladies death.

**S**ith singing gladdeth oft the harts  
Of them that fele the panges of loue.  
And for the while doth ease their smart:  
My self I shall the same way proue.  
And though that loue hath smit the stroke,  
wherby is lest my libertie:  
Which by no meanes I may reuoke:  
Yet shall I sing, how pleasantly.

Mye twenty yeres of youth I past:  
which al in libertie I spent:  
And so from first vnto the last,  
Cre aught I knew, what louing ment.  
And after shal I sing the wo,  
The paine, the grief, the deadly smart:  
When loue thys life did ouerthrow,  
That hidden lyes within my hart.

And then, the ioyes that I did seele  
When fortune lifted after this,  
And set me hye vpon her whele:  
And change my wo to pleasant blisse.

And so the sodein fall againe:  
From al the ioyes, that I was in,  
All you, that list to heare of paine,  
Geue care, for now I doe beginne.

Lo, first of all, when loue began  
With hote desires my heart to burne:  
He thought his might auailde not than  
From libertie my heart to turne.

For I was free: and did not know,  
How much his might mans hart may greue.  
I had profest to be his fo:  
His law, I thought not to beleue.

I went vntied in lusty leas,  
I had my wish alwaies at will:



## Songes

There was no wo, might me displease:  
Of pleasant ioyes I had my fil.

No painfull thought did passe my hart:  
I spilt no teare to wet my brest,  
I knew no sorow, sigh nor smart,  
My greatest grief was quiet rest.

I brake no slepe, I tossed not,  
Nor did delite to sit alone.  
I felt no change of colde and hote,  
Nor nought a nightes could make me mone.

For al was ioy that I did fele,  
And of voide wandering I was free,  
I had no clogge tied at my hele,  
This was my life at libertie.

That yet me thinkes it is a blisse,  
To thinke vpon that pleasure past.  
But forthwithall I finde the misse,  
For that it might no lenger last.

Whose daies I spent at my desire,  
Without wo or aduersitie,  
Till that my hart was set a fire,  
With loue, with wrath, and ielousie.

For on a day (alas the while)  
Lo, heare my harme how it began,  
The blinded lord, the god of guile  
Had list to end my fredome than.

And through mine eye into my hart  
All sodainly I felt it glide.

He shot his sharped fiery dart,  
So hard, that yet vnder my side

The head (alas) doth still remaine,  
And yet since could I neuer know.

The way to wring it out againe,  
Yet was it nie thre yere ago.

This soden stroke made me agast,  
And it began to vex me sore,  
But yet I thought, it would haue past,  
As other such had done before.

But it dit not that (wo is me)  
So depe imprinted in my thought,  
The stroke abode, that yet I see,  
He thinkes my harme how it was wrought.

Rinde

Kind taught me streight that thys was loue,  
 And I perceiued it perfectly.  
 Yet thought I thus: Nought shall me moue:  
 I wil not thral my libertie.

And diuers wayes I did assay,  
 By flight, by force, by frend, by fo.  
 This fierie thought to put away.  
 I was so loth for to forgo

My libertie: that me was leuer  
 Then bondage was, where I hard say:  
 Who once was bounde, was sure neuer  
 without great paine to scape away.

But what for that, there is no choice,  
 For my mishap was shapen so:  
 That those my daies that did reioyce,  
 Should turne my blisse to bitter wo.

For with that stroke my blisse toke ende.  
 In stede wherof forthwith I caught  
 Hote burning sighes, that sins haue bred,  
 My wretched hart almost to naught.

And sins that day, O Lord my life,  
 The misery that it hath felt.  
 That nought hath had, but wo and strife,  
 And hotte desires my hart to melt.

O Lord how sodein was the change  
 From such a pleasant liberty:  
 The very thraldome semed strange  
 But yet there was no remedy.

But I must yeld, and giue vp all,  
 And make my guide my chesist fo.  
 And in this wise became I thral,  
 Lo, loue and happe would haue it so.

I suffred wrong and held my peace,  
 I gaue my teares good leaue to runne:  
 And neuer would seke for redresse,  
 But hope to liue as I begonne.

For what it was that might me ease,  
 He liued not that might it know,  
 Thus dranke I all mine owne disease:  
 And all alone bewailde my wo.

There was no sight that might me please,  
 I fled from them that did reioyce.

And



## Songes

And oft alone my hart to ease,  
I would bewaile with wofull voyce  
My life, my state, my misery,  
And curse my self and al my daies,  
Thus wrought I with my fantasie,  
And sought my help none other waies.

Haue sometime to my self alone,  
When farre of was my helpe God wot:  
Howde would I crie: My life is gone,  
My dere, if that ye helpe me not.

Then wisht I streight, that death might end  
These bitter panges, and al this grief  
For nought, me thought, might it amend,  
Thus in dispaire to haue relief,

I lingred forth: till I was brought  
With pining in so pitceous case:  
That al that saw me, sayd, me thought:  
Lo, death is painted in hys face.

I went no where, but by the way  
I saw some sight before mine eyes:  
That made me sigh and oft times say:  
My life, alas I the despise.

Thys lasted well a yere, and more:  
Which no wight knew, but onely I:  
So that my life was nere forloze,  
And I dispaired vtterly.

Till on a day, as fortune would:  
(For that, that shalbe, nedes must fal)  
I sat me down, as though I should  
Haue ended then my life, and al.

And as I sat to write my plaint,  
Meaning to shew my great vnrest:  
With quaking hand, and hart ful faint,  
Amid my plaintes, among the rest,

I wrote with ynk, and bitter teares:  
I am not mine, I am not mine:  
Behold, my life, away that weares:  
And if I dye the losse is thine.

Herewith a little hope I caught:  
That for a while my life did stay,  
But in effect, all was for nought.  
Thus liued I styl: til on a day.

As I sat staring on those eyes:  
Those shining eyes, that first me bound:  
My inward, thought tho cryed: Arise:  
To mercy where it may be found.

And therewithall I drew me nere:  
with feble hart, and at a bzaide,  
(But it was softly in her care)  
Mercy, Madame, was all, I sayd.

But woe was me, when it was told,  
For therewithall fainted my breath:  
And I sate still for to beholde,  
And heare the iugement of my death.

But Loue nor Hap would not consent,  
To end me then, but wclaway:  
There gaue me blisse: that I repent  
To thinke I liue to se this day.

For after this I plained still  
So long, and in so piteous wise:  
That I my wish had at my will  
Graunted, as I would it deuise.

But Lord who euer hard, or knew  
Of halfe the ioy that I felt than:  
Or who can thinke it may be true,  
That so much blisse had euer man:

No, fortune thus set me aloft,  
And more my sorowes to relceue,  
Of pleasant ioyes I tasted oft:  
As much as loue or happe might geue.

The sorowes old I felt before  
About my hart, were driuen thence:  
And for eche grief, I felt afore,  
I had a blisse in recompence.

Then thought I all the time wel spent:  
That I in plaint had spent so long.  
So was I with my life content:  
That to my self I sayd among.

Sing thou art ridde of all thine ill:  
To shewe thy ioyes set forth thy voice.  
And since thou haste thy wish at will:  
My happy hart, reioyce, reioyce.

Thus felt I ioyes a great deale mo,  
Then by my song may well be tolde.



## Songes

And thinking on my passed wo,  
My blisse did double many folde.  
And thus I thought with mannes blood,  
Such blisse might not be bought to deare:  
In such estate my ioyes then stode:  
That of a change I had no feare.

But why sing I so long of blisse?  
It lasteth not, that will away,  
Let me therfore bewaile the misse:  
And sing the cause of my decay.

Yet all this while there liued none,  
That led his life moze pleasantly,  
Nor vnder hap there was not one,  
He thought, so well at ease, as I.

But O blinde ioy, who may thee trust?  
For no estate thou canst assure:  
Thy faithfull vowes proue al vniust,  
Thy faire behestes be full vnshire.

Good prooffe by me: that but of late  
Not fully twenty daies ago,  
Which thought my life was in such state.  
That nought might worke my hart this wo.

Yet hath the enemy of mine ease,  
Cruell mishappe, that wretched wight,  
Now when my life did most me please,  
Deuised me such cruel spight.

That from the hiest place of all,  
As to the pleasing of my thought,  
Downe to the deepest am I fall,  
And to my helpe auaieth nought.

Lo, thus are al my ioyes quite gone,  
And I am brought from happinesse.  
Continually to waile, and mone.  
Lo, such is fortunes stablenesse.

I in welth I thought such suertie,  
That pleasure should haue ended neuer,  
But now (alas) aduersitie,  
Doth make my singing cease for euer.

O brittle ioye, O welth vnstable,  
O fraile pleasure, O sliding blisse,  
Who feles thee most, he shall not misse,  
At length to be made miserable.

For all must end as doth my blisse:  
 There is none other certeintie.  
 And at the end the worst is hye,  
 That most hath knowen prosperitie.

For he that neuer blisse assayed,  
 May wel away with wretchednesse:  
 But he shall finde that hath it sayd,  
 A pain to part from pleasantnesse.

As I do now, for ere I knew  
 What pleasure was, I felt no grief,  
 Liae vnto this, and it is true,  
 That blisse hath brought me al this mischief.

But yet I haue not songen how  
 This mischief came, but I intend,  
 With wofull voice to sing it now:  
 And therewithall I make an end.

But Lord, now that it is begon,  
 I fele, my spirites are vexed sore.  
 Oh, giue me breath till this be don:  
 And after let me liue no more.

Alas, the cump of this life,  
 The ender of al pleasantnesse:  
 Alas, he bringeth all this strife,  
 And causeth all this wretchednesse.

For in the middes of all the welth,  
 That brought my hart to happinesse:  
 This wicked death he came by stelth,  
 And robde me of my ioyfulnesse.

He came, when that I little thought  
 Of ought, that might me vexe so sore:  
 And sodenly he brought to nought  
 My pleasantnesse for euermore.

He slew my ioy (alas, the wretch)  
 He slew my ioy, or I was ware:  
 And now (alas) no might may stretch  
 To set an end to my great care.

I or by this cursed deadly stroke,  
 My blisse is lost, and I forlore:  
 And no helpe may the losse reuoke:  
 For lost it is for euermore.

And closed vp are those faire eyes,  
 That gaue me first the signe of grace:



**Songes**  
**Verses written on the picture of sir**  
**James wilford knight.**

**A**las that euer death such vertues should forget,  
**A**s compass was within his corps, whose picture is here set.  
**O**r that it euer lay in any fortunes might,  
**T**hrough depe disdain to end his life that was so worthy a wight.  
**F**or sithe he first began in armour to be clad,  
**A** worthier champion then he was, yet England neuer had,  
**A**nd though recure be past, his life to haue againe,  
**Y**et would I wishe his worthines in writing to remaine.  
**T**hat men to minde might call howe farre he did excell,  
**A**t all a'taies to winne the same, whiche were to long to tell.  
**A**nd eke the restless race that he ful oft hath runne,  
**I**n painfull plight from place to place, where seruice was to don.  
**W**hen should men well perceiue, my tale to be of trouth,  
**A**nd he to be the worthiest wight that euer nature wrought:

**The ladye prayeth the returne of**  
**her louer abidyng on**  
**the Seas.**

**S**hall I thus euer long, and be no whit the neare,  
**A**nd shall I still complaine to thee, the which me will not heare?  
**A**las saie nay, saie nay, and be no more so dome,  
**B**ut open thou thy manly mouth, and saie that thou wilt come.  
**W**herby my hart may think, although I see not thee,  
**T**hat thou wilt come thy word so sware, if thou a liues man be.  
**T**he roaring huge waues, they threaten my poore ghost  
**A**nd tolle thee vp and downe the seas, in danger to be lost.  
**S**hall they not make me feare that they haue swallowed thee,  
**B**ut as thou art most sure aliuie, so wylt thou come to me.  
**W**herby I shall go se thy shippe ride on the strand,  
**A**nd think and say lo where he comes, and sure here wyl he land:  
**A**nd then I shall lift vp to thee my little hand,  
**A**nd thou shalt think thine hart in ease, in helth to see me stand.  
**A**nd if thou come in dede (as Christ thee sende to do)  
**T**hose armes which misse thee yet, shall then embrace thee to.  
**E**che vaine to euery ioynt, the liuely blood shall spread,

which

Which now for want of thy glad sight, doth show full pale & dead,  
 But if thou slip thy truth and do not come at all,  
 As minutes in the clocke do strike so call for death I shall.  
 To please both thy false hart, and rid my selfe from wo,  
 That rather had to dye in trouth then live forsaken so.

The meane estate is best.

The doubtfull man hath fevers strange  
 And constant hope is oft diseasde,  
 Dispaire can not but brede a change,  
 For fleting hartes can not be pleasde.  
 Of all these bad, the best I think,  
 Is wel to hope, though fortune shrink,  
 Desired thinges are not aye prest,  
 For thinges denide left al vnought,  
 For new thinges to be loued best,  
 For all offers to be set at nought,  
 Where faithfull hart hath bene refusde.  
 The chosers wit was there abusde.

The wofull ship of carefull spite,  
 Fleting on seas of welling teares,  
 With sailes of wishes broken quite,  
 Hanging on waues of dolefull feares.  
 By surge of sighes at wrecke nere hand,  
 Maie fast no anker holde on land.

What helps the diall to the blinde,  
 Or els the clocke without it sounde.  
 Or who by dreames doth hope to finde,  
 The hidden golde within the ground:  
 Shalbe as free from cares and feares,  
 As he that holds a wolfe by theares.

And how muche mad is he that thinks  
 To clime to heauen by the beames,  
 What ioy alas, hath he that winks,  
 At Titan or his golden streames,  
 His iopes not subiect to reasons lawes,  
 That iopeth moze then he hath cause.

For as the Phenix that climeth hye,  
 The sunne lightly in ashes burneth,  
 Againe, the Faulcon so quick of eye,



## Songes

My faire swete foes, mine enemies.  
And earth doth hide her pleasant face.  
The loke which did my life vphold:  
And all my sorowes did confound:  
With which moze blisse then may be told:  
Alas, now lieth it vnder ground.  
But cease, for I will sing no moze:  
Since that my harme hath no redresse:  
But as a wretche for euermore.  
My life will waste with wretchednesse.  
And ending thys my wofull song,  
Now that it ended is and past:  
I would my life were but as long:  
And that this word might be my last.  
For lothsome is that life (men say)  
That liketh not the liuers minde:  
Lo, thus I seke mine own decay,  
And will, till that I may it finde.

### Of his loue named white.

F All faire and white she is and white by name:  
Whose white doth strue, the lilies white, to staine:  
Who may contemne the blast of black defame:  
Who in dark night, can bring day bright againe.  
The ruddy rose increaseth with cleare heew.  
In lips and chekes, right orient to behold:  
That the nerer gaser may that bewty reew,  
And fele dispart in limmes the chilling cold:  
For white, all white his bloodlesse face will be:  
The ashy pale so alter will his cheare.  
But I that do possesse in full degree  
The hartyp loue of this my hart so deare:  
So oft to me as she presents her face,  
For ioy do feele my hart spring from hys place.

### Of the louers vnquiet state,

What

**W**hat thing is that which I both haue & lack  
with good will graunted, yet it is denied  
How may I be receiued and put abacke  
Alway doing and yet vnoccupied,  
Most slow in that which I haue most applyed,  
Still thus to seke, and lese all that I win,  
And that was done is newest to begin.

In riches finde I wilfull pouertie,  
In great pleasure liue I in heuinesse,  
In much fredome I lacke my libertie,  
Thus am I both in ioy and in distresse.  
And in few wordes, if that I shall be plaine,  
In Paradise I suffer all this paine.

where good wyll is, some profc  
wyll appere.

**I**t is no fire that geues no heate,  
Though it appeare neuer so hot:  
And they that runne and can not sweate,  
Are very leane and drie god wot,  
A perfect leche applyeth his wittes,  
To gather herbes of all degrees:  
And feuers with their feruent fittes,  
Be cured with their contraries.

New wine wyll serche to finde a vent,  
Although the caske be set so strong:  
And wit wyll walke when wyll is bent,  
Although the way be neuer so long.

The Rabbettes runne vnder the rockes:  
The Snailles do clime the highest towers:  
Gunpouder cleaues the sturdy blockes,  
A feruent wyll all thing deuowers.

When wit with wyll and diligent  
Apply them selues, and match as mates,  
There can no want of resident,  
From force defend the castell gates.

Forgetfulnesse make little haste,  
And slouth delites to lye full soft:  
That telleth the deaf, his tale doth wast,  
And is full dype that craues full oft.



## Songes

### Verfes written on the picture of sir James wilford knight.

Alas that euer death such vertues should forlet,  
As compast was within his corps, whose picture is here set.  
Or that it euer lay in any fortunes might,  
Through depe disdain to end his life that was so worthy a wight.  
For sithe he first began in armour to be clad,  
A worthier champion then he was, yet England neuer had,  
And though recure be past, his life to haue againe,  
Yet would I wishe his worthines in writing to remaine.  
That men to minde might call howe farre he did excell,  
At all aſaies to winne the same, whiche were to long to tell.  
And eke the restlesse race that he ful oft hath runne,  
In painfull plight from place to place, where seruice was to don.  
Then should men well perceiue, my tale to be of trouth,  
And he to be the worthiest wight that euer nature wrought:

### The ladye prayeth the returne of her louer abidyng on the Seas.

Shall I thus euer long, and be no whit the neare,  
And shall I still complaine to thee, the which me will not heare:  
Alas saie nay, saie nay, and be no more so dome,  
But open thou thy manly mouth, and saie that thou wilt come.  
Wherby my hart may thinke, although I see not thee,  
That thou wilt come thy word so sware, if thou a liues man be.  
The roaring huge waues, they threaten my pooze ghost  
And tolle thee vp and downe the seas, in danger to be lost.  
Shall they not make me feare that they haue swallowed thee,  
But as thou art most sure aliuie, so wylt thou come to me.  
Wherby I shall go se thy shippe ride on the strand,  
And think and say lo where he comes, and sure here wyl he land:  
And then I shall lift vp to thee my little hand,  
And thou shalt think thine hart in ease, in helth to see me stand.  
And if thou come in dede (as Christ thee sende to do)  
Those armes which misse thee yet, shall then embrace thee to.  
Eche vaine to euer yoynt, the liuely blood shall spread,

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Which now for want of thy glad sight, doth show full pale & dead,  
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 As minutes in the clocke do strike so call for death I shall.  
 To please both thy false hart, and rid my selfe from wo,  
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 And constant hope is oft diseasde,  
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 For fleting hartes can not be pleasde.  
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 Desired thinges are not aye prest,  
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 For new thinges to be loued best,  
 For all offers to be set at nought,  
 Where faithful hart hath bene refusde.  
 The chosers wit was there abusde.  
 The wofull ship of carefull spite,  
 Fleting on seas of welling teares,  
 With sailes of wishes broken quite,  
 Hanging on waues of dolefull feares.  
 By surge of sighes at wrecke nere hand,  
 Maie fast no anker holde on land.  
 What helps the diall to the blinde,  
 Or els the clocke without it sounde.  
 Or who by dreames doth hope to finde,  
 The hidden golde within the ground:  
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 That iopeth moze then he hath cause.  
 For as the Phenix that climeth hye,  
 The sunne lightly in ashes burneth,  
 Againe, the Faulcon so quick of eye,



## Songes

**I**n one on the ground the net masheth.  
Experience therfore the meane assurance,  
Prefers before the doutfull pleasance.

The louer thinkes no paine to  
great, wherby he may  
obtaine his ladie.

**S**ith that the way to wealth is wo,  
And after paine is pleasure prest,  
Why should I than dispaire so,  
My bewayling mine vnrest:  
Or let to leade my life in paine,  
So worthy a lady to obtaine.

The fisher man doth count no care,  
To cast his nettes to wrack or wast,  
And in rewarde of eche mans share,  
A gogen gift is much unbaste,  
Should I than grudge it grieke or gall,  
That loke at length to whelm a Whall?

The poze man ploweth his ground for graine,  
And soweth his seeede increase to craue,  
And for therpence of all hys paine,  
Oft holdes it hap his seeede to saue,  
These patient paines my part doth shew,  
To long for loue ere that I know.

And take no scorne to scape from skill,  
To spend my sprites to spare my speche,  
To win for weith the want of will,  
And thus for rest to rage I reche,  
Running my race as rect vpight:  
Till teares of truth appeale my plight.

And plant my plaint within her brest,  
Who doutlesse may restore againe,  
My harmes to helth, my ruyn to rest,  
That lased is within her chaine,  
For earst ne are the griefes so great;  
As is the ioy when loue is met.

For who couets so high to Clime,  
As doth the bird that pitfoll toke,

Who delightes so swift to swim,  
As doth the fish that scapes the hoke,  
If these had neuer entred wo:  
How mought they haue reioysed so?

But yet alas ye louers all,  
That here me toy thus lesse reioyce,  
Iudge not amis what so befall.  
In me there lieth no power of choyse,  
It is but hope that doth me moue:  
Who standerd bearer is to loue.

On whose ensigne when I behold,  
I see the shadow of her shape,  
Within my faith so fast I fold:  
Through drede I die, through hope I scape,  
Thus ease and wo full oft I finde,  
What will you more she knoweth my minde.

Of a new married student that  
plaied fast and lose,

A Student at hys boke so plask:  
That welth he might haue wonne,  
From boke to wife did flete in hast,  
From welth to wo to runne.  
Now, who hath plaied a feater cast,  
Since iugling first begonne:  
In knitting of himself so fast,  
Himself he hath vndonne.

The meane estate is to be accompa-  
ted the best.

Who craftly castes to stere his boate  
and safely skoures the flattrring flood:  
He cutteth not the greatest waues,  
for why that way were nothing good.  
He fleteth on the crooked shore  
lest harme him hap awayting lest,  
But wines away betwene them both,  
as who would say the meane is best.

who



## Songes

Who waiteth on the golden meane,  
he put in point of sickernes:  
Hides not his head in sluttish coates,  
ne shroudes himself in filthinesse.  
He sittes a loſt in hys eſtate,  
where hatefull hartes enuie hys chance:  
But wiſely walkes betwixt them twaine,  
ne proudly doth himſelf auance  
The higheſt tree in all the wood  
is riſen rent with bluſtering windes:  
The higher hall the greater fall  
ſuch chance hath proude and loſty mindes.  
When Iupiter from hys doth threāt  
with mortall mace and dint of thunder  
The hieſt hilles bene batrid eſt  
when they ſtand ſtill that ſtoode vnder  
The man whoſe hed with wit is fraught  
in welth will feare a worſer tide  
When fortune failes diſpaireth nought  
but conſtantly doth ſtill abide.  
For he that ſendeth griſely ſtozmes  
with whiſking windes and bitter blaſtes  
And fowlt with haile the winters face,  
and frotes the ſoile with hozy froſtes:  
Euen he adawth the force of cold  
the ſpring in ſendes with ſomer hote:  
The ſame ful oft to ſtozmy hartes  
is cauſe of bale: of ioy the roote.  
Not alwaies ill though ſo be now  
when cloudes ben driuen, then rides the racke.  
Phebus the freſh ne ſhooteth ſtill,  
ſomtime he harpes his muſe to wake.  
Stand ſtill therefore, pluck vp thy hart,  
loſe not thy port though fortune faile.  
A gaine whan winde doth ſerue at will,  
take hede to hys to hope thy ſaile.

The louer reſuſed, lamenteth  
his eſtate.

I Lent my loue to loſſe and gaged my life in vaine,  
If hate for loue and death for life of louers be the gain.

And

And curse I may by course the place eke time and howze  
 That nature first in me did forme to be a liues creature.  
 Sithe that I must absent my selfe so secretly  
 In place desert where neuer man my secretes shall discry:  
 In doling of my dayes among the beastes so brute,  
 who with their tonges may not betray the secretes of my sute.  
 For I in like to them may once to moue my minde  
 But gase on them and they on me, as beastes are wont of kinde.  
 Thus ranging as refuse, to reache some place of rest,  
 All ruff of heare, my nayles vnnocht, as to such semeth best,  
 That wander by their wittes, deformed so to be,  
 That men may say, such one may curse the time he first gan see  
 The beauty of her face, her shape in such degree,  
 As God himself may not discerne, one place mended to be.  
 For place it in like place, my fanly for to please,  
 who would become a heardmans hyre, one howze to haue of ease.  
 whereby I might restore, to me some stedfastnes,  
 That haue no thoughtes heapt in my hed the life may long disges  
 As oft to throw me downe vpon the earth so cold,  
 Wheras with teares most rufully, my sorowes do vnfold.  
 And in beholding them, I chiefly call to minde,  
 What woman could finde in her hart, such bondage for to binde.  
 Then rashly forth I yede, to cast me from that care,  
 Like as the bird for foode doth flye, and lighteth in the snare.  
 From whence I may not meue, vntill my race be roon,  
 So trained is my truth through her, y thinkes my life well woon.  
 Thus tolle I to and fro, in hope to haue reliefe,  
 But in the fine I finde not so, it doubleth but my griefe.  
 Wherefore I will my want, a warning for to be,  
 Vnto all men, wishing that they, a myrrour make of me.

The felicitie of a minde imbracing vertue,  
 that beholdeth the wretched desires  
 of the worlde.

**V** He dredful swelling seas, through boisterous windy blastes,  
 So tolle the ships, that all for nought, serues ancoz, sail and  
 Who takes not pleasure then, safely on shore to rest, (maistes  
 And see with drede and depe dispaire, how shipmen are distrest.  
 Not that we pleasure take, when others felen smart,  
 Our gladnes groweth to see their harmes, and yet to fele no part.  
 R. i. Delight



## Songes

Delight we take also, well ranged in aray,  
When armies meete to see the fight, yet free be from the fray.  
But yet among the rest, no toy may match with this,  
Casppe vnto the temple hye, where wisdom troned is.  
Defended with the saws of hoyp heades expert,  
Which clere it kepe from errours mist, that might the truth peruert  
From whence thou mayst loke down, and see as vnder foote,  
Whans wādzing wil a doubtful life, frō whēce they taye their roote.  
How some by wit contend, by pꝛowes some to rise,  
Riches and rule to gaine and hold, is all that men deuise.  
O miserable mindes, O hartes in folly dꝛent,  
Why see you not what blindnesse in this wretched life is spent?  
Body deuoyde of grieſe, minde free from care and dꝛede,  
Is all and some that nature craues, wherewith our life to feede.  
So that for natures turne few thinges may well suffice,  
Dolour and griefe cleene to expell, and some delight surprise.  
Pea and it falleth oft, that nature more content  
Is with the lesse, then when the more to cause delight is spent.

All worldly pleasures vade,

The winter with his grieſly ſtoꝛmes ne longer dare abide,  
The pleasant grasse, with lusty grene, the earth hath newly dide  
The trees haue leues, the bowes don spꝛed, new chāged is the pere  
The water brokes are cleane sonk down, the pleasant banks apere.  
The spꝛing is come, the goodly nimphes now dance in euery place  
Thus hath the pere most pleasantly of late pchāgde his face.  
Hope for no immortallitie, for welth will weare away,  
As we may learne by euery pere, pea howers of euery day:  
For Zepharus doth molifie the cold and blustering windes:  
The somers bzought doth take away the spꝛing out of our mindes  
And yet the somer cannot last, but once must step aside,  
Then Autumn thinkes to kepe his place, but Autumn cannot bide  
For when he hath bzought forth his fruits & stufte the barns w corn  
Then winter eates and empties all, and thus is Autumn worn.  
Then hoyp frosts possesse the place, then tēpests work much harm,  
Then rage of ſtoꝛmes done make all cold, which somer had made so  
Wherefore let no man put his trust in that, that will decay, (warn  
For slipper wealth will not continue, pleasure will weare away.  
For when that we haue lost our life, and lye vnder a stone,  
What are we then: we are but earth, then is our pleasure gone.

No man can tell what God almight of euery wight doth cast,  
 No man can say to day I liue, till inorne my life shall last.  
 For when thou shalt before thy iudge stand to receiue thy dome,  
 What sentence Minos doth pronounce that must of thee become.  
 Then shall not noble stocke and bloud redeme the from his hands  
 Nor sugred talke with eloquence shall lose thee from his bandes.  
 Nor yet thy life vprightly lead, can help thee out of hell,  
 For who descendeth down so depe, must there abide and dwell.  
 Diana could not thence deliuer chaste Hypolitus,  
 Nor Theseus could not call to life his frende Perithous.

A complaint of the losse of li-  
 bertie by loue.

I seeking rest, vnrest I finde,  
 I finde that welth is cause of wo:  
 wo worth the time that I inclinde,  
 To fixe in minde her beauty so.  
 That day be darkned as the night,  
 Let furtous rage it cleane deuour:  
 Ne Sunne nor Moone therin giue light,  
 But it consume with streame and shower.  
 Let no small birds straine forth their voyce,  
 With pleasant tunes, ne yet no beast:  
 Finde cause wherat he may reioyce,  
 That day when chaunced mine vnrest.  
 wherin alas from me was raught,  
 Mine own free choyce and quiet minde,  
 My life me death in balance brough  
 And reason rasde through barke and rinde,  
 And I as yet in flower of age,  
 Both wit and will did still aduance:  
 To resist that burning rage:  
 But when I darte then did I glaunce.  
 Nothing to me did seme so hyc,  
 In minde I could it straight attaine:  
 I easily perswaded me therby,  
 Loue to esteeme a thing most vaine.  
 But as the bird vpon the bzier,  
 Doth picke and proyne her without care:

R. ii.

Not



## Songes

Not knowing alas (poore foole) how nere  
She is vnto the fowlers snare.

So I amid disceitfull trust,  
Did not mistrust such wofull happe:  
Till cruell loue ere that I wist  
Had caught me in his carefull trappe.

Then did I fele, and partly know,  
How litle force in me did raigne:  
So soone to yelde to ouerthrow,  
Do fraile to slit from ioy to paine.

For when in welth will did me leade  
Of libertie to hope my saile:  
To hale at shete and cast my leade,  
I thought free choyce would still preuaile.

In whose calme streames I sayd so farre,  
Nor aging storme had in respect:  
Untill I rayde a goodly starre,  
Wherto my course I did direct.

In whose prospect in doolfull wise,  
My tacle faulde, my compasse brake:  
Through hote desires such stormes did rise,  
That ste rne and top went all to wake.

Oh cruell hap, oh fatall chaunce,  
O fortune why were thou unkinde:  
Without regarde thus in a traunce,  
To rue from me my ioyfull minde.

Where I was free now must I serue,  
where I was lose now am I bound:  
In death my life I do preserue,  
As one through girt with many a wound.

### A praise of his Las dye.

Give place you Ladies and be gone,  
Boast not your selues at all:  
For here at hand approacheth one:  
Whose face will staine you all.

The vertue of her liuely lokes,  
Exceeds the precious stone:  
I wist to haue none other bokes  
To reade or loke vpon

In eche of her two chryſtall eyes,  
Smileth a naked boye:  
It would you all in hart ſuffice  
To ſee that lampe of ioye.

I thinke nature hath loſt the mould,  
Where ſhe her ſhape did take:  
Or els I doubt if nature could,  
So faire a creature make.

She may be well comparde  
Vnto the Phenix kinde:  
Whoſe like was neuer ſene nor hard,  
That any man can finde.

In life ſhe is Diana chaſt,  
In trowth Penelopey.

In word and cke in dede ſtedfaſt,  
What will you moze we ſey.

If all the world were ſought ſo farre,  
who could finde ſuch a wight:  
Her beuty twinkleth like a ſtarre,  
Within the froſty night.

Her roſiall colour comes and goes,  
with ſuch a comly grace:  
More redier to then doth the roſe,  
Within her liuely face.

At Bacchus feaſt none ſhall her mete,  
Ne at no wanton play:  
Nor galing in an open ſtreete,  
Nor gadding as a ſtray.

The modeſt mirth that ſhe doth vſe,  
Is mixt with ſhamefaſtneſſe:  
All vice ſhe doth wholy reſuſe,  
And hateth yblenefſe.

O lord it is a world to ſee,  
How vertue can repaire:  
And decke in her ſuch honeſtie,  
Whom nature made ſo faire.

Truely ſhe doth as farre excede,  
Our women now adayes:  
As doth the Helifloure, a wede,  
And moze a thouſand waies.

How might I do to get a graſſe:  
Of this vnſpotted tree.



## Songes

For all the rest are plaine but chaffe,  
Which seme good corne to be.

Thys gift alone I shal her geue,  
When death doth what he can:  
Her honest fame shall euer liue,  
Within the mouth of man.

### The pore estate to be holden for best.

Experience now doth shew what God vs taught before,  
Desired pompe is vaine, and seldome doth it last:  
Who climbeth to raigne with kinges, may rue his fate full soze,  
Alas the woful ende that comes with care full fast,  
Reiect him doth renowne his pompe full low is caste.  
Deceiued is the birde by swetenesse of the call  
Expell that pleasant taste, wherein is bitter gall.

Such as with oten cakes in pooze estate abides,  
Of care haue they no cure, the crab with mirth they rost.  
More ease fele they then those, that from their height down slides  
Excesse doth brede their wo, they saile in Scillas cost,  
Remainyng in the stormes tyll shyp and al be lost.  
Serue God therefore thou pore, for so, thou liues in rest,  
Eschue the golden hall, thy thatched house is best.

### The complaint of Thestylis amid the desert wodde.

Thestylis a sely man, when loue did him forsake,  
In mourning wise, amid the wodes thus gan his plaint to make  
Ah wofull man (quod he) fallen is thy lot to mone  
And pyne away with careful thoughtes, vnto thy loue vknownen  
Thy lady thee forsakes whom thou didst honoz so  
That ay to her thou were a frend, and to thy selfe a foe,

ye louers that haue lost your heartes desired choyse,  
 Lament with me my cruell happe, & helpe my trembling voice.  
 Was neuer man that stode so great in fortunes grace:  
 Nor with his swete alas to deare possell so high a place.  
 As I whose simple hart aye thought him selfe full sure,  
 But now I see hys springing tides they may not aye endure.  
 She knowes my gyltelesse hart, and yet she lets it pine,  
 Of her vnttrue professed loue so feble is the twine.  
 What woonder is it than, if I berent my heares,  
 And caruing death continually do bathe my seife in teares,  
 When Cresus king of Lide was caſt in cruell bandes,  
 And yeldded goodes and life also into his ennies handes.  
 What tong could tell his wo, yet was his griefe much lesse  
 Then mine: for I haue lost my loue whych might my woe redresse,  
 ye woodes that shroud my limmes giue now your holow sound,  
 That ye may helpe me to bewaile the cares that me confound,  
 ye riueres rest a while and stay the streames that runne,  
 Bewe the stillis most woful man that liues vnder the sunne.  
 Transport my sighes ye windes vnto my pleasant for,  
 My trickling teares shal witnesse beare of this my cruel wor,  
 O happy man wer I if all the goddes agreed:  
 That now the sulkers thre should cut in twaine my fatall threds.  
 Till life with loue shall ende I here resigne al ioy:  
 Thy pleasant swete I now lament whose lacke breeds myne annoy  
 Farewell my deare therfore farewell to me well knowne:  
 If that I die it shalbe said that thou hast slaine thine owne.

An answer of  
comfort.

The stillis thou selfe man, why dost thou so complaine,  
 If nedes thy loue wyll thee forsake, thy mourning is in vaine.  
 For none can force the streames against their courie to ronne,  
 Nor yet vnwilling loue with teares or waillyng can be wonne.  
 Cease thou therfore thy plaintes, let hope thy sorowes ease,  
 The shipmen though their sails be rent yet hope to scape the seas  
 Though straunge she seme a while, yet thinke she will not chaunge  
 Good causes driue a ladies loue, sometime to seme full straunge,



## Songes

No louer that hath wit, but can forsee such happe,  
 That no wight can at wish or will slepe in his ladies lappe.  
 Achilles for a time faire Brises did forgo,  
 Yet did they mete with ioye again, then thinke thou maist do so.  
 Though he and louers al in loue sharpe stormes do finde,  
 Dispaire not thou poze Thetis though thy loue seme vnkinde.  
 Ah thinke her grafted loue cannot so sone decay,  
 His springes may cease from swelling still, but neuer dry away  
 Oft stormes of louers yre, do moze their loue encrease:  
 As shining sunne refrethe the fruites whē raining gins to cease.  
 When springes are waxen lowe, then must they flow againe,  
 So shall thy hart aduanced be, to pleasure out of paine.  
 When lacke of thy delight most bitter grieve apperes,  
 Thinke on Etrascus worthy loue that lasted thirty yeres,  
 Which could not long atcheue his hartes desired choice,  
 Yet at the ende he founde rewarde that made him to reioyce,  
 Since he so longe in hope with patience did remaine,  
 Can not thy feruent loue forbear thy loue a moneth or twaine?  
 Admit she minde to chaunge and nedes will thee forgo,  
 Is there no mo may thee delyght but she that paynes thee so?  
 Thetis draw to the towne and loue as thou hast done,  
 In time thou knowest by faythful loue as good as she is wonne.  
 And leaue the desert woodes and waylyng thus alone,  
 And seeke to salue thy soze els where, if all her loue be gone.

**C** The louer praieth pity showing that  
 nature hath taught his dog as it  
 were to sue for the same  
 by kissing his ladies  
 handes.

Nature that taught my silly dog god wat:  
 Euen for my sake to licke where I do loue,  
 Inforced hym wher as my lady sat  
 With humble sute befoze her fallng flat.  
 As in his soze he might her pray and moue  
 To rue vpon his lord and not forget  
 The stedfast faith he beareth her and loue,  
 Kissing her hand whom she could not remoue.

Way that would for frowning nor for thzete  
 As though he would haue sayd in my behoue,  
 Pitie my lord your slaue that doth remaine,  
 Lest by his death, you guiltlesse slay vs twaine.

Of his ring sent to his  
 Ladie.

Since thou my ring maist go where I ne may.  
 Hinc thou maist speake, where I must hold my peace,  
 Say vnto her that is my liues stay,  
 Grauen within which I do here expresse:  
 That soner shall the sunne not shine by day,  
 And with the raine the floodes shall waken lesse.  
 Sooner the tree the hunter shall bewray,  
 Then I for change, or choice of other loue,  
 Do euer seke my fansy to remoue.

The changeable state  
 of louers.

For that a restless hed must somewhat haue in bre  
 Wherwith it may acquainted be as falcon is with lure.  
 Fansy doth me awake out of my drowsy slepe,  
 In seing how the little House, at night begins to crepe.  
 So the desirous man, that longes to catch his pray,  
 In spyeng how to watch his tyme, lyeth lurking styll by day.  
 In hoping for to haue, and fearing for to finde  
 The salue that should recure his soze, & soroweth but the minde  
 Such is the guise of loue, and the vncertaine state,  
 That some should haue their hoped hap, and other hard estate.  
 That some should seme to ioy in that they neuer had,  
 And some againe shall frowne as fast, where causelesse they be sad.  
 Suche trades do louers vse when they be most at large,  
 That gide the skere when they themselues lye fettered in the barge  
 The grenelle of my pouth cannot thereof expresse  
 The processe, for by prose vnknownen, all this is but by gesse.  
 wherefore I holde it best, in tyme to holde my peace,  
 But wanton will it cannot holde, or make my pen to cease.



## Songes

A pen of no anaile, a fruitles labour eke,  
My troubled hed with fantasies fraught, doth paine it selfe to seke.  
And if perhaps my wordes of none auaille do pricke,  
Such as do feele the hiddē harmes, I would not they shold kicke,  
As causelesse me to blame which thinketh them no harme,  
Although I seme by others fire, sometime my selfe to warme.  
Which clerely I deny, as guiltlesse of that crime,  
And though wrong demde I be therin, truth it wyll trie in time.

### A praise of Audley.

When Audley had run out his race, and ended were his dayes,  
His fame stept forth & bad me write of him som worthy praise  
what life he lad, what actes he did: his vertues and good name.  
Wherto I calde for true report, as witnesse of the same.  
Wel bozne he was, wel bēt by kind, whose minde did neuer swarue  
A failfull head, a valiant hart, a ready hand to sarue.  
Brought vp & trainde in feates of warre long time beyōd the seas  
Cald home againe to serue his prince, whō still he sought to please.  
what tozmay was there he refusde, what seruice did he shoon,  
where he was not noz his aduice, what great exploit was doon?  
In towne a lambe, in field full fierce, a Lion at the nede,  
In sober wit a Salomon, yet one of Hector's sede.  
Then shame it were that any tong should now defame his dedes,  
That in his life a mirrour was to all that him succedes.  
No poore estate noz hie renoune his nature could peruart,  
No hard mischaunce that him befell could moue his constant hart.  
Thus long he liued, loued of all, as one mislikte of none,  
And where he went who cald him not the gentle Paragon.  
But course of kinde doth cause eche frute to fall when it is ripe,  
And spitefull death wyll suffer none to scape his greuous grips.  
Yet though the ground receiued haue his corps into her wombe,  
This Epitaphe ygraue in brasse, shall stande vpon his tombe.  
Lo here he lies that hateth vice, and vertues life imbrast,  
His name in earth, his spzite aboue, deserues to be well plast,

### Time trieth truth.

Eche thing I see hath time, which time must trie my trowth,  
which truth deserues a special trust, on trust great frēdship gra.  
And frendship may not faile, where faithfullnesse is found, (with  
And

And faithfulness is full of fruit, and frutefull thinges be sonnet.  
 And sound is good at prooffe, and profe is prince of praise,  
 And precious praise is such a pearle, as seldome ner decapies.  
 All these thinges time tries forth, which time I must abide:  
 How should I boldly credit craue tyll time my truth hath tride.  
 For as I founde a time to fall in fancies frame,  
 So I do wishe a lucky time for to declare the same.  
 If hap may answere hope, and hope may haue his hire,  
 Then shall my hart possesse in peace the time that I desire.

The louer refused of his loue  
 imbraceth death.

My yowthfull yeres are past,  
 My ioyfull dayes are gone:  
 My life it may not last,  
 My graue and I am one.  
 My mirth and ioyes are fled,  
 And I a man in wo:  
 Desirous to be ded,  
 My mischief to forgo.  
 I burne and am a colde  
 I freze amidst the fire,  
 I see she doth withhold  
 That is my most desire.  
 I see my helpe at hand,  
 I see my life also:  
 I see where she doth stand  
 That is my deadly fo.  
 I see how she doth see,  
 And yet she wyll me blinde  
 I see in helping me,  
 She seeks and wyll not finde.  
 I see how she doth wy,  
 When I begin to mone:  
 I see when I come nye,  
 How faine she would be gone.  
 I see, what wyll ye more  
 She wyll me gladly kyll:  
 And you shall see therfore  
 That she shall haue her wyll.

S. it.

I can



## Songes

I can not live with stones  
It is to hard a food:  
I wyll be dead at ones  
To do my lady Good.

### The picture of a lover.

**B**Ehold my picture here well portrayed for the nones:  
With hart consumed and falling flesh, behold the very bones.  
Whose cruell chaunce alas and destiny is such,  
Onely because I put my trust in some folke all to much.  
For since the time that I did enter in this pine,  
I neuer saw the rising sunne but with my weeping eyen.  
Nor yet I neuer hard so swete a voice or sound,  
But that to me it did encrease the dolour of my wounde.  
Nor in so soft a bedde, alas I neuer lay,  
But that it semed hard to me, or euer it was day,  
Yet in this body bare, that nought but life retaines,  
The strength wherof cleene past away the care yet still remaines.  
Like as the cole in flame doth spend it selfe you se,  
To vaine and wretched cinder dust, til it consumed be.  
So doth this hope of mine inforce my fervent sute,  
To make me for to gaze in vaine, whilst other cate the frute.  
And shall do tyll the death doth geue me such a grace,  
To rid this silly wofull sprite out of this doulfull case.  
And then would God were writ in stone or els in leade,  
This Epitaphe vpon my graue, to shew why I am dead.  
Here lyeth the lover lo, who for the loue he aught,  
Aliue vnto his lady dere, his death thereby he caught.  
And in a shield of blacke, lo here his armes appeares.  
With weeping eyes as you may see, well poudred all with teares.  
Lo here you may beholde, aloft vpon his brest,  
A womans hand straining the hart of him that loued her best.  
Wherfore all you that see this corps for loue that starnes  
Example make vnto you all, that thanklesse lovers serues.

### Of the death of Phillips.

**B**Ewyle with me all ye that haue profess,  
Of musicke tharte by touch of corde or wunde:

Lay downe your lutes, and let your gitternes rest,  
 Phillips is dead whose like you can not finde.  
 Of musicke much exceeding all the rest,  
 Muses therfore of force now must you wrest,  
 Your pleasant notes into an other sounde,  
 His string is broke, the lute is dispossessed,  
 The hand is colde, the body in the grounde,  
 The lowring lute lamenteth now therfore,  
 Phillips her friend that can her touch no more.

That al thing sometime finde  
 ease of their paine, saue  
 onely the louer.

I See there is no sort,  
 Of thinges that liue in grieve:  
 Which at sometime may not resort,  
 Whereas they haue reliefe.

The stricken Dere by kynde,  
 Of death that standes in awe:  
 For his recure an herbe can finde,  
 The arrow to withdraw.

The chaled Dere hath soile,  
 To coole him in his heate:  
 The Ass after his wery toile,  
 In stable is vp set.

The cony hath his caue,  
 The little bird his nest:  
 From heat and colde them selues to saue,  
 At all times as they list.

The Owle with seble sight,  
 Lyes lurking in the leaues:  
 The Sparrow in the frosty night  
 May shroude her in the caues.

But wo to me alas,  
 In sunne nor yet in shade,  
 I cannot finde a resting place,  
 My burden to vnlade.

But day by day still beares,  
 The burden on my backe:

With



## Songes

With weeping eye and watry teares,  
To hold my hope abacke.

All things I se haue place,  
Wherein they bow or bende:  
Haue this alas my wofull case,  
Which no where findeth ende.

Thassault of Cupide vpon the fort  
where the louers hart lay wound-  
ded and how he was taken.

**W**hen Cupide scaled first the fort,  
wherin my hart lay wounded sore:  
The batry was of such a sort  
That I must yelde or die therfore.  
There sawe I loue vpon the wall,  
How he his banner did display:  
Alarme alarme he gan to call,  
And bad his souldiours kepe aray.  
The armes the which that Cupide bare,  
were pearced hartes with teares besprent:  
In siluer and sable to declare  
The stedfast loue he alwayes ment.  
There might you se his band all drest,  
In colours like to white and blacke:  
With powder and with pelletes prest,  
To bring the fort to spoile and sacke.  
Good wyl the maister of the shot,  
Stode in the rampire braue and proude:  
For spence of powder he spared not,  
Assault assault to crye aloud.  
There might you heare the cannons rore,  
The pece discharged a louers loke:  
which had the power to rent, and tore  
In any place whereas they toke.  
And euen with the trumpettes sowne,  
The scaling ladders were vp set:  
And beautie walked vp and downe  
With bow in hand and arrowes whet.  
Then first desire began to scale,  
And shrowded him vnder her targe,

As one the worthiest of them all,  
 And aptest for to geue the charge.  
 Then pushed souldiers with their pikes  
 And holbarders with handy strokes:  
 The hargabulhe in fleshe it lightes,  
 And dings the ayre with milky smokes.  
 And as it is the souldiers vse,  
 when shot and powder gins to want:  
 I hanged vp my flagge of truce  
 And pleaded for my liues graunt.  
 whenfauour thus had made her brych  
 And beauty entred with her band:  
 with bagge and baggage sely wretch,  
 I yelded into beauties hand.  
 Then beautie bad to blow retirete,  
 And euery souldier to retire,  
 And mercy wylde with speede to set:  
 He captiue bounde as prisoner.  
 Madame (quoth I) sith that this day,  
 Hath serued you at all assaies:  
 I yeld to you without delay,  
 Here of the fortreffe all the keyes.  
 And sith that I haue ben the marke,  
 At whom you shot at with your eye:  
 Pledges must you with your handy warke,  
 Or salue my soze or let me die.

The aged louer renoun-  
ceth loue.

Loth that I did loue,  
 In youth that I thought swete:  
 As time requir's for my behoue,  
 He thinkes they are not mete.  
 My lustes they do me leaue  
 My fantasies all be fled:  
 And tract of time begins to weare,  
 Gray heares vpon my hed.  
 For age with steling steps,  
 Hath clowde me with his crowch:

And



## Songes

And lusty life away she leapes,  
As there had bene none such.

My muse both not delight  
As she did before:  
My hand and pen are not in plight,  
As they haue bene of yore.

For reason me denies,  
This youthly idle time:  
And day by day to me she cries,  
Leaue of these toys in time.

The wrinkles in my brow,  
The furtowes in my face:  
Say limping age wyll hedge him now,  
Where youth must geue him place.

The harbenger of death,  
To me I se him ride:  
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath,  
Doth bid me to prouide.

A pikaxe and a spade,  
And eke a shrowding shete,  
A house of clay for to be made.  
For such a gest most mete.

He thinks I heare the clarke,  
That knoles the carefull knell:  
And bids me leaue my wofull warke,  
Ere nature me compell.

My keepers knit the knot,  
That youth did laugh to scozne:  
Of me that clene shalbe forgot,  
As I had not bene bozne.

Thus must I youth geue vp,  
whose badge I long did weare:  
To them I yeld the wanton cup,  
That better may it beare.

Lo here the bared scull  
By whose balde signe I know:  
That shouping age away shall pull,  
which youthfull yeres did sow.  
For beautie with her band  
These croked cares hath wrought:  
And shipped me into the land,  
From whence I fir st was brought.

And

And ye that bide behinde,  
 Haue ye none other trust:  
 As ye of claye were cast by kinde,  
 So shall ye wast to dust.

Of the ladie wentworthes  
 death.

To liue to die and dye to liue againe,  
 With good renoune of fame well led before  
 Here lieth she that learned had the loze,  
 Whom if the perfect vertues wolden daine,  
 To be set forth with foyle of worldly grace,  
 Was noble bozne and match in noble race,  
 Lord Wentworthes wife, nor wanted to attaine,  
 In natures giftes her praise among the rest  
 But that that gaue her praise aboue the best  
 Not fame, her wedlockes chastnes durst distain,  
 Wherin with child deliuering of her wombe,  
 Thuntimely birth hath brought the both in tombe  
 So left she life by death to liue againe.

The louer accusing his loue for her  
 vnfaithfulnesse, purposeth  
 to liue in libertie.

The smoky sighes the bitter teares,  
 That I in vaine haue wasted:  
 The broken sleepes, the wo and feares,  
 That long in me haue lasted:  
 The loue and al I owe to thee,  
 Here I renounce and make me free.  
 Which fredome I haue by thy guilt,  
 And not by my deseruing,  
 Since so vnconstantly thou wilt  
 Not loue, but still be swering.  
 To leaue me of which was thyne owne,  
 Without cause why as shalbe knowne.  
 The frutes were faire the which did grow.

C. i.

With



## Songes

Within thy garden planted,  
The leaues were grene of euery bough,  
And moysture nothing wanted,  
Yet oz the blossoms gan fall,  
The caterpiller wasted all.

Thy body was the garden place,  
And sugred wordes it beareth,  
The blossomes all thy faith it was,  
which as the canker wereth.  
The cater piller is the same,  
That hath wonne thee and lost thy name.

I meane the louer loued now,  
By thy pretended folpe,  
which will proue like, thou shalt find how,  
Vnto a tree of holly:

That barke and berry beares alwaies,  
The one, birdes feedes, the other slayes.

And right wel mightest thou haue thy wish  
Of thy loue new acquainted:

Foz thou art like vnto the dish

That Adrianus painted:

wherin were grapes portraid so faire

That fowles foz foode did there repaire.

But I am like the beaten fowle

That from the net escaped,

And thou art like the rauening owle

That al the night hath waked.

Foz none intent but to betray

The sleeping foule before the day.

Thus hath thy loue been vnto me

As pleasant and commodious,

As was the fire made on the sea

By Paulus hate so odious.

Therwith to train the gregish host

From Tropes return where they wer lost.

The louer for want of his desire,  
sheweth his death at  
hand.

As Cypres tree that rent is by the roote,  
 As branch or flippe better frō whence it growes  
 As well sowne seede for drought that can not sprout  
 As gaping ground that raineles can not close  
 As meules that want the earth to do them bote  
 As fishe on land to whom no waters flowes,  
 As Thameleon that lackes the aier so sote,  
 As flowers do fade when Shebus rarest shoves.  
 As Salamandra repulsed from the fire:  
 So wanting my wish I die for my desire.

A happy end exceedeth all plea-  
 sures and riches of the  
 world.

The shining season here to some,  
 The glorie in the worldes sight,  
 Renowned fame though fortune wonne  
 The glittering golde the eyes delight,  
 The sensual life that semes so swete,  
 The hart with ioyfull dayes replete,  
 The thing wherto ech wight is thral,  
 The happy ende exceedeth al.

Against an vnstedfast  
 woman.

O Temerous tauntres that delights in toyes  
 Tumbling cockboat totting to and fro,  
 Tangling iestres depaunders of swete ioyes,  
 Ground of the grasse whence al my grief doth growe  
 Sullen serpent enuironned with dispite,  
 That ill for good at all times doest requite.

A praise of Petrarke and of Lau-  
ra his ladie,



## Songes

O Petrарke hed and prince of poets al,  
Whose liuely gift of flowing eloquence,  
Wel may we seke, but find not how or whence  
So rare a gift with thee did rise and fal,  
Peace to thy bones, and glory immortal  
Be to thy name, and to her excellence.  
Whose beauty lighted in thy time and sence:  
So to be set forth as none other shall.  
Why hath not our pens, times so parfit wrought  
Me. why our time forth bringeth beauty such  
To trye our wittes as golde is by the touch,  
If to the stile the matter ayded ought.  
But ther was neuer Laure more then one,  
And her had Petrарke for his Paragone. ♀

That petrark cannot be passed but not  
withstanding that Lawra is  
farre surpassed.

With Petrарke to cōpare ther may no wight,  
Nor yet attain vnto so high a stile,  
But yet I wote full well, where is a file,  
To frame a learned man to praise aright:  
Of stature meane of semely forme and shap.  
Eche line of iust propozcion to her height:  
Her colour fresh and mingled with such sleight:  
As though the rose late in the lilies lap.  
In wit and tong to shew what may be sed,  
To euery dede she ioynes a parfit grace,  
If Laura liude she would her clene deface.  
For I dare say and lay my life to wed  
That Homus could not if he downe discended,  
Once iustly say, Lo this may be amended.

Against a cruell woman.

Cruel vnkinde whom mercy cannot moue,  
Herboar of unhappe where rigours rage doth raigne,  
Ground of my grief where pitie cannot proue:

Trible

Trike to trust of al vntruth the traine,  
 Thou rigoꝛous rocke that truth cannot remoue.  
 Daungerous delph depe Dungeon of disdaine:  
 Backe of self will the chest of craft and change,  
 what causeth thee thus causeles for to change?

Ah piteles plante whom plaint cannot prouoke.  
 Den of disceit that right doth still refuse,  
 Causeles vnkinde that cariest vnder cloke  
 Cruelty and craft me onely to abuse,  
 Stately and stubberne withstanding Cupides stroke,  
 Thou merueilouse mase that makest men to muse,  
 Holle in by self will, most stony, stiffe and strange,  
 what causeth thee thus causelesse for to change?

Slipper and secret where surety cannot sowe  
 Net of newelty, neast of newfanglenesse,  
 Spring of al spite, from whence whole fluddes doe flow,  
 Thou caue and cage of care and craftinesse  
 wauering willow that euery blast doth blow  
 Grasse without groth and cause of carefulnesse,  
 Heape of mishap of all my grief the graunge,  
 what causeth thee thus causelesse for to chaunge.

Hast thou forgot that I was thine infest,  
 By force of loue haddest thou not hart at all,  
 Sawest thou not other for thy loue were left,  
 Knowest thou vnkinde, that nothing mought befall  
 from out of my hart that could haue the bereft.  
 what meanest thou then at ryot thus to raunge?  
 And leauest thine owne that neuer thought to chaunge.

The louer she weth what he would haue, if it  
 were graunted him to haue  
 what he would,  
 wishe.

If it were so that God would graunt me my request,  
 And that I might of earthly thynges haue that I liked best,  
 I would not wishe to clyme to princely hie estate,  
 which slipper is and slides so oft, and hath so fickle fate.  
 Nor yet to conquere realmes with cruel sworde in hande,

And



## Songes

And so to shed the guiltlesse blood of such as would withstand,  
 Nor I would not desire in worldly rule to raigne.  
 Whose frute is all vnquietnesse, and breaking of the braine.  
 Nor richesse in excesse of vertue so abhorde,  
 I would not craue which bredeth care and causeth all discorde,  
 But my request should be more worth a thousand folde:  
 That I might haue and her enioy that hath my hart in hold.  
 Oh god what lusty life should we liue then for euer,  
 In pleasant ioy and perfect blisse, to length our liues together,  
 With wordes of frendly chere, and lokes of liuely loue,  
 To vnter all our hote desires, which neuer should remoue.  
 But grosse and gredy wittes which grope but on the ground.  
 To gather muck of worldly goodes which oft do them confound.  
 Can not attaine to know the misteries deuine  
 Of perfite loue wherto hie wittes of knowledge do encline.  
 A nigard of his golde such ioy can neuer haue  
 which gettes to toile and kepes with care and is his money slave.  
 As they enioy alwayes that taste loue in his kind,  
 For they do hold continually a heauen in their minde.  
 No worldly goodes could bring my heart so great an ease,  
 As for to finde or do the thing that might my lady please,  
 For by her only loue my hart should haue all ioy,  
 And with the same put care away, and all that could annoy.  
 As if that any thing should chance to make me sadde,  
 The touching of her coral lippes would straightwaies make me  
 And when that in my heart I fele that did me greue (gladde,  
 with one embracing of her armes she might me sone releue:  
 And as the Angels al which sit in heauen hie  
 With presence and the sight of god haue their felicitie,  
 So likewise I in earth, should haue al earthly blisse,  
 with presence of that Paragon, my god in earth that is.

The ladie forsaken of her louer praieth  
 his returne, or the end of her  
 own life.

T O loue, alas, who would not feare  
 That seeth my woful state,  
 For he to whom my heart I beare  
 Doth me extremely hate,

And why therfore I cannot tell,  
He wil no lenger with me dwell.

Did you not sewe and long me serue  
Ere I you graunted grace?  
And will you this now from me swarue  
That neuer did trespase?

Alas poze woman then alas,  
I wery life here must I passe.

And shall my faith haue such refuse  
In dede and shall it so,  
Is there no choyse for me to chuse  
But must I leue you so?

Alas poze woman then alas,  
I wery life hence must I pas.

And is there now no remedy  
But that you will forget her?  
There was a time when that perdy  
you would haue heard her better.  
But now that time is gone and past,  
And all your loue is but a blast.

And can you thus breake your behest  
In dede and can you so?  
Did you not sweare you loued me best,  
And can you now say no?  
Remember me poze wight in paine,  
And for my sake turne once againe.

Alas poze Dido now I fele  
Thy present painfull state,  
When false Eneas did him stele  
From the at Cartage gate.  
And lest thee sleeping in thy bed,  
Regarding not what he had sed.

Was neuer woman thus betrayed,  
Nor man so false forsworne,  
His faith and troth so strongly tied,  
Untruth hath all to tozne:

And I haue leaue for my good will  
To waille and wepe alone my fill,

But since it will not better be,  
My teares shal neuer blin:  
To moyst the earth in such degree,

That



## Songes

That I may drowne therein:  
That by my death al men may say,  
Lo women are as true as they.  
By me al women may beware,  
That se my wofull smart,  
To seke true lous let them not spare,  
Before they set their hart.  
Or els they may become as I.  
Which for my truth am like to dye.

The louer yelden into his ladies  
handes, praieth  
mercie,

I A fredome was my fantasie  
Abhorring bondage of the minde,  
But now I yelde my libertie,  
And willingly my self I binde.  
Cruely to serue with al my hart,  
Whiles life doth last not to reuert.  
Her beauty bounde me first of all  
And forst my will for to consent:  
And I agree to be her thrall,  
For as she list I am content.  
My will his hers in that I may,  
And where she biddes I will obey.  
It lieth in her my wo or welth,  
She may do that she liketh best,  
If that she list I haue my helth,  
If she list not in wo I rest.  
Sins I am fast within her bandes.  
My wo and welth lieth in her handes.  
She can no lesse then pitie me,  
Sith that my faith to her is knowne,  
It were to much extremitie,  
With cruelty to vse her owne,  
Alas a sinfull enterpryse,  
To slay that yeldes at her deuice.  
But I thynke not her hart so hard,  
Nor that she hath such cruel lust:

I doubt nothing of her reward,  
 For my desert but well I trust,  
 As she hath beauty to allure,  
 So hath she a hart that wil recure.

That nature which worketh all thinges for  
 our behoofe, hath made women also  
 for our comfort and  
 delight.

Among dame natures workes such perfite law is wrought,  
 That thinges be ruled by course of kind in order as they ought,  
 And serueth in their state, in such iust frame and sort,  
 That slender wits may iuge the same, and make therof report.  
 Behold what secrete force the winde doth easly show,  
 Which guides the ships amid the seas if he his bellows blow,  
 The waters waken wilde where blustering blastes do rise,  
 Yet seldome do they passe their bondes for nature that deuise,  
 The fire which boiles the leade, and trieth out the gold:  
 Hath in his power both help and hurt, if he his force unfold.  
 The frost which kils the fruite, doth knit the brused bones:  
 And is a medecin of kinde, prepared for the nones.  
 The earth in whose entrails the foode of man doth liue,  
 At euery spring and fall of leafe, what pleasure doth she giue:  
 The ayre which life desires, and is to helth so swete,  
 Of nature yeldes such liuely smelles, that comforts euery sprete.  
 The Sunne through natures might, doth draw away the dew,  
 And spredes y flowers where he is wont his princely face to shew,  
 The Moone which may be cald, the lanterne of the night,  
 Ishalfe a guide to trauelling men, such vertue hath her light.  
 The sterres not vertuelese are beauty to the eyes,  
 I lodes man to the Mariner, a signe of calmed skyes.  
 The flowers and fruitfull trees to man do tribute pay,  
 And when they haue their duety done by course they fade away,  
 Ech beast both fishe and foule, doth offer life and all,  
 To nourish man and do him ease, yea serue him at his call,  
 The serpens venemous, whose vglye shapen we hate,  
 Are soueraigne salues for sondry sores, and nedefull in their state,  
 Sith nature shewes her power, in eche thing thus at large,  
 Why should not man submit himself to be in natures charge?



## Songes

Who thinkes to flee her force, at length becomes her thrall,  
The wisest cannot slip her snare, for nature gouerns all.  
Lo, nature gaue vs shape, lo nature feedes our liues:  
The they are worse then mad I think, against her force & strives  
Though some do vse to say, which can do nought but faine,  
Women were made for thys intent, to put vs men to paine.  
Yet sure I think they are a pleasure to the minde,  
A ioy which man can neuer want, as nature hath assinde.

when aduersitie is once fallen, it is  
to late to beware.

**T**O my mishap alas I finde  
That happy hap is dangerous:  
And fortune worketh but her kinde,  
To make the ioyfull dolorous.  
But all to late it comes to minde,  
To waile the want that makes me blinde.  
Amid my myrth and pleasantnesse,  
Such chaunce is chaunced sodainly,  
That in dispaire without redresse,  
I finde my chiefest remedy.  
No new kinde of unhappinesse,  
Should thus haue left me comfortlesse.  
Who would haue thought that my request,  
Should bring me forth such bitter frute:  
But now is hapt that I feard least:  
And al thys harme comes by my sute,  
For when I thought me happiest  
Euen then hapt all my chief vntrest.  
In better case was neuer none  
And yet vnwares thus am I trapt,  
My chief desire doth cause me mone,  
And to my harme my welth is hapt,  
There is no man but I alone,  
That hath such cause to sigh and mone.  
Thus am I taught for to beware  
And trua no more such pleasant chance,  
My happy hap bred me thys care,  
And brought my mirth to great mischance,  
There is no man whom hap will spare,  
But when she list his welth is bare.

Of a louer that made his onely  
God of his loue.

**A**ll you that frendship do professe,  
And of a frende present the place:  
Geue eare to me that did possesse,  
As frendly frutes as ye imbrace.  
And to declare the circumstance  
There were them selues that did auaunce:  
To teach me truly how to take,  
A faithfull frende for vertues sake.

But I as one of little skill,  
To know what good might grow therby,  
Unto my welth I had no wyl,  
Nor to my nede I had none eye,  
But as the chylde doth learne to go,  
So I in time did learne to know,  
Of all good frutes the worlde brought forth,  
A faithfull frend is thing most worth.

Then with all care I sought to finde,  
One worthy to receiue such trust:  
One onely that was rich in minde,  
One secrete, sober, wise, and iust.  
Whom riches could not raise at all,  
Nor pouertie procure to fall:  
And to be short in fewe wordes plaine,  
One such a frend I did attaine.

And when I did enioy this welth,  
Who liued Lord in such a case,  
For to my frendes it was great helth,  
And to my foes a fowle deface,  
And to my selfe a thing so riche.  
As seke the worlde and finde none such,  
Thus by this frend I set such store,  
As by my selfe I set no more.

This frende so much was my delight,  
When care had clene overcome my hart,  
One thought of her rid care as quite,  
As neuer care had causde my smart.  
Thus ioyed I in my frende so bere,  
Was neuer frende sat man so nere,



## Songes

I carde for her so much alone,  
That other God I carde for none.  
But as it doth to them befall,  
That to them selues respect haue none:  
So my swete grasse is growen to gall,  
where I sowed mirth I reped mone.  
This ydoll that I honorde so,  
Is now transformed to my so.  
That me most pleased, me most paines,  
And in dispaire my hart remaines.  
And for iust scourge of suche desart,  
Thre plages I may my selfe assure,  
First of my frende to lose my part,  
And next my life may not endure,  
And last of all the more to blame,  
My soule shall suffer for the same.  
Wherfore ye frendes I warne you all,  
Sit fast for feare of such a fall.

### Vpon the death of sir An- tony Denny.

Death and the king, did as it were contend,  
which of them two bare Denny greatest loue,  
The king to shew his loue gan farre extende,  
Did him aduaunce his betters farre aboue.  
Here place, much welth, great honoz eke him gaue  
To make it known what powze gret princes haue  
But when death came with his triumphat gift,  
From worldly cark he quit his wried ghost,  
Free from the corps, and straight to heauē it list,  
Now deme that can who did for Denny most.  
The king gaue welth but fading and vnure,  
Death brought him blisse that euer shall endure.

### A comparison of the los- uers paines.

Like as the brake within the riders hande,  
Doth straine the horse nye wood with grief of paine,

Not vsed before to come in such a band,  
 Striuethe for grief, although god wot in vaine  
 To be as erst he was at libertie,  
 But force of force doth straine the contrarie.  
 Eue so since bad doth cause my deadly grief  
 That made me so my wofull chaunce lament,  
 Like thing hath brought me into paine & mis-  
 Haue wyllingly to it I did assent. (chiefe,  
 To binde the thing in fredome which was fre,  
 That now full soze alas repenteth me.

Of a Rosemary branche  
 sent,

Such grene to me as you haue sent,  
 Such grene to you I send againe:  
 A flowing hart that wyll not feint,  
 For drede of hope or losse of gaine:  
 A stedfast thought all wholly bent,  
 So that he may your grace obtaine:  
 As you by prooffe haue alwayes sene,  
 To liue your owne and alwayes grene.

To his loue of his con-  
 stant hart.

As I haue bene so wyll I euer be,  
 Unto my death and lenger if I might,  
 Haue I of loue the frendly loking eye:  
 Haue I of fortune fauour, or despite:  
 I am of rock by prooffe as you may see:  
 Not made of waxe nor of no metall light,  
 As leefe to dye, by change as to deceaue,  
 Or breake the promise made, and so I leaue.

Of the token which his  
 loue sent him.

The



## Songes

The golden apple that the Troyan boy,  
Gave to Venus the fairest of the thre,  
Which was the cause of all the wrack of Troy,  
Was not receiued with a greater ioy,  
Then was the same (my loue) thou sent to me,  
It healed my soze it made my sorowes free,  
It gaue me hope it banisht mine annoy:  
Thy happy hand full oft of me was blist,  
That can geue such a salue when that thou list.

Manhod auaieth not without  
good fortune.

The coward oft whom deinty viandes fed,  
That boasted much his ladies cares to please,  
By helpe of them whom vnder him he led  
Hath reapt the palme & valiance could not cease.  
The vnerpert & shozes vknownen nere sought,  
Whom Neptune yet apaled not with feare:  
In wandring shippe on trustles seas hath taught  
The skill to fele that time to long doth leare.  
The sporting knight that scorneth Cupides kind  
With fained chere the pained cause to brede:  
In game vnhides the leden sparkes of minde,  
And gaines & gole, where glowing flames should  
Thus I se profe & trouth & manly hart (spede,  
May not auaille, if fortune chaunce to start.

That constancy of al vertues  
is most worthy.

Though in the ware a perfect picture made,  
Doth shewe as faire as in the marble stone,  
Yet do we see it is esteemed of none.  
Because that fire or force the forme doth fade.  
Whereas the marble holden is full dere,  
Since that endures the date of lenger dayes,  
Of Diamondes it is the greatest praise.

So long to last and alwaies one tappare.  
 Then it we do esteeme that thing for best,  
 Which in perfection lengest time doth last:  
 And that most vaine that turnes with euery blast  
 What iewel then with tong can be exprest?  
 Like to that hart where loue hath framed such feath,  
 That can not fade but by the forces of death.

The vncertaine state of  
 a louer,

**L**ike as the rage of raine,  
 Filleth riuers with excesse,  
 And as the drought againe,  
 Doth draw them lesse and lesse,  
 So I both fall and cline,  
 With no and yea sometime.  
 As they swell hie and hye,  
 So doth encrease my state,  
 As they fall dye and dye  
 So doth my welth abate,  
 As yea is mixt with no,  
 So mirth is mixt with wo.  
 As nothing can endure,  
 That liues and lacks reliefe,  
 So nothing can stande sure,  
 Where change doth raigne as chiefe,  
 Wherefore I must intende,  
 To bowe when others bende.  
 And when they laugh to smile,  
 And when they wepe to waile,  
 And when they craft, begile,  
 And when they fight, assaile,  
 And thinke there is no chaunge,  
 Can make them seme to straunge.  
 Oh most vnhappy slaue,  
 What man may leade thys course,  
 To lacke he would faynest haue,  
 Or els to do much worse.  
 These be rewardes for such,



## Songes

As liue and lone to much.

The louer in libertie smileth at them  
in thraldome, that sometime  
scorned his bon-  
dage.

**A**t libertie I sit and see,  
Them that haue erst laught me to scozne:  
Whipt with the whip that scourged me  
And now they banne that they were bozne.

I see them sit full soberlye,  
And think their earnest lokes to hide:  
Now in them selues they cannot spye.  
That they or this in me haue spide.

I see them sitting all alone,  
Marking the steppes ech worde and loke:  
And now they treade where I haue gone  
The painfull pathe that I forsoke,

Now I see well I saw no whit.  
When they saw well that now are blinde  
But happy hap hath made me quit,  
And iust iugement hath them assinde.

I see them wander al alone,  
And treade full fast in dzedfull dout.  
The selfe same pathe that I haue gone,  
Blessed be hap that brought me out.

At libertie all this I see,  
And say no word but earst among.  
Smiling at them that laugh at me,  
Lo such is hap, marke well my song.

A comparison of his loue with  
the faithfull and painful loue  
of Troilusto  
Creside.

Read how Troilus serued in Troy,

A lady long and many a day,  
And how he bode so great annoy,  
For her as all the stozies say.

That halfe the paine had neuer man,  
Which had this wofull Troyan than.

His youth, his sport, his pleasant chere  
His courtly state and company,  
In him so strangely altred were,  
With such a face of contrary.

That euery ioy became a wo,  
This payson new had turnde him so.

And what men thought might most him ease  
And most that for his comfort stode,  
The same bid most his minde displease,  
And set him most in furious mode,  
For all his pleasure euer lay,  
To thinke on her that was away.

His chamber was his comon walke,  
wherin he kept him secretly,  
He made his bed the place of talke,  
To heare his great extremity.  
In nothing els had he delight,  
But euen to be a martyr right.

And now to call her by her name  
And straight therewith to sigh and throbbe:  
And when his fancies might not frame,  
Then into teares and so to sobbe,  
All in extreames and thus he lyes,  
Making two fountaines of his eyes.

As agues haue sharpe shiftes of fits  
Of cold and heat successiuelly:  
So had his head like change of wits:  
His patience wrought so diuersly,  
Now vp, now down, now here, now there,  
Like one that was he wist not where.

And thus though he were Pryams sonne  
And comen of the kinges hye blood,  
This care he had ere he hit wonne,  
Till she that was his maistresse good,  
And loth to se her seruant so,  
Became phisicion to his wo,



## Songes

And toke him to her handes and grace  
and said she would her minde apply,  
To helpe him in his wofull case,  
If she might be his remedy.  
and thus they say to ease his smart,  
She made him owner of her hart,  
And truth it is except they lye,  
From that day forth her study went,  
To shew to loue him faithfully,  
and his whole minde full to content.  
So happy a man at last was he,  
and eke so worthy a woman she.

Le lady then iudge you by this,  
Mine ease, and how my case doth fall,  
For sure betwene my life and his,  
No difference ther is at all:  
His care was great so was his paine,  
and mine is not the least of twaine.

For what he felt in seruice true  
For her whome that he loued so,  
The same I fele as large for you,  
To whom I do my seruice owe.  
Ther was that time in him no paine,  
But now the same in me doth raine.

Which if you can compare and way,  
and how I stand in euery plight,  
Then this for you I dare well say,  
Your heart must nedes remooue of right  
To graunt me grace and so to do,  
as Creside then did Troylus to.

For well I wot you are as good,  
and euen as faire as euer was she,  
and comen of as worthy blood,  
and haue in you as large pite  
To tender me your own true man,  
as she did him her seruant than.

Which gift I pray God for my sake,  
Full sone and shortly you me send,  
So shall you make my sorowes slake,  
So shall you bring my wo to ende.  
And set me in as happy case,  
as Troylus with his lady was.

To leade a vertuous and  
honest life. ¶

Flee from the ppease and dwell with sothfastnes,  
Suffise to thee thy good though it be small,  
Goz horde hath hate, and climbing ticklenes,  
Praise hath enuy, and weall is blinde in all,  
Fauour no more, then thee behoue shall.  
Rede well thy selfe that others well canst rede,  
And trouth shall thee deliuer, it is no dzeade.  
Paine thee not eche croked to redzesse,  
In hope of her that turneth as a ball,  
Great rest standeth in litle businesse,  
Beware also to spurne against a nail,  
Striue not as doth a crock against a wall  
Deme first thy selfe, that demest others dede,  
And truth shall thee deliuer, it is no dzeade.  
That thee is sent, receiue in buxomnesse,  
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall:  
Here is no home, here is but wildernessse,  
Forth pilgryme forth, forth beast out of thy stall,  
Looke vp on hye, geue thanks to God of all:  
Weane well thy lust, and honest life ap leade,  
So trouth shall the deliuer, it is no dzeade.

The wounded louer determineth  
to make sute to his lady  
for his recure.

Sins Mars first moued warre oz stirred men to strife,  
Was neuer sene so scarce a fight, I scarce could scape with life,  
Resist so long I did, till death approached so nye,  
To saue my selfe I thought it best, with speede away to flye.  
In danger still I fled, by flight I thought to scape  
From my dere foe, it vailed not, alas it was to late.  
Foz Venus from her campe brought Cupide with his bronde,  
Who sayd now yelde, oz els desire shall chace thee in euery londe.  
Yet would I not straight yelde, till fiansy fiercely stroke,  
Who from my will did cut the raines & charged me with this poke.

Æ. 11.

Then



## Songes

Then all the daies and nightes mine care might heare the sound,  
What carefull sighs my hart would scale, to feele it self so bound,  
For though within my brest: thy care I worke (he sayde)  
Why for good will didst thou behold her perling eye displayd,  
Alas the fishe is caught, through baite that hides the hooke,  
Euen so her eye me trained hath, and tangled with her looke.  
But oz that it be long, my hart thou shalt be faine.  
To stay my life pray her forth throw swete lokes when I complain  
When that she shall deny, to do me that good turne,  
Then shall she see to allhes gray, by flames my body burne.  
Desert of blame to her, no wight may yet impute,  
For feare of nay I neuer sought, the way to frame my sute,  
Yet hap that what hap shall, delay I may to long,  
Alas I shall for I heare say, the still man oft hath wrong.

The louer shewing of the continuall paines  
that abide within his brest, determineth  
to die because he can  
not haue redresse.

The dolefull bell that still doth ring,  
The wofull knell of all my ioyes:  
The wretched hart doth perce and wring,  
And filles mine eare with deadly noyes.  
The hongry Wiper in my brest,  
That on my hart doth lye and gnaw:  
Doth dayly brede my new vnrest,  
And deper sighes doth cause me draw.  
And though I force both hand and eye,  
On pleasant matter to attend:  
My sorowes to deceiue thereby,  
And wretched life for to amend  
Yet goeth the mill within my hart,  
Which grindeth nought but paine and wo:  
And turneth all my ioy to smart,  
The euil cozne it yeldeth so.  
Though Venus smile with yelding eyes,  
And swete-musicke doth play and sing:  
Yet doth my sprites feele none of these,  
The clacke doth at mine eare so ring.

As smallest sparkes vncared for,  
To greatest flames do sonest grow,  
Euen so did this mine inward soze,  
Begyn in game and end in wo.

And now by vse so swift it goeth,  
That nothing can mine ears so fill:  
But that the clacke it ouergoeth,  
And plucketh me backe into the mill.

But since the mill will nedes about,  
The pinne wheron the whele doth go:  
I will assay to strike it cut,  
And so the mill to ouerthrow.

The power of loue ouer gods  
themselues.

For loue Apollo (hys Godhed set aside)  
Was seruant to the king of Thessaley.  
Whose daughter was so pleasant in his eye.  
That both his harpe and sawtrey he deside:  
And bagpipe solace of the rurall byde,  
Did pufte and blowe, and on the holtes hye,  
His cattell kept with that rude melody,  
And oft eke him that doth the heauens gide.  
Hath loue transformed to shapen for him to base  
Transmuted thus somtime a swan is he.  
Leda taccoe, and est Europe to please,  
A milde white bull, vntwinkled front and face,  
Suffreth her play till on his back lepe she,  
Whom in great care he ferieth through the seas,

The promise of a constant louer.

As Lawzell leaues that cease not to be grene,  
From parching sunne, nor yet from winters threte  
As hardened oke that feareth no sword so kene,  
As flint for toole in twaine that will not freate,  
As fast as rocke, or pillar suerly set:  
So fast am I to you, and ay haue bene,  
Assuredly whome I cannot forgeat,



## Songes

For ioy, for paine, for torment nor for tene,  
For losse, for gaine, for frowning, nor for thzet,  
But euer one, yea both in calme and blast,  
Your faithfull frende, and will be to my last.

Agaynst him that had flaundered  
a gentle woman with  
him selfe.

False may be, and by the powers aboue,  
Neuer haue he good speede or lucke in loue,  
That so can ipe or spot the worthy fame,  
Of her for whom thou art to blame,  
For chaste Diane that hunteth still the chace,  
And all her maides that sue her in the race,  
With faire bowes bent and arrowes by their side,  
Can say that thou in this hast falsely lide,  
For neuer honge the bow vppon the wall,  
Of Dianas temple, no nor neuer shall,  
Of broken chaste the sacred bow to spot,  
Of her whome thou dost charge so large I wot,  
But if ought be wherof her blame may rise,  
It is in that she did not well aduise  
To marke thee right, as now she doth thee know  
False of thy dede, false of thy talke also.  
Lurker of kinde like serpent layd to bite,  
As popson hid vnder the suger white.  
What danger suche: So was the house defilde,  
Of Collatiue: so was the wife begilde,  
So smarted she, and by a trayterous force,  
The cartage queene so she fordid her corse.  
So strangled was the Rodopeian maide,  
Fye traytour fye, to thy shame be it sayd,  
Thou dounghill Crow that crokest against the rayne:  
Home to thy hole, brag not with Phebe againe,  
Carriou for thee, and lothsome be thy voyce,  
Thy song is fowle, I weary of thy noyce.  
Thy blacke fetters, which are thy wearing wede,  
Wet them with teares, and sorow for thy dede.  
And in derke caues, where ykesome wormes do crepe,  
Lurke thou all day, and fye when thou shouldest slepe.

And

And neuer light where liuing thing hath life,  
 But eat and drinke where stinche and filth is rife:  
 For she that is a fowle of feathers bright,  
 Comit she toke some pleasure in thy sight,  
 Is foule of state sometimes delight to take,  
 Foule of meane sort their flight with them to make,  
 For play of wing, or solace of their kinde:  
 But not in sort as thou dost breake thy minde.  
 Not for to tread with such foule fowle as thou,  
 No no I sweare, and dare it here auow.  
 Thou neuer settest thy foote within her nest,  
 Boast not so broade then to thine owne vnrest,  
 But blushe for shame, for in thy face it standes,  
 And thou canst not vnspot it with thy handes,  
 For all the heauens against thee recorde beare,  
 And all in earth against thee eke will sweare,  
 That thou in this art euen none other man,  
 But as the iudges were to Susan than.  
 Forgers of that wherto their lust them prickt,  
 Washe, blaser then the truth hath thee conuict.  
 And she a woman of her worthy fame,  
 Unspotted standes, & thou hast caught the shame.  
 And there I pray to God that it may rest,  
 False as thou art, as false as is the best,  
 That so canst wrong the noble kinde of man,  
 In whom all trouth first flourishd and began.  
 And so hath stand, till now thy wretchd part,  
 Hath spotted vs, of whose kinde one thou art.  
 That all the shame that euer rose or may,  
 Of shamfull dede on thee may light I say.  
 And on thy kinde, and thus I wishe thee rather,  
 That all thy seede may like be to their father.  
 Untrue as thou, and forgers as thou art,  
 So as al we be blamelesse of thy part,  
 And of thy dede. And thus I do thee leaue,  
 Still to be false, and falsely to deceaue.

### Apraise of mistres R.

I heard when fame with thundring voice did common to appere,  
 The chiefe of natures children all that kinde hath placed here.



## Songes

To view what brute by vertue got their lines could iustly craue,  
 And bad the shew what praise by truth they worthy were to haue,  
 wherewith I saw how Venus came and put her self in place,  
 And gaue her ladies leaue at large to stand & pleade their case.  
 Ech one was calde by name a tow, in that assemble there,  
 That hence are gone oz here re maines, in court oz other where,  
 A solemne silence was proclaimde, the iudges sate and herd,  
 what truth could tell, oz craft could fain, & who should be preferd.  
 Then beauty kept befoze the barre, whose brest & neck was bare  
 With heare trust vp, and on her hed a caule of gold she ware.  
 Thus Cupides thralles begā to flock whose houngrý eyes did say  
 That she had stained all the dames that present were that day.  
 For er she spake, & whispzing wordes, the pase was fild through=  
 And fansy forced comon voyce, therat to giue a shoute. (out  
 which cried to fame take forth thy tromp, & sound her praise on hye  
 That glads the hart of euery wight that her beholdes with eye.  
 What stirre and rule (quod order than) do these rude people make,  
 We hold her best that shall deserue a praise for vertues sake,  
 This sentence was no soner said, but beauty therewith blusht,  
 The noise did cease, the hall was still & euery thing was whusht.  
 Then finenesse thought by training talke to win that beauty lost,  
 And whet her tong with ioly wordes, and spared for no cost:  
 pet wantonnesse could not abide, but bzake her tale in hast,  
 And peuisly pride for Decockes plumes wold nedes be hpest plast.  
 And therewithall came curiousnesse and carped out of frame.  
 The audience laught to heare the strife as they beheld the same.  
 pet reason sone apesde the brute her reuerence made and doon,  
 She purchaced fauour for to speake, and thus her tale begoon.  
 Sins bounty shall the garlond weare, and crowned be by fame,  
 Ohappy iudges call for her, for she deserues the same.  
 wher tēperance gouerns beauties flowers & glozy is not sought  
 And shamfalle mekenes mastreth prid, & vertue dwels in thought.  
 Bid her come forth and shew her face, oz els assent eche one,  
 That true report shall graue her name in gold oz marble stone.  
 For all the world to reade at will, what worthines doth rest,  
 In perfect pure vnspotted life, which she hath here posselt.  
 Then skill rose vp and sought the pzease to finde if that he might,  
 A person of such honest name, that men should praise of right.  
 This one I saw full sadly sit, and shzinke her self a side,  
 whose sober lokes did shew what giftes her wisely grace did hyde  
 Lo here (quod skill, good people all) is Lucrece left aliuē,  
 And she shall most excepted be, that least for praise did strine.

No lenger fame could hold her peace, but blew a blast to hye,  
 That made an eckow in the ayre and sowning through the skye.  
 The voice was loude, and thus it sayd, come W. with happy dayes  
 Thy honest life hath worne the fame, & crowned thee with praise.  
 And when I heard my maistres name, I thrust amids the throng,  
 And clapt my handes & wisht of God that she might prosper long.

Of one vniustly  
 defamed. ¶

I Pe can close in short and cunning verse,  
 Thy worthy praise of bounty by desert:  
 The hatefull spite and sclaunder to reherse:  
 Of them that see but know not what thou art.  
 For kinde by craft hath wrought thee so to eye,  
 That no wight may thy wit and vertue spy,  
 But he haue other fele then outward sight,  
 The lacke wherof doth hate and spite to trie  
 Thus kinde by craft is let of vertues light:  
 See how the outward shew the wittes may dull:  
 Not of the wise but as the most entend,  
 Minerva yet might neuer perce their scull,  
 That Circes cup and Cupides bzand hath blend,  
 Whose fonde affectes now stirred haue their bzaime  
 So doth thy hap thy hue with colour skame.  
 Beauty thy foe thy shape doubleth thy soze,  
 To hyde thy wit and shew thy vertue vaine,  
 Sell were thy fate, if wisdom were not more:  
 I meane by thee euen G. by name,  
 Whom stormy wyndes of enuy and disdain,  
 DoASSE with boistcous blastes of wicked fame  
 Where stedfastnesse as chief in thee doth raigne.  
 Pacience thy settled minde doth guide and stee,  
 Silence and shame with many resteth there.  
 Till tyme thy mother list them forth to call,  
 Happy is he that may enioy them all.

of the death of the late countesse  
 of Penbrok. ¶

P. 4.

Pet



## Songes

Et once againe my muse I pardon pray,  
Thine intermitted song if I repeate:  
Not in such wise as when loue was my pay,  
My ioly wo with ioyfull verse to treat.  
But now (vnthanke to our desert be geuen,  
Which merite not a heauens gift to kepe)  
Thou must with me bewaile that fate hath reuen,  
From earth a iewell laide in earth to slepe.  
A iewel, yea a gemme of womanhed,  
Whose perfect vertues linked as in chaine:  
So did adorne that humble wiuely hed,  
As is not rife to finde the like againe.  
For wit and lerning framed to obey,  
Her husbandes wyll that wyllled her to vse  
The loue he bare her chiefly as a stay,  
For al her frēdes that would her furtherāce chuse  
Wel said therfore a heauens gift she was,  
Because the best are sonest hence bereft:  
And though her selfe to heauen hence did passe,  
Her spoile to earth from whence it came she left.  
And to vs teares her absence to lament,  
And eke his chaunce that was her make by law:  
Whose losse to lose so great an ornament,  
Let the esteme which true loues knot can draw.

That ech thing is hurt of

it selfe.

*Chorus ledit  
in si a seipso.*  
Why fearest thou thy outward so,  
When thou thy selfe thy harme dost fede,  
Of grief, or hurt, of paine or wo,  
Within eche thing is sownen the sede,  
So fine was neuer yet the cloth,  
No smith so hard his yron did beate:  
But thone consumed was with mothe,  
Whether with canker all to create.  
The knotty oke and waynscot old,  
Within doth eate the selly worme  
Euen so a minde in enuy rold,  
Alwayes within it selfe doth burne.

Thus

Thus euery thing that nature wrought  
 within it selfe his hurt doth beare:  
 No outward harme nede to be sought,  
 where enemies be within so neare.

### Of the choise of a wife.

The flickering fame that flieth frō eare to eare  
 And ay her strength encreaseth with her flight,  
 Geues first the cause why men to heare delight  
 Of those whom she doth note for beautie bright,  
 And with this fame that fleeth on so fast,  
 Fausy doth hyc when reason makes no halt.

And yet not so content they wishe to see  
 And thereby know if fame haue saide aright,  
 More trusting to the triall of their eye,  
 Then to the bzute that goes of any wight,  
 wise in that point that lightly wpll not leue,  
 Unwise to seke that may them after greue.

who knoweth not how sight may loue allure,  
 And kindle in the hart a hot desire:

The eye to worke that fame could not procure,  
 Of greater cause there commeth hotter fire.

For ere he wete him selfe he feleth warme,  
 The fame and eye the causers of his harme,

Let fame not make her knowē whō I shal know

Noz yet mine eye therin to be my gyde:

Suffiseth me that vertue in her grow,  
 whose simple life her fathers walles do hide,

Content with this I leaue the rest to go,

And in such choise shall stande my welch and wo.

### Description of an vngodly worlde.

**VV**ho lones to liue in peace, and marketh enery change,

shall here such newes frō time to time, as seme right wondrous

Such fraud in frendly lokes, such frendship all for game: (strāge

Such cloked wzath in hateful hartz, which worldly men reſayne.

Such fayned flattering faith, amongs both hyc and low:



## Songes

Such great deceit, such subtill wittes, the poore to ouerthrowe:  
 Such spite in sugred tonges, such malice full of pryde:  
 Such open wrong such great vnt ruth, which can not go vnspide.  
 Such restlesse sute for rowmes, which bringeth men to care:  
 Such sliding downe from slippery seates, yet can we not beware,  
 Such barking at the good, such bolstring of the ill:  
 Such threatning of the wrath of god, such vice embraced still.  
 Such strining for the best, such clymping to estate:  
 Such great dissembling euery where, such loue all mixt with hate.  
 Such traines to trap the iust, such prouiding faultes to pike:  
 Such cruell wordes for speaking trouthe, who euer heard the like:  
 Such strife for stirring strawes, such disoord dayly wrought:  
 Such forged tales dul wits to blind, such matters made of nought  
 Such trifles told for trouthe, such crediting of lyes,  
 Such silence kept when fooles do speak, such laughing at the wise  
 Such plenty made so scarce, such cryeng for redresse:  
 Such feared signes of our decay, which tong dares not expresse.  
 Such changes lightly markt, such troubles still apperes,  
 Which neuer were before this time, no not this thousand yeres.  
 Such byrbing for the purse, which euer gapes for more.  
 Such hording vp of worldly wealth, such keeping mucke in store.  
 Such folly founde in age, such will in tender youth,  
 Such sundry sortes among great clerkes, & few that speake of truth.  
 Such falshed vnder craft, and such vnstedfast wayes,  
 Was neuer seen within mens harts, as is founde now adayes.  
 The cause and grounde of this, is our vnquiet minde,  
 Which thinkes to take those goodes away, which we must leue be.  
 Why do men seke to get which they can not possesse? (hinde  
 Or breake their slepes with careful thoughtes & all for wretchednes  
 Though one amanges a skore, hath welth and ease a while,  
 A thousand want which toileth sore and trauaile many a mile.  
 And some although they slepe, yet wealth falles in their lap,  
 Thus some be riche, and some be poore, as fortune geues the hap.  
 wherfore I holde him wise, which thinkes him selfe at ease,  
 And is content in simple state, both god and man to please.  
 For those that liue like Gods, and honoured are to day:  
 Within short time their glozy falles as flowers do fade away.  
 Uncertaine is their liues on whom this worlde wyll frowne:  
 For though they sit aboue the starres, a storme may strike the downe.  
 In welth who feares no fall, may slide from ioy full sone:  
 There is nothing so sure on earth, but changeth as the mone.  
 What pleasure hath the riche, or ease more then the poore?

Although he haue a pleasaunt house, his trouble is the more.  
 They bowe and speake him faire, which seke to sucke his blood:  
 And some do wishe his soule in hell, and all to haue his good.  
 The coueting of the goodes, doth nought but dull the sprite.  
 And some men chaunce to tast the sower, that gropeth for the swete.  
 The riche is still enuied by those which eate his bread:  
 with fawning speche and flattring tales his cares are dayly fed.  
 In fine I see and proue the riche haue many foes,  
 He slepeth best, and careth least, that little hath to lose.  
 As time requireth now, who would auoide much strife:  
 were better liue in poore estate, then leade a princes life.  
 To passe those troublesome times I see but little choise:  
 But helpe to waile with those that wepe, & laugh whē they reioice  
 For as we se to day, our brother brought in care:  
 To morow may we haue such chaunce to fall with him in snare.  
 Of this we may be sure, who thinkes to sit most fast,  
 Shall sonest fall like withered leaues that can not bide a blast.  
 Though that the flood be great, the ebbe as low doth runne:  
 when euery man hath playd his part our pagent shalbe donne.  
 who trustes this wretched worlde, I hold him worse then madde  
 Here is not one that feareth God, the best is all to badde.  
 For those that seme as saintes, are deuilles in their dedes,  
 Though that the earth bzinges furth some flowers it bereth many  
 I see no present helpe from mischief to preuaile, (weddes  
 But flee the seas of worldly care or beare a quiet sayle,  
 For who that medleth least, shall saue him selfe from smart,  
 who stirres an oare in euery boate shall play a foolish part.

The dispairing louer la-  
menteth.

Walking the path of pensiue thought,  
 I askt my heart how came this wo:  
 Thine eye (quod he) this care me brought,  
 Thy mynd, thy witte, thy will also  
 Enforceth me to loue her euer,  
 This is the cause ioy shall I neuer.  
 And as I walkt as one dismaide,  
 Thinking that wrong this wo me lent:  
 Right, sent me worde by wrath, which sayd,  
 This iust iudgement to thee is sent:

Neuer



## Songes

Neuer to dye, but dying euer,  
Till breath thee faile, ioy shalt thou neuer,  
Sith right doth iudge this wo tendure,  
Of health of wealth, of remedy:  
As I haue done so be she sure,  
Of faith and truth vntill I dye.  
And as this paine cloke shall I euer,  
So inwardly ioy shall I neuer.

Gripping of gripes greue not so sore.  
Nor serpent's sting causeth such smart,  
Nothing on earth may paine me more,  
Then sight that perst my wofull hart:  
Drowned with cares still to perseuer,  
Come death betimes ioy shall I neuer.

Libertie why dost thou swerue:  
And steale away thus all at ones:  
And I in prison like to sterue,  
For lacke of foode do gnaw on bones.  
My hope and trust in thee was euer,  
Now thou art gone ioy shall I neuer.

But still as one all desperate,  
To leade my life in mysery:  
Sith feare from hope hath lockt the gate,  
Where pitie should graunt remedy.  
Dispaire this lot assignes me euer,  
To liue in paine, ioy shall I neuer.

The louer praieth his seruice to  
be accepted, and his de-  
faultes pardoned.

Procris that sometime serued Cephalus,  
With hart as true as any louer might,  
Yet her betid in louing this vnrigh,  
That as in hart with loue surprised thus,  
She on a day to see this Cephalus,  
Where he was wont to shrowde him in the shade:  
When of his hunting he an ende had made.  
Within the woodes with dyledfull foote forth stalketh,

So

So busily loue in her hed it walketh.  
 That she to sene him may her not restraine,  
 This Cephalus that heard one shake the leaues,  
 Uprist all egre thrusting after pray,  
 With dart in hand him list no further daine,  
 To see his loue but slew her in the greaues,  
 That ment to him but perfect loue alway.

So curious bene alas the rites all,  
 Of mighty loue that vnnethes may I thinke,  
 In his high seruice how to loke or winke.  
 Thus I complaine that wretchedst am of all,  
 To you my loue, and soueraine lady dere.  
 That may my hart with death or life sterc,  
 As ye best list. That ye vouchsafe in all  
 Mine humble seruice. And if me misfall,  
 By negligence, or els for lacke of wit,  
 That of your mercy you do pardon it.  
 And think that loue made Procrin shake the leues,  
 When with vnright she slaine was in the greues.

### Description and praise of his loue.

Like the Phenix a birde most rare in sight,  
 That nature hath with gold and purple drest:  
 Such she me semes in whom I most delight,  
 If I might speake for enuy at the least.  
 Nature I thinke first wrought her in despite,  
 Of rose and lilly that sommer bringeth first.  
 In beautie sure exceeding all the rest.  
 Under the bent of her browes iustly pight:  
 As Diamondes or Saphires at the least:  
 Her glistring lightes the darkenesse of the night.  
 Whose little mouth and chinne like all the rest.  
 Her ruddy lippes excede the corall quite.  
 Her puery teeth where none excedes the rest.  
 Faultlesse she is from foote vnto the waste:  
 Her body small and straight as mast vpight,  
 Her armes long in iust propozcion cast,  
 Her handes depaint with veines all blew and white.  
 what



## Songes

what shall I say for that is not in sight:  
The hidden partes I iudge them by the rest.  
And if I were the foreman of the quest,  
To geue a verdict of her beautie bright,  
Forgeue me Phebus, thou sholdst be dispossess  
which dost vsurpe my ladies place of right  
Here will I cease lest enuy cause despise.  
But nature whē she wrought so faire a wight  
In this her worke she surely did intend,  
To frame a thing that God could not amend.

The louer declareth his paines  
to excede faire the paines  
of hell.

The soules that lacked grace.  
which lye in bitter paine:  
Are not in such a place,  
As foolish folke do faine.  
Tormented all with fyre,  
And boyle in leade againe,  
With serpentis full of pyre,  
Stong oft with deadly paine.  
Then cast in frosen pittes:  
To freze there certeine howres:  
And for their painfull fittes,  
Appointed tormentours.  
No no it is not so,  
Their sorow is not such:  
And yet they haue of wo,  
I dare say twise as much.  
which comes because they lacke  
The sight of the Godhed,  
And be from that kept backe  
wherwith are angels fed.  
This thing know I by loue  
Through absence crueltie,  
which makes me for to proue  
Hell paine befoze I die.

There

There is no tong can tell  
My thousand part of care  
Ther may no fire in hell,  
with my desire compare.

No boyling leade can pas  
My scalding sighes in hete:  
Nor snake that euer was,  
with stinging can so frete

A true and tender hart,  
As my thoughtes dayly doe,  
So that I know but smart,  
And that which longes therto.

O Cupid Venus sonne,  
As thou hast showed thy might,  
And hast this conquest woon,  
Now end the same aright.

And as I am thy slaue,  
Contented with al this:  
So helpe me soone to haue  
My perfect earthly blisse.

Of the death of sir Thomas  
wiate the elder.

**L** O dead he liues, that whilome liued here,  
Among the dead that quick go on the ground,  
Though he be dead, yet doth he quick apere,  
By liuely name that death cannot confound  
Hys life for ay of fame the trump shall sound,  
Though he be dead, yet liues he here aliue.  
Thus can no death from wiate, life depriue.

That length of time consumeth  
all thinges.

**VV** hat harder is then stone, what moze then water soft?  
yet with soft water drops, hard stones be perled soft.  
what geues so strong impulse,  
That stone ne may withstand?  
what geues moze weake repulse,  
Then water prest with hand?



## Songes

Yet weke though water be,  
It holowith hardest flint:  
By prooofe wherof we see,  
Time geues the greatest dint,

The beginning of the epistle of Penelope to Vlisses, made into  
verse.

O Lingring make Vlisses dere, thy wife lo sendes to thee,  
Her dzyrre plaint write not againe, but come thy self to me.  
Our hatefull scourge that womans foe proud Troy now is fordon  
we bye it derer, though Priam slaine, and al his kingdome won.  
O that the raging surges great that lechers bane had wrought,  
When first with ship he forowd seas, and Lacedemon sought  
In desert bed my shiuering coarse then shold not haue sought rest,  
Nor take in grief the cherefull sunne so slowly fal to west.  
And whiles I cast long running nights, how best I might begile  
No distaff should my widowish hand haue weary made the while,  
When dread I not more daungers great then are befall in dede:  
Loue is a carefull thing God wot and passing ful of dzyde.

The louer asketh pardon of his passed  
follie in loue.

Y Du that in play peruse my plaint, and reade in tyme the sinart,  
which in my youth with sighes full cold I harbourd in my hart.  
Know ye that loue in that fraile age, draue me to that distresse,  
when I was half another man, then I am now to gesse.  
Then for this worke of wauering words where I now rage now  
Cost in the toyes of troublous loue, as care or comfort grew. (rew  
I trust with you that ioues assayres by prooofe haue put in byr:  
Not onely pardon in my plaint, but pitie to procure.  
For now I wot that in the world a wonder haue I be,  
And where to log loue made me blind, to late shame makes me se:  
Thus of my fault shame is the fruite, and for my youth thus past,  
Repentance is my recompence, and thus I learne at last.  
Looke what the world hath most in price, as sure it is to kepe,  
Is is the dreame which fansie dzyues, while sence and reason slepe.  
The

The louer sheweth that he was stricken by  
loue on good friday.

**I**t was the day on which the sunne depriued of hys light,  
To rew Christs death amid his course gaue place vnto y<sup>e</sup> night.  
When I amid mine ease did fall to such distemperate fits,  
That for the face that hath my hart I was bereft my wits.  
I had the baite, the hooke and all, and wilt not loues pretence  
But farde as one that fearde none yll, nor forst for no defence.  
Thus dwelling in most quiet state, I fell into this plight,  
And that day gan my secret sighes, when al folke wept in sight.  
For loue that bewed me boide of care, approcht to take hys pray,  
And stept by stelth from eye to hart, so open lay the way.  
And straight at eyes brake out in teares, so salt that did declare,  
By token of their bitter taste that they were forgoe of care.  
Now baunt thee loue which fliest a maid defendst w<sup>th</sup> vertues rare,  
And wounded hast a wight vnwise, vnweaponed and vnware.

The louer describeth his whole state vnto his loue  
and promising her his faithfull good  
will, assureth himself of hers  
again.

**T**he Sunne when he hath spred his rayes,  
And shewde his face ten thousand waies,  
Ten thousand thinges do then begin,  
To shew the life that they are in.  
The heauen shewes liuely art and hue,  
Of sundry shapes and colours nue.  
And laughes vpon the earth anone.  
The earth as cold as any stone,  
Wet in the teares of her own kinde:  
Gins then to take a ioyful minde.  
For well she feesles that out and out.  
The sunne doth warme her round about,  
And dries her children tenderly,  
And shewes them forth full orderly.  
The mountaines hye and how they stand,  
The valleries and the great maine land.  
The trees, the herbes, the towers strong,  
The castels and the riuers long.



## Songes

And euen for ioy thus of this heate,  
She sheweth furth her pleasures great.  
And slepes no more but sendeth forth  
Her clergions her own dere worth.  
To mount and flye vp to the ayre,  
Where then they sing in ordre faire.  
And tell in song full merely,  
How they haue slept full quietly,  
That night about their mothers sides,  
And when they haue song more besides,  
Then fall they to their mothers brestes,  
Where eis they fede or take their restes,  
The hunter then soundes out his horne,  
And rangeth straite through wood and corne,  
On hilles then shew the Cwe and Lambe,  
And euery yong one with his dambe.  
Then louers walk and tell their tale,  
Both of their blisse and of their bale  
And how they serue, and how they do,  
And how their lady loues them to.  
Then tune the birdes their armonie.  
Then flock the foule in companie.  
Then euery thing doth pleasure finde,  
In that that comforts al their kinde.  
No dreames do drench them of the night,  
Of foes that would them flea or bite,  
As Houndes to hunt them at the taile,  
Or men force them thzough hill and dale,  
The shepe then dreames not of the woulf.  
The shipman forces not the goulf.  
The Lambe thinkes not the butchers knife,  
Should then bereue him of his life.  
For when the Sunne doth once runne in,  
Then all their gladnes doth begin,  
And then their skips, and then their play  
So falles their sadnes then away.  
And thus all thinges haue comforting,  
In that that doth them comfort bring,  
Haue I alas, whom neither sunne,  
Nor ought that god hath wrought and don.  
May comfort ought, as though I were  
A thing not made for comfort here.

For being absent from your sight,  
 which are my ioy and whole delight  
 My comfort and my pleasure to,  
 How can I ioy how should I do?  
 May sick men laugh that roze for paine?  
 For they in song that do complaine?  
 Are martirs in their torments glad?  
 Do pleasures please them that are mad?  
 Then how may I in comfort be,  
 That lacke the thing should comfort me?  
 The blind man oft that lackes hys sight,  
 Complaines not most the lack of light.  
 But those that knew their perfectnes,  
 And then do misse ther blisfulnes,  
 In martirs tunes they sing and waile,  
 The want of that which doth them faile.  
 And herof comes that in my braines,  
 So many fancies worke my paines  
 For when I wayghe your worthines,  
 Your wisdom and your gentilnes,  
 Your vertues and your sundry grace,  
 And minde the countenance of your face,  
 And how that you are she alone,  
 To whom I must both plaine and mone,  
 Whom I do loue and must do still,  
 Whom I embrace and ay so will,  
 To serue and please you as I can,  
 As may a wofull faithfull man.  
 And sinde my self so far you fro,  
 God knowes what torment and what wo,  
 My rufull hart doth then embrace,  
 The blood then chaungeth in my face.  
 My sinnewes dull, in dompes I stand,  
 No life I feeble in foote nor hand,  
 As pale as any clout and ded,  
 As sodeinly the blood ouerspzed,  
 And gone againe it nill so bide.  
 And thus from life to death I slide  
 As colde sometimes as any stone,  
 And then againe as hote anone.  
 Thus comes and goes my sundry fits,  
 To giue me sundry sortes of wits.



## Songes

Will that a sigh becomes my frende,  
And then to all this wo doth ende.  
And sure I think that sigh doth roon,  
From me to you where ay you woon,  
For wel I finde it easeth me,  
And certes much it pleaseth me.  
To think that it doth come to you,  
As would to God it could so do.  
For then I know you would soone finde,  
By sent and sauour of the winde,  
That euen a martirs sigh it is,  
Whose ioy you are and all his blis.  
His comfort and his pleasure eke,  
And euen the same that he doth seke.  
The same that he doth wish and craue,  
The same that he doth trust to haue.  
To tender you in all he may,  
And all your likinges to obay.  
As farre as in his powre shall lye:  
Will death shall darte him for to dye.  
But welaway myne owne most best,  
My ioy, my comfort and my rest.  
The causer of my wo and smart,  
And yet the pleaser of my hart.  
And she that on the earth aboue:  
Is euen the worthiest for to loue.  
Heare now my plaint, heare now my wo.  
Heare now his paine that loues you so.  
And if your hart do pitie beare,  
Pitie the cause that you shall heare.  
A doleful foe in al this dout,  
Who leaues me not but sekes me out,  
Of wretched forme and lothsome face,  
While I stand in this wofull case,  
Comes forth and takes me by the hand,  
And saies friend hark and vnderstand.  
I see well by thy port and chere,  
And by thy lokes and thy manere,  
And by thy sadnes as thou goest,  
And by the sighes that thou out throwest.  
That thou art stuffed full of wo,  
The cause I think I do well know.

A fan:

A fantasie thou art of some,  
 By whom thy wits are overcome.  
 But hast thou red old pamphlets ought?  
 Or hast thou knowen how bokes haue taught,  
 That loue doth vse to such as thou,  
 When they do think them safe enow,  
 And certein of their ladies grace:  
 Hast thou not sene of times the case,  
 That sodenly there hap hath turnde,  
 As thinges in flame consume and burnde  
 Some by disceite forsaken right.  
 Some likewise changed of fansie light.  
 And some by absence sone forgot,  
 The lottes in loue, why knowest thou not?  
 And tho that she be now thine own:  
 And knowes the well as may be knowne,  
 And thinkes the to be such a one.  
 As she likes best to be her own.  
 Thinkes thou that others haue not grace,  
 To shew and plain their wofull case:  
 And chose her for their lady now,  
 And swere her trouth as wel as thou.  
 And what if she do alter minde?  
 Where is the loue that thou wouldest finde?  
 Absence my frende workes wonders oft:  
 Now bringes full low that lay ful loft.  
 Now turnes the minde now to and fro,  
 And where art thou if it were so?  
 If absence (quod I) be marueilous,  
 I finde her not so daungerous.  
 For she may not remoue me fro,  
 The poze good will that I do owe  
 To her, whom vnneeth I loue and shall.  
 And chosen haue aboue them all.  
 To serue and be her own as far,  
 As any man may offer her.  
 And will her serue, and will her loue,  
 As lowly as it shall behoue.  
 And die her own if fate be so.  
 Thus shal my hart nay part her fro.  
 And witnes shall my good will be,  
 That absence takes her not from me.

But



## Songes

But that my loue doth still encrease,  
To minde her stil and neuer cease,  
And what I feele to be in me,  
The same good wil I think hath she.  
As firme and fast to biden ay,  
Will death depart vs both away.  
And as I haue my tale thus told,  
Steps vnto me with countenance bold:  
A stedfast frende a counsellour,  
And namde is hope my comfortour.  
And stoutly then he speakes and saies:  
Thou hast said trouth withouten naves,  
For I assure thee even by othe,  
And theron take my hand and trothe.  
That she is one the worthiest,  
The truest and the faithfullest.  
The gentlest and the meekest of minde:  
That here on earth a man may finde,  
And if that loue and trouth were gone,  
In her it might be founde alone.  
For in her minde no thought there is,  
But how she may be true iwis.  
And tenders thee and all thy heale,  
And wisheth both thy health and weale.  
And loues thee euen as farforth than,  
As any woman may a man.  
And is thyn owne and so she saies,  
And cares for thee ten thousand waies.  
On thee she speakes, on thee she thinkes,  
With thee she eates, with thee she drinks,  
With thee she talkes, with thee she mones,  
With thee she sighes, with thee she grones.  
With thee she saies farewell mine owne.  
When thou God knowes full farre art gon.  
And euen to tell thee all aright,  
To thee she saies full oft good night.  
And names thee oft, her owne most dere,  
Her comfort weale and all her chere.  
And telles her pillow al the tale,  
How thou hast don her wo and bale,  
And how she longes and plaines for thee,  
And saies why art thou so from me?

Am I not she that loues thee best?  
 Do I not wish thine ease and rest?  
 Seeke I not how I may thee please?  
 Why art thou then so from thine ease?  
 If I be she for whom thou carest,  
 For whom in torments so thou farest:  
 Alas thou knowest to finde me here,  
 Where I remaine thine owne most dere,  
 Thine owne most true thine owne most iust,  
 Thine owne that loues the still and must.  
 Thine owne that cares alone for thee,  
 As thou I think dost care for me.  
 And euen the woman she alone,  
 That is full bent to be thine owne,  
 What wilt thou more: what canst thou craue  
 Since she is as thou wouldest her haue.  
 Then set this diuell out of doze,  
 That in thy braines such tales doth poore.  
 Of absence and of changes straunge,  
 Send him to those that vse to chaunge.  
 For she is none I the auow,  
 And well thou maiest beleue me now.  
 When hope hath thus hys reason said,  
 Lord how I feele me wellapaide.  
 A new blood then ozelspreades my bones,  
 That al in ioy I stand at ones.  
 My handes I throw to heauen aboue,  
 And humbly thank the god of loue.  
 That of hys grace I should bestow,  
 My loue so well as I it owe,  
 And al the planets as they stand,  
 I thank them to with hart and hand.  
 That their aspectes so frendly were,  
 That I should so my good will bere,  
 To you that are the worthiest,  
 The fairest and the gentillest.  
 And best can say, and best can do,  
 That longes me thinkes a woman to.  
 And therefore are most worthy farre.  
 To be beloued as you are.  
 And so saies hope in al his tale,  
 Wherby he easeth al my bale.



## Songes

Foꝛ I beleue and thinke it true,  
That he doth speake oꝛ say of you.  
And thus contented lo I stand,  
With that that hope beares me in hand:  
That I am yours and shal so be,  
which hope I kepe full sure in me.  
As he that all my comfort is,  
On you alone which are my blis.  
My pleasure chief which most I finde,  
And euen the whole ioy of my minde.  
And shal so be untill the death,  
Shall make me yeld vp life and breath!  
Thus good mine own, lo here my trust.  
Lo here my truth and seruice iust.  
Lo in what case foꝛ you I stand.  
Lo how you haue me in your hand.  
And if you can requite a man,  
Requite me as you finde me than.

Of the troubled comon welth restored  
to quiet by the mighty power  
of god.

The secret flame that made all Troy so hot,  
Long did it lurke within the woden horse.  
The machine huge Trojans suspected not,  
The guiles of Grekes, noꝛ of their hiden force:  
Till in their beds their armed foes them met,  
And slew them there, and Troy on fire set.  
Then rose the roze of treason round about,  
And children could of treason cal and cry.  
wiues wrong thir hands, the whole fired town throughout,  
when that they saw their husbands slain them by.  
And to the gods and to the skies they shright,  
Vengeance to take foꝛ treason of that night.  
Then was the name of Sinon spred and blowne,  
And wherunto his filed tale did tend.  
The secret startes and metinges then were knowne,  
Of Trojan traitours tending to this end.  
And euery man could say as in that case:  
Treson in Anthenoꝛ and Eneas.

But

But all to long such wisdom was in store,  
To late came out the name of traytour than  
When that their king the aulter lay befoze  
Slaine there alas, that worthy noble man.

Alum on flame, the matrons cryeng out,  
And all the stretes in streames of blood about.

But such was fate, oz such was simple trust,  
That king and all should thus to ruine roon,  
For if our stozies certeine be and iust:

There were that saw such mischief should be doon  
And warning gaue which compted were in sozt,  
As sad deuines in matter but of spozt.

Such was the time and so in state it stodde,  
Troy trembled not so carelesse were the men,  
They brake y walles they toke this horse for good,  
They demed Grekes gone, they thought all suerty  
Whē treason start, and set the towne on fire, (then  
And stroyed Troyans & gaue Grekes their desire

Like to our time, wherin hath broken out,  
The hidden harme that we suspected least,  
Wombed within our walles and realme about,  
As Grekes in Troy were in the Grekish beast.  
Whose tempest great of harmes and of armes,  
We thought not on till it did noise our harmes.

Then felt we well the piller of our welth,  
How soze it shoke, then saw we euen at hand,  
Ruine how she rusht to confound our helth,  
Our realme and vs with force of mighty band.  
And then we heard how treason leude did roze:  
Whine is the rule, and raigne I wyll therfore.

Of treason marke the nature and the kynde,  
A face it beares of all humilitie,  
Truth is the cloke, and frendship of the minde,  
And depe it goes, and worketh secretly,  
Like to a mine that crepes so nye the wall,  
Till out breakes sulphure, and oreturneth al.

But he on hys that secretly beholdes  
The state of thinges: and times hath in hys hand,  
And pluckes in plages, and them againe vnsoldes.  
And hath apointed realmes to fall and stand:  
He in the midd of all this surre and rout,  
Can bend his browes, and moue him selfe about.



As who should say, and are ye minded so?  
 And thus to those, and whom you know I loue  
 Am I such one as none of you do know?  
 Or know ye not that I sit here about,  
 And in my handes do hold your welth & wo,  
 To raise you now, and now to ouerthrow?

Then thinke that I, as I haue set you all,  
 In places where your honours lay and fame:  
 So now my selfe shall geue you eche your fall,  
 Where eche of you shal haue your worthy shame  
 And in their handes I will your fall shalbe,  
 Whose fall in yours you sought so sore to see.

whose wisdom hee as he the same foresaw,  
 So is it wrought, such is his iustice is.  
 He is the Lord of man and of his law,  
 Praise therfore now his mighty name in this,  
 And make accopt that this our ease doth stand:  
 As Israell free from wicked Pharaos hand.

The louer to his loue: hauing for-  
 saken him, and betaken her  
 selfe to an other.

The bird that sometime built within my brest  
 And there as then chief succour did receiue:  
 Hath now els where built her another nest,  
 And of the old hath taken quite her leane.  
 To you mine olde that harbour mine old guest,  
 Of such a one, as I can now conceiue,  
 Sith that in change her choise doth chief consist  
 The hauke may check, & now comes faire to fist

The louer sheweth that in dis-  
 sembling his loue openly  
 he kepeth secret his  
 secret good wyll.

Not like a God came Iupiter to woo,  
 when he the faire Europa sought vnto,

An

In other forme his godly wisedome toke,  
 Such in effect as writeth Ouides boke.  
 As on the earth no living wight can tell,  
 That mighty Ioue did loue the quene so well.  
 For had he come in golden garmentes bright,  
 Or so as men mought haue stard on the sight:  
 Spred had it bene both through earth and aire,  
 That Ioue had loued the lady Europa faire.  
 And then had some bene angry at the hart,  
 And some againe as ielous for their part  
 Both which to stop, this gentle god toke mind,  
 To shape him selfe into a brutish kind,  
 To such a kinde as hid what state he was,  
 And yet did bring him what he sought to passe.  
 To both their ioyes, to both their confort sone,  
 Though knowne to none till all the thing was  
 In which attēpt if I the like assay, (done  
 To you to whom I do my selfe bewray:  
 Let it suffice that I do seke to be,  
 Not counted yours, and yet for to be he,

The louer disceiued by his loue  
 repenteth him of the true  
 loue he bare her.

That Uisses peres hath spent,  
 To finde Penelope:  
 Finde well that folly I haue ment,  
 To seke that was not so.  
 Since Troylus case hath caused me,  
 From Cressed for to go.  
 And to bewaile Uisses truth,  
 In seas and stormy skies,  
 Of wanton will and raging youth,  
 which me haue tossed soze:  
 From Scilla to Caribdis cliues,  
 Upon the drowning shore.  
 where I sought haven, there found I hap,  
 From danger vnto death:  
 Much like the Mouse that treads the trap,  
 In hope to finde her foode,

And



## Songes

And bites the bread that stops her breath,  
So in like case I stood.

Till now repentance hasteth him  
To further me so fast:  
That where I ranke there now I swim,  
And haue both streame and winde:  
And lucke as good if it may last,  
As any man may finde.

That where I perished, safe I passe,  
And finde no perill there:  
But stedy stone, no ground of glasse,  
Now am I sure to saue,  
And not to flete from feare to feare,  
Such anchor holde I haue.

The louer hauing enioyed his loue, humbly  
thanketh the god of loue: and auowing  
his hart onely to her faithfully  
promiseth, vtterly to forsake  
al other.

Thou Cupide God of loue, whom Venus thralles do serue,  
I yelde thee thanks vpon my knees, as thou dost wel deserue.  
By thee my wished ioyes haue shaken of despaire,  
And all my storming dayes be past, and wether waxeth faire.  
By thee I haue receiued a thousand times more ioy,  
Then euer Paris did possesse, when Helen was in Troy.  
By thee haue I that hope, for which I longde so sore,  
And when I thinke vpon the same, my hart doth leape therfore.  
By thee my heapy doubttes and trembling feares are fled,  
And now my wits & troubled wer, with pleasat thoughtes are fed  
For dreade is banisht cleane, wherein I stood ful oft,  
And doubt to speake that lay full low, is lifted now aloft.  
With armes bespyred abroad, with opende handes and hart,  
I haue enioyed the frute of hope, reward for all my smart.  
The seale and signe of loue, the key of trouth and trust,  
The pledge of pure good wyll haue I, which makes the louers iust  
Such grace since I haue founde, to one I me betake,  
The rest of Venus derlinges ail, I vtterly forsake.

And

And to performe this vote, I bid mine eyes beware,  
 That they no straungers do salute, nor on their beauties stare.  
 My wits I warn ye all from this time forth take hede,  
 That ye no wanton toyes deuise my fancies new to fede.  
 Whine eares be ye shut vp, and heare no womans voice,  
 That may procure me once to smile, or make my hart reioyce.  
 My feete full slow be ye and lame when ye should moue,  
 To bring my body any where to seke an other loue,  
 Let al the gods aboue, and wicked sprites below,  
 And euery wight in earth accuse and curse me where I go:  
 If I do false my faith in any point or case,  
 A sodem vengeance fall on me, I aske no better grace.  
 A way then slyp rime, present mine earnest faith,  
 Vnto my lady where she is, and marke thou what she sayth.  
 And if she welcome thee, and lay thee in her lap,  
 Spring thou for ioy, thy maister hath his most desired hap.

Totus mundus in maligno  
positus.

Complaine we may: much is a misse:  
 Hope is nte gone to haue redresse:  
 These daies ben ill, nothing sure is:  
 Kinde hart is wrapt in heauinesse.  
 The sterne is broke: the saile is rent:  
 The ship is geuen to winde and waue:  
 All helpe is gone: the rocke present,  
 That will be lost, what man can saue?  
 Things hard, therfore are now refused,  
 Labour in youth is thought but vaine:  
 Duty by (will not) is excused.  
 Remoue the stop the way is plaine.  
 Learning is lewd, and held a fooler:  
 Wisdome is shent, counted to railer:  
 Reason is banisht out of scoole:  
 The blinde is bold, and wordes preuaile,  
 Power, without care, slepeth at ease:  
 Will without law, runth where he list:  
 Might without mercy cannot please,  
 A wise man saith not, had I wist.

When



## Songes

When power lackes care and forceth not:  
 when care is feable and may not:  
 when might is slouthfull and will not:  
 wedes may grow where good herbes cannot.

Take wrong away, law nedeth not:  
 For law to wrong is brydle and paine.  
 Take feare away, law booteth not.  
 To striue gainst streame, it is but vaine.

Wply is witty: brain sick is wise:  
 Trough is folly: and might is right,  
 wordes are reason: and reason is lies:  
 The bad is good: darknesse is light.

Wrong to redresse, wif. ome dare not,  
 Hardy his happy, and ruleth most.  
 wilfull is witlesse, and careth not,  
 which end go first, til al be lost.

Few right do loue, and wrong refuse,  
 Pleasure is sought in euery state.

Liking is lust: there is no chuse.

The low geue to the hye checke mate.

Order is broke in thinges of weight  
 Measure and meane who doth not flee:

Two thinges preuaile: money, and sleight:

To seme is better then to be.

The bowle is round, and doth downe slide,

Eche one thrusteth: none doth vphold.

A fall failes not, where blinde is guide,

The stay is gone: who can him hold?

Folly and falshed prayeth apace,

Trough vnder bushel is faine to crepe.

Flattery is treble, pride singes the bace.

The meane the best part scant doth pepe.

This fiery plage the world infectes.

To vertue and trowth it geues no rest:

Mens harts are burnde with sundry sectes,

And to eche man his way is best.

With floods and stormes thus be we tost,

A wake good word, to thee we crye,

Our ship is almost sonk and lost.

Thy mercy help our misery.

Mans strenght is weake: mans wit is dull:

Mans reason is blinde. These thinges taimend,

Thy

Thy hand (O Lord) of might is full,  
 Awake betyme, and helpe vs lend.  
 In thee we trust, and in no wight:  
 Saue vs as chickens vnder the hen.  
 Our crokednesse thou canst make right,  
 Glozp to thee for aye. Amen.

### The wise trade of lyfe.

**D**o all your dedes by good aduise,  
 Cast in your minde alwaies the end.  
 Wit bought is of to dere a price.  
 The tried, truit, and iake as frend,  
 For frendes I finde there be but two:  
 Of countenance, and of effect.  
 Of thone sort there are inow:  
 But few ben of the tother sect,  
 Beware also the venym swete  
 Of crafty wordes and flattery.  
 For to deceiue they be most mete.  
 That best can play hypocrisy.  
 Let wisdom rule your dede and thought:  
 So shall your workes be wisely wrought.

That few wordes shew wisdom,  
 and work much quiet.

**W**ho list to leade a quiet life,  
 Who list to rid him self from strife:  
 Geue care to me, marke what I saye,  
 Remember wel, beare it away.  
 Hoide backe thy tong at meat and meale,  
 Speake but few wordes, bestow them well  
 By wordes the wise thou shalt espye,  
 By wordes a foole sone shalt thou trye,  
 A wise man can his tong make cease,  
 A foole can neuer holde his peace.  
 Who loueth rest of wordes beware,  
 Who loueth wordes, is sure of care.



## Songes

For wordes oft many haue bene shent:  
For silence kept none hath repent.  
Two eares, one tong onely thou hast,  
Who thinges to heare then wordes to wast.  
A soole in no wise can forbear:  
He hath two tonges and but one care.  
Be sure thou kepe a stedfast braine,  
Lest that thy wordes put thee to paine,  
Wordes wisely set are worth much gold:  
The price of rashnesse is sone told.  
If time require wordes to be had,  
To hold thy peace I count thee mad.  
Talke onely of nedefull verities:  
Striue not for trilling fantasies.  
With sobernesse the truth boult cut,  
Affirme nothing wherein is dout.  
Who to this loze will take good hede,  
And spend no mo wordes then he nede,  
Though he be a soole and haue no braine,  
Yet shall he a name of wisdom gaine  
Speake while time is or hold thee still.  
Wordes out of time do oft things spyll.  
Say well and do well are thinges twaine,  
A wise blest is he in whome both raigne.

The complaint of a hot woer,  
delayed with doutfull  
cold answers.

A kind of coale is as men say,  
Which haue assaied the same:  
That in the fire will wast away,  
And outward cast no flame.  
Unto my self may I compare,  
These coales that so consume:  
Where nought is sene though men do stare,  
In stede of flame but fume.  
They say also to make them burne,  
Cold water must be cast:  
Or els to ashes will they turne,

End

And halfe to sinder, wast:  
 As this is wonder for to se,  
 Cold water warme the fire,  
 So hath your coldnesse caused me,  
 To burne in my desire,  
 And as this water cold of kinde,  
 Can cause both heat and cold,  
 And can these coales both breake and binde,  
 To burne as I haue told.  
 So can your tong of frozen yse,  
 From whence cold answers come:  
 Both coole the fire and fire entice,  
 To burne me all and some.  
 Like to the corne that standes on stake,  
 Which mowen in winter sunne:  
 Full faire without, within is black:  
 Such heat therin doth runne,  
 By force of fire this water cold,  
 Hath bred to burne within,  
 Euen so am I, that heat doth hold,  
 Which cold did first begyn.  
 Which heat is stint when I do strive,  
 To haue some ease sometime:  
 But flame a fresh I do reuiue,  
 Wherby I cause to clime.  
 In stede of smoke a sighing breath:  
 With sparkes of sprinkled teares,  
 That I should liue this liuyng death,  
 Which waites and neuer weares,

## The answer.

Your borrowd meane to moue your mone, of fume withouten flame  
 Being fet from smithy smokyng coale: ye seme so by the same,  
 To shew, what such coales vse is taught by such as haue assayd,  
 As I, that most do wish you well, am so right well appayd.  
 That you haue such a lesson learnde, how either to maintaine,  
 Your fredome of vnkindled coale, vphaped all in vaine:  
 Or how most frutefully to frame, with worthy workmans art,  
 That cunnyng pece may passe there fro, by help of heated hart.  
 Out of the forge wherin the fume of sighes doth mount aloft,  
 That



## Songes

That argues present force of fyre to make the metall soft,  
 To yelde vnto the hammer hed, as beik the workeman likes:  
 That thiron glowyng after blast in time and temper strikes.  
 Wherin the vse of water is, as you do seme to say,  
 To quereche no flame, ne hinder heat, ne yet to wast away:  
 But, that which better is for you, and more deliteth me,  
 To saue you from the sodain waste, vaine cinderlike to be.  
 Which lasting better likes in loue, as you your semble ply,  
 Then doth the bauen blase, that flames and fleteth by and by.  
 Sith then you know eche vse, wherin your coale may be applide:  
 Either to lie and last on hoozd, in open ayre to bide,  
 Withouten vse to gather fat by fallpng of the raines,  
 That makes the pitchy iucye to grow, by soking in his betnes,  
 Or lye on forname in the forge, as is his vse of right,  
 Wherin the water trough may serue, and enterpeld her might  
 By worke of smithes both hand and hed a cūnyng key to make,  
 Or other pece as cause shall craue and bid him vndertake:  
 Do as you deme most fit to do, and wherupon may grow,  
 Such ioy to you, as I may ioy your ioyfull case to know.

An epitaph made by. w. G. lying on  
 his death bed, to be set vpon  
 his owne tombe.

**L** O here lieth G. vnder the ground  
 Among the gredy wormes,  
 Which in his life time neuer found  
 But strife and sturdy stormes.  
 And namely thzough a wicked wife,  
 As to the worlde apperes:  
 She was the shortnyng of his life  
 By many dayes and yerres.  
 He might haue liued long, god wot:  
 His yerres, they were but yong:  
 Of wicked wiues this is the lot,  
 To kill with spitefull tong.  
 Whose memory shall still remaine  
 In writing here with me,  
 That men may know whom she hath slayne,  
 And say this same is she,

and Sonettes.  
An answer.

Fo. 99

If that thy wicked wife had spon the threed,  
And were the weauer of thy wo:  
Then art thou double happy to be dead,  
As happely dispatched so.  
If rage did causelesse cause thee to complayne,  
And mad moode mouer of thy mone:  
If frensy forced on thy testy braine:  
Then blist is she to liue alone.  
So, whether were the ground of others grefe,  
Because so doutfull was the dome:  
Now death hath brought your payne a right relese.  
And blessed be ye both become:  
She, that she liues no longer bound to beare  
The rule of such a froward hed:  
Thou, that thou liuest no lenger faine to feare  
The restlesse ramp that thou hadst wed,  
Be thou as glad therfore that thou art gone,  
As she is glad she doth abide:  
For so ye be a sonder, all is one:  
A badder match can not betide.

An epitaph of maister Henry  
williams.

From worldly wo the ende of misbelese,  
From cause of care that leadeth to lament,  
From vaine delight the ground of greater grefe,  
From feare for frendes, from matter to repent,  
From painefull panges last sorowe that is sent,  
From drede of death sith death doth set vs free:  
With it the better please should we be.  
This lothsome life where likyng we do finde,  
The increaser of our crimes, doth vs bereue  
Our blisse that alway ought to be in minde.  
This wily world whiles here we breath aliue,  
And flesh our sayned so, do stisly strue  
To flatter vs, assuryng here the ioy,  
Where we, alas, do finde but great annoy.

Untolde



## Songes

Entolde heapes though we haue of worldly wealth,  
Though we possesse the sea and frutefull ground,  
Strength, beauty, knowledge, and vnharmed health,  
Though at a wish all pleasure do abound.  
It were but vaine, no friendship can be found,  
When death assaulteth with his dzedfull dart.  
No raunsome can stay the home hastyng hart.  
And sith thou cut the liues line in twaine,  
Of Henry, sonne to sir John Williams knight,  
Whose manly hart and prowes none could staine,  
Whose godly life to vertue was our light,  
Whose worthy fame shall flourish long by right:  
Though in this life so cruell mightest thou be,  
His sprite in heauen shall triumph over thee.

### An other of the same.

Say gentle frend that passest by,  
And learne the loze that leadeth all:  
From whence we come with hast to hys,  
To liue to dye, and stand to fall.  
And learne that strength and lusty age,  
That wealth and want of worldly woe,  
Can not withstand the mighty rage,  
Of death our best vnwelcome foe.  
For hopeful youth had hight me health,  
My lust to last till time to dye,  
And fortune found my vertue wealth:  
But yet for all that here I lye,  
Learne also this, to ease thy minde:  
When death on corps hath wrought his spite,  
A time of triumph shalt thou finde,  
With me to scoone him in delight.  
For one day shall we mete againe,  
Maugre deathes dart in life to dwell.  
Then will I thanke thee for thy paine,  
Now marke my wordes and fare thou well.

Against women, either good  
or bad.

**A** Man may liue thise Nestors life,  
 Thise wander out Ulysses race:  
 yet neuer finde Ulysses wife.  
 Such change hath chanced in this case.  
 Lesse age will serue than Paris had,  
 Small pain (if none be small inough)  
 To finde good store of Helenes trade.  
 Such say the roote doth yelde the bough:  
 For one good wife Ulysses slew  
 A worthy knot of gentle blood:  
 For one yll wife Grece ouerthrew.  
 The towne of Troy: With bad and good,  
 Byng mischief: Lord let be thy will,  
 To kepe me free from either yll. *¶*

An answer.

**T**he vertue of Ulysses wife  
 Doth liue, though she hath ceast her race,  
 And farre surmountes old Nestors life:  
 But now in moe than then it was.  
 Such change is canced in this case.  
 Ladies now liue in other trade:  
 Farre other Helenes now we see,  
 Than she whom Tropan Paris had,  
 As vertue fedes the roote, so be  
 The sap and roote of bough and tre.  
 Ulysses rage, not his good wife,  
 Spilt, gentle blood. Not Helenes face  
 But Paris eye did rapse the strife,  
 That did the Tropan building race.  
 Thus sith ne good, ne bad do yll,  
 Them all, O Lord maintain my wyll,  
 To serue with all my force and skill.

Against a gentil woman by whom  
 he was refused.

**T**o false report and flying fame,  
 Whilst my minde gaue credit light.

*Be*



## Songes.

Beleuyng that her bolstred name  
Had stufte to shew that praise did hight.  
I finde well now I did mistake,  
Upon report my ground to make.  
I heard it sayd such one was she,  
As rare to finde as paragon,  
Of lowly chere, of hart so free,  
As her for bounty could passe none.  
Such one were faire though forme and face,  
Were meane to passe in second place.  
I sought it neare, and thinkyng to finde  
Report and dede both to agree:  
But chaunge had tried her suttile minde:  
Of force I was enforced to see,  
That she in dede was nothing so:  
Which made my will my hart forgo.  
For she is such, as geason none.  
And what she most may boast to be:  
I finde her matches mo then one,  
What nede she so to deale with me?  
Haflering face, with scornfull hart,  
So yll reward for good desert?  
I will repent that I haue done,  
To ende so well the losse is small:  
I lost her loue, that lesse hath won,  
To vaunt she had me as her thzall,  
What though a gillot sent that note,  
By cocke and pye I meant it not.

## The answer.

VVom fany forced first to loue,  
Now frensy forceth for to hate:  
Whose minde erst madnesse gan to moue,  
Inconstance causeth to abate.  
No minde of meane but heat of braine  
Bred light loue: like heate, hate againe  
What hurid your hart in so great heate  
Fany forced by fayned fame.  
Belike that she was light to get.  
For if that vertue and good name.

Wounded

Moued your minde, why changed your will,  
Sith vertue the cause abideth still.

Such, fame reported her to be  
As rare it were to finde her peere,  
For vertue and for honestie,  
For her free hart and lowly cheere,  
This laud had lied if you had sped,  
And fame bene false that hath ben spred.

Sith she hath so kept her good name,  
Such praise of life and giftes of grace,  
As brute selfe blusheth for to blame,  
Such fame as fame feares to deface:  
You sclaunder not but make it plaine,  
That you blame brute of brutish traine.

If you haue found it loking nere,  
Not as you toke the brute to be,  
Wplyke you ment by lowly chere,  
Bountie and hart that you call free,  
But leude lightnesse easy to frame,  
To winne your will against her name.

May she may deme your deming so,  
A marke of madnesse in his kinde,  
Such causeth not good name to go:  
As your sonde folly sought to finde,  
For brute of kinde bent ill to blase.  
Alway saith y<sup>e</sup>, but forced by cause.

The mo there be, such as is she,  
More should be gods thanke for his grace,  
The more is her ioy it to see.

Good should by geason, earne no place,  
Nor number make nought, that is good  
Your strange lusting hed wants a hood.

Her dealing greueth you (say ye)  
Beside your labour lost in vaine,  
Her dealing was not as we see,  
Sclaunder the end of your great paine,  
A lewd lying lips, and hatefull hart,  
What canst thou desire in such desert.

Ye wyl repent, and right for done,  
Ye haue a dede descreuing shame,  
From reasons race farre haue ye ronne,  
Hold your railing, kepe your tong tame.



## Songes

Her loue, ye lye, ye lost it not.  
 Ye neuer lost that ye neuer got.  
 She rest ye not your libertie,  
 She vaunteth not she had your thrall.  
 If ought haue done it, let it lie,  
 On rage that rest you wit and all.  
 What though a varlets tale you tell:  
 By cocke and pye you do it well.

The louer dreading to moue his sute  
 for dout of deniall, accuseth  
 all women of disdain  
 and fickle-  
 nesse.

**T**o walke on doutfull ground, where daunger is vnsene,  
 Doth double men that carelesse be in depe dispaire I wene.  
 For as the blinde doth feare, what footing he shall finde:  
 So doth the wise before he speake, mistrust the strangers minde.  
 For he that blontly runnes, may light among the breeers,  
 And so be put vnto his plunge where danger least apperes:  
 The bird that selly foole, doth warne vs to beware,  
 Who lighteth not on euery bushe, he dzeadeth so the snare.  
 The House that shons the trap, doth shew what harme doth lye:  
 Within the swete betraying bait, that oft deceiues the eye.  
 The fish auoides the hooke, though hunger byds him bite,  
 And houereth still about the worme, wheron is his delite.  
 If birdes and beastes can see, where their vndoing lies:  
 How should a mischief scape our heads, & haue both wit and eyes?  
 What madnesse may be moze, then plow the barren field:  
 Or any frutfull wordes to sow, to eares that are vnwilde.  
 They heare and then mislike, they like and then they lothe,  
 They hate, they loue, they scozn they praise, ye sure they ca do both  
 We see what failes they haue, that clime on trees vnkowne,  
 As they that trust to rotten bowes, must nedes be ouerthrowne.  
 A smart in silence kept, doth ease the hart much moze,  
 Then for to plaine where is no salue, for to recure the soze.  
 Wherfore my grief I hide, within a holow hart:  
 Untill the smoke therof be spzed, by flaming of the smart.

## An answer.

**T**O trust the fayned face, to rue on forced teares,  
**T**O credit finely forged tales, wherin there oft appeares  
 And breathes as from the brest a smoke of kindled smart.  
 Where onely lurkes a depe deceit within the hollow hart.  
 Betrayes the simple soule, whom plaine deceitlesse minde  
 Taught not to feare that in it selfe, it selfe did neuer finde.  
 Not euery trickling teare doth argue inwarde paine:  
 Not euery sigh doth surely shew, the lighter not to faine.  
 Not euery smoke doth proue a ptesence of the fire:  
 Not euery glistring geues the golde, that greedy folke desire.  
 Not euery wailing woꝛd is drawen out of the depe:  
 Not grief for want of graunted grace enforceth all to wepe.  
 Oft malice makes the minde to shed the boyled bryne:  
 And enuious humour oft vnclades by conduites of the eyen.  
 Oft craft can cause the man to make a seming show,  
 Of hart with dolour all distreinde, where grief did neuer grow.  
 As cursed Crocodile most cruelly can tole,  
 With truthlesse teares, vnto his death, the silly pitteng soule.  
 Blame neuer those therfore, that wisely can beware  
 The guilefull man, that sutely saith him selfe to dread the snare.  
 Blame not the stopped eares, against the Syrenes song:  
 Blame not the mind not moued by mone of falsheds flowing tong  
 If guile do guide your wit by silence so to speake,  
 By craft to craue and faine by fraude the cause & you wold break.  
 Great harme your suttile soule shall suffer for the same:  
 And mighty loue will wreke the wrong, so cloked with his name.  
 But we, whom you haue warnde, this lesson learne by you  
 To know the tree before we cline, to trust no rotten bowe.  
 To view the lined bushe, to loke afoze we light,  
 To shunne the perillous bayted hooke, and vse a further sight.  
 As do the mouse, the bird, the fish, by samply fitly show,  
 That wply wits and ginnes of men do worke the simples.  
 So simple sith we are, and you so suttile be,  
 God help the Mouse, the bird the fish, & vs your sleightes to see.

The louer complaineth his fault, that  
 with vngentle writing had dis-  
 pleased his lady.



## Songes

**A** loue how wastward is his wit, what pāges do perce his brest  
 Whom thou to waite vpon thy wyll halt reued of his rest.  
 The light, the darke, the sunne, the mone, the day & eke the night,  
 His dayly dyeng life, him selfe, he hateth in despight.  
 Suth furs he light to loke on her that holdeth him in th:all,  
 His mouing eyen, his moued wit he curseth hart and all.  
 From hungry hope to pining feare eche hap doth hurle his hart,  
 From panges of plaint to fits of fume from aking into smart.  
 Eche moment so doth change his chere not with recourse of ease,  
 But with sere sortes of sorowes still he worketh as the seas.  
 That turning windes not calme returnde rule in vnruly wise,  
 As if their holdes of hilles vphuride they brasten out to rise.  
 And pufte away the power that is vnto their king assignde  
 To pay that sith their pzisonment they deme to be behinde.  
 So doth the passions long repress within the wofull wight,  
 Breake down the bankes of all his wittes & out they gushen quite  
 Forere vprozes now they be free from reasons rule and stay,  
 And hedlong hailes thunruled race his quiet quite away.  
 No measure hath he of his ruth, no reason in his rage, (age  
 No bottom ground where stayes his griefe, thus weares away his  
 In wishing wants, in wayling woes. Death doth he dayly call,  
 To bring release when of reliefe he seeth no hope at all.  
 Thence comes that oft in depe despeire to rise to better state,  
 On heauen and heauenly lampes he layeth the fault of all his fate,  
 On God and Gods decreed dome crieth out with cursing breath  
 Eche thing that gaue and saues him life he dammeth of his death.  
 The wōbe him bare, & brestes he suckt, ech star & with their might,  
 Their secret succour brought to bring the wretch to worldly light.  
 Yea that to his soules perile is most haynous harme of all,  
 And craues the cruellest reuenge that may to man befall.  
 Her he blasphemes in whom it lieth in pzesent as she please,  
 To dampne him downe to depth of hell, or plant in heauens ease.  
 Su h rage constrainde my strained hart to guide thunhappy hand  
 That sent vsitting blots to her on whom my life doth stand.  
 But graunt O God that he for them may beare the worthy blame  
 Whom I do in my depe distresse finde guilty of the same.  
 Euen that blinde boy that blindly guides the faultlesse to their fal,  
 That laughes when they lament that he hath thzowen into thrall.  
 O Lord, saue louting lokes of her, what penarce els thou please  
 So her contented will be wonne I count it all mine ease.  
 And thou on whō doth hang my will, with hart, with soul & care,  
 With life and all that life may haue of well or euill fare:

Graunt

Graunt grace to him that grates therfore with sea of saltish brine:  
By extreme heate of boiling brest distilled through his eyen,  
And with thy fancy render thou my selfe to me againe,  
That dayly then we duely may employ a painelesse paine.  
To yelde and take the ioyfull frutes that hartie loue doth lend,  
To them that meane by honest meanes to come to happy end.

The louer wounded of Cupide,  
wifeth he had rather ben  
stricken by death.

The blinded boy that bendes the bow,  
To make with dint of double wounde.  
The slowtest state to stoupe and know:  
The cruell craft that I haue founde.  
With death I would had chopt a change,  
To bozow as by bargaine made:  
Eche others shaft when he did range,  
With restlesse rowing to invade.  
Thunthralled mindes of simple wightes,  
whose guiltlesse ghosles deserued not:  
To fele such fall of their delightes,  
Such panges as I haue past god wot.  
Then both in new vnwonted wise,  
Should death deserue a better name,  
Not (as tofore hath ben his guise)  
Of crueltie to beare the blame.  
But contrary be counted kinde,  
In lending life and sparing space:  
For sicke to rise and seke to finde,  
A way to wishe their wery race.  
To drawe to some desired end,  
Their long and lothed life to rid,  
And so to fele how like a frend,  
Before the bargain made he did.  
And loue should eyther bring againe,  
To wounded wightes their owne desire:  
A welcome end of pining paine,  
As doth their cause of ruth require.



## Songes

O when he meanes the quiet man,  
A harne to hasten him to grese:  
A better dede he should do then,  
With borrowd dart to geue reliefe.

That both the sicke well demen maye,  
He brought me rightly my request:  
And eke the other sort may saye,  
He wrought me truely for the best.

So had not fanye forced me,  
To beare a bzunt of greater wo,  
Then leauing suche a life may be,  
The grounde where onely griefes do grow,

Unlucky liking linkt my hart,  
In forged hope and forced feare:  
That oft I wisht the other dart,  
Had rather perced me as neare.

A fained trust, constrained care,  
Most loth to lack, most hard to find:  
In sunder so my iudgement tare,  
That quite was quiet out of minde.

Absent in absence of mine ease,  
Present in presence of my paine:  
The woes of want did much displease,  
The sighes I sought did greue again.

Oft grief that boyled in my brest,  
Hath fraught my face with saltish teares,  
Pronouncing proues of mine vnrest,  
Wherby my passed paines appeares.

My sighes full often haue supplied,  
That faine with wordes I would haue said:  
My voice was stopt, my tong was tyed,  
My wits with wo were ouerwaid.

With trembling soule and humble chere,  
Oft grated I for graunt of grace:  
On hope that bountie might be there,  
Where beautie had so pight her place.

At length I founde, that I did fere,  
How I had labourde al to losse,  
My selfe had ben the carpenter,  
That framed me the cruell crosse.

Of this to come if dout alone,  
Though blent with trust of better spede:

So oft hath moued my mynde to mone,  
 So oft hath made my hart to blede,  
 What shall I say of it in dede,  
 Now hope is gone mine olde reliefe:  
 And I enforced all to fede,  
 Upon the frutes of bitter grieve?

Of womens changeable  
 wyll.

I wold I found not as I fele,  
 Such changing chere of womens wyll,  
 By fickle flight of fortunes whele,  
 By kinde of custome, neuer still.  
 So should I finde no fault to lay,  
 On fortune for their mouing minde,  
 So should I know no cause to say  
 This change to chaunce by course of kinde.  
 So should not loue so worke my wo,  
 To make death surgeon for my soze,  
 So should their wittes not wander so,  
 So should I recke the lesse therfore.

The louer complaineth the losse  
 of his lady.

NO ioy haue I but lue in heauinesse,  
 My dame of pryncesse by fortunes cruelnesse,  
 My hap is turned to unhappinesse,  
 Unhappy I am vnlesse I finde releffe.  
 My pastime past, my youthlike yeres are gone,  
 My mouthes of mirth, my glistering dayes of gladnesse:  
 My times of triumph turned into mone,  
 Unhappy I am vnlesse I finde releffe.  
 My wonted winde to chaunt my cherefull chaunce,  
 Doth sigh that song sometime the balades of my lesse:  
 My sobbes, my soze and sorow do aduaunce,  
 Unhappy I am vnlesse I finde releffe.  
 I mourne my mirth for grieve that it is gone,  
 I mourne my mirth wherof my musing mindes fulnesse:



## Songes

Is ground of greater griefe that growes theron,  
Unhappie I am vnlesse I finde releffe.

No ioy haue I, for fortune frowardly:  
Hath bent her blowes hath put her hand to cruelnesse:  
Hath rest my dame, constrained me to crye,  
Unhappie I am vnlesse I finde releffe.

### Of the golden meane.

*Out of Heaue.*

The wisest way, thy bote in waue and winde to guie,  
Is neither still the trade of muddle streame to trie:

Ne (warcely shunning wrecke by wether) aye to nie,  
To presse vpon the perillous shore.

Both clenely flees he filthe: ne wonnes a wretched wight,  
In carlish coate: and carefull court aye thral to spite,  
With port of proud estate he leues: who doth delight.

Of golden meane to holde the lore.

Stormes rifest rende the sturdy stout pineapple tree,  
Of lofty ruing towers the fallies the feller be,  
Most fers doth lightening light, where furthest we do se.

The hilles the valley to forsake.

well furnisht brest to bide eche chaunces changing there,  
In woe hath cherefull hope, in weal hath warefull feare,  
One selfe Ioue winter makes with lothfull lokes appeare.

That can by course the same asslake.

What if into mishap thy case now casten be:

It forceth not such forme of lucke to last to thee.

Not alway bent is Phebus bow: his harpe and he,

Ceast siluer sound sometime doth raise.

In hardest hap vse helpe of hardy hopefull hart,

Some bold to beare the brunt of fortune ouerthwart.

Eke wisely when forewinde to full breathes on thy part,

Swage swelling saile, and doubt decapes.

### The praise of a true frende.

Who so that wisely wayes the profite and the prise,  
Of thinges wherin delight by worth is wont to rise.

Shal

Shall finde no iewel is so rich ne yet so rare.  
 That with the frendly hart in value may compare.  
 What other welth to man by fortune may befall,  
 But fortunes changed chere may reue a man of all,  
 A frend, no wracke of welth, no cruel cause of wo,  
 Can force his frendly faith vnfrendly to forgo.

If fortune frendly fawne, and lend thee welthy store,  
 Thy frendes conioyned ioy doth make thy ioy the more.  
 If frowardly she frown and driue thee to distresse,  
 His ayde releues thy ruth, and makes thy sorow lesse.

Thus fortunes pleasant frutes by frendes encreased bee,  
 The bitter sharp and sowre by frendes alayde to thee.  
 That when thou doest reioyce, then doubled is thy ioy,  
 And eke in cause of care, the lesse is thy anoy.

A loft if thou doe liue, as one appointed here,  
 A stately part on stage of worldly state to bere:  
 Thy frend as only free from fraude wil thee aduise,  
 To rest within the rule of meane as do the wise.

He seeketh to foresce the peril of thy fall,  
 He findeth out thy faultes and warnes the of them all.  
 Thee, not thy luck he loues, what euer be thy case,  
 He is thy faithfull frend and thee he doth embrace.

If churlish cheare of chance haue thrown thee into thral,  
 And that thy nede aske ayde for to releue thy fall,  
 In him thou secret trust assured art to haue,  
 And succour not to seke, before that thou can crane.

Thus is thy frende to thee the comfort of thy paine,  
 The staye of thy state, the doubler of thy gaine.  
 In wealth and wo thy frend, an other self to thee,  
 Such man to man a God, the prouerbe saith to be,  
 As welth will bring thee frendes in louting wo to proue,  
 So wo shall peld thee frendes in laughing wealth to loue.  
 With wisdom chuse thy frend, with vertue him retaine:  
 Let vertue be the ground, so shall it not be vaine.

The louer lamenteth other to haue the  
 frutes of his seruice.

SOME men would think of right to haue,  
 For their true meaning some reward,  
 DD. i.

But



## Songes

But while that I do cry and craue:  
 I see that other be preferd,  
 I gape for that I am debar'd.  
 I fare as doth the hound at hatch:  
 The worse I speede, the longer I watch.

My wastefull will is tried by trust:  
 My fond fanisie is myne abuse.  
 For that I would refraine my lust:  
 For mine auaile I cannot chuse,  
 I will, and yet no power to vse.  
 I will, no will by reason iust,  
 Sins my wil is at others lust.

They eate the hony, I hold the hiue,  
 I sow the seede, they reape the corne.  
 I wast, they winne, I draw, they dzine.  
 Theirs is the thank, mine is the scozne.  
 I seke, they speede, in wast my winde is wodne.  
 I gape they get, and greedely I snatch.  
 Till worse I speede, the longer I watch.  
 I fast they feede: they dzink, I thirst.  
 They laugh, I waile: they ioy, I mourne,  
 They gaine, I lose: I haue the wurst.  
 They whole, I sick: they colde, I burne.  
 They leape, I lye: they slepe, I tolle and turne,  
 I would, they may: I craue, they haue at will.  
 That helpeth them, so cruelty doth me kill.

### Of the sutteltie of crafty louers,

Such waileward waies haue some when folly stirres their braines  
 To faine & plain ful oft of loue, when least they fele his paines.  
 And for to shew a grief such craft haue they in store,  
 What they can halt and lay a salue wheras they fele no soze.  
 As hound vnto the scoote, or dog vnto the bow,  
 So are they made to bent her out, whom bent to loue they know.  
 That if I should describe one hundred of their driftes.  
 Two hundred wits beside mine own I should put to their shifts.  
 No woodman better knowes how for to lodge his dere,  
 Nor shipman on the sea that more hath sail to guide the stere.  
 Nor beaten dogge to herp can waver chose his game,

For scholeman to his fantasie can a scholer better frame.  
 Then one of these which haue old Duds art in vze,  
 Can seke the wayes vnto their minde a woman to allure,  
 As round about a hie the Bees do swarme alway,  
 So round about the house they please wherin they seke their pray.  
 And whom they so besege, it is a wonderous thing.  
 What crafty engins to assault these wily warriors bring,  
 The eye as scout and watch to stirre both to and fro,  
 Doth serue to stale her here & there where she doth come and go.  
 The tong doth picade for right, as herauld of the hart.  
 And both the handes as oratours do serue to point their part.  
 So shewes the countenance then with these fowre to agree,  
 As though in witnes with the rest, it would hers sworne bee.  
 But if she then mistrust it would turne blacke to white,  
 For that the wooer lokes most smoth whē he would fainest bite.  
 Then wit as counsellour a helpe for this to finde:  
 Straight makes the hand as secretair forth to write his rinde.  
 And so the letters straight embassadours are made,  
 To treate in hast for to procure her to a better trade.  
 Wherin if she do think al this is but a shewe,  
 Or but a subtile masking cloke to hide a crafty shewe:  
 Then come they to the larme, then shew they in the field,  
 Then muster they in colours strange, that waies to make her yeld.  
 Then shoote they batry of, then compasse they her in,  
 At tilt and turney oft they striue this selly soule to win.  
 Then sound they on their lutes, then strain they forth their song.  
 Then rumble they with instruments to lay her quite a long.  
 Then borde they her with giftes, then do they woo and watch,  
 Then night and day they labour hard this simple hold to catch.  
 As pathes within a wood, or turnes within a mase:  
 So then they shew of wiles & crafts they can a thousand wayse.

Of the vanitie of mans  
life,

Vaine is the fleting welth,  
 Wheron the world scapes:  
 Sith skalking time by priuy steith,  
 Encreacheth on our dayes.  
 And elde which creepeth fast.  
 To taint vs with her wounde:



## Songes

will turne eche blisse vnto a blast,  
which lasteth but a stounde.

Of youth the lusty floure,  
which whylome stode in price:  
Shall vanish quite within an houre.  
As fire consumes the ice

where is become that wight,  
For whose sake Troy towne.  
withstode the grekes till ten peres fight,  
Had rasde their walles adowne.

Did not the wormes consume,  
Her carpon to the dust?  
Did dreadfull death forbear his fume  
For beauty, pride, or lust?

The louer not regarded in earnest  
sute, being become wiser refus-  
seth her profred  
loue.

**D**o way your phisike I faint no more,  
The salve you sent it comes to late:  
You wist wel al my grief before,  
And what I suffred for your sake.  
Hole is my hart I plaine no more,  
A new the cure did undertake:  
wherfore do way you come to late.  
For whiles you knew I was your own,  
So long in vaine you made me gape,  
And though my faith it were well knowne,  
Yet small regard thou toke therat,  
But now the blast is ouerblowne.  
Of vaine phisicke a salve you shape,  
wherfore do way you come to late.

How long to this haue I bene faine,  
To gape for mercy at your gate,  
Untill the time I spide it plaine,  
That pitie and you fell at debate.  
For my redresse then was I faine:  
Your seruice cleane for to forsake.

wher-

wherefore do way you come to late.

For when I bzent in endlesse fire,  
who ruled then but cruel hate?

So that vnneth I durst desire  
One looke, my feruent heate to slake.

Therefore another doth me hyze,  
And all the profer that you make,  
Is made in vaine and comes to late.

For when I asked recompence,  
wth cost you nought to graunt God wat:

Then sayd disdaine to great expence,

It were for you to graunt me that.

Therefore do way your rerepretence,

That you would binde that erst you bzake,

For so your salue comes all to late.

The complaint of a woman rauished  
and also mortally wound-  
ded.

A Cruell Tiger al with teeth bebled.

A bloudy tirants hand in eche degree.

A letcher that by wretched lust was led,

(Alas) deflowzed my virginiter.

And not contented with this villanie,

For with thoutragious terrour of the dede,

with bloudy thirst of greater crueltie:

Fearing his heinous gilt should be betwzied,

By crying death and vengeance openly,

His violent hand forthwith alas he layed.

Upon my guiltles selly child and me,

And like the wretch whom no horrour dismaide

Drownde in the sinke of depe inquite:

Disusing me the mother for a time,

Wath blame vs both for cloking of his crime.

The louer being made thrall by loue  
perceiueth how great a losse  
is libertie.



## Songes

**A** libertie now haue I learned to know,  
 By lacking thee what Jewell I possess,  
 When I receiued first from Cupids bow,  
 The deadly wound that festteth in my brest.  
 So farre (alas) forth strayed were mine eyes,  
 That I ne might refraine them backe, for lo:  
 They in a moment al earthly thinges despise,  
 In heaucnly sight now are they fixed so.  
 What then for me but stil with mazed sight,  
 To wonder at that excellence diuine:  
 Where lone (my fredome hauing in despight)  
 Hath made me thzal through errour of mine eyen,  
 For other guardon hope I not to haue,  
 My foltring tong so basheth ought to craue.

### The diuers and contrarie passions of the louer,

**H**olding my peace alas how loud I crie,  
 Pzessed with hope and dzead euen both at ones  
 Strained with death, and yet I cannot dye,  
 Burning in flame, quaking for cold that grones.  
 Vnto my hope without winges I flie.  
 Pzessed with dispayre, that breaketh al my bones,  
 Walking as if I were, and yet am not.  
 Fayning with mirth, most inwardly with mones.  
 Hard by my help, vnto my helth not nie,  
 Wids of the calme my ship on rock it rones:  
 I serue vnbound, fast fettred yet I lie.  
 In stede of milke that fede on marble stones,  
 My most wil is that I do espie:  
 That workes my ioyes and sorowes both at ones,  
 In contraires standeth al my losse and game:  
 And so the gittlesse causeth al my paine,

### The testament of the haw- thorne

**I** Sely haw whose hope is past,  
 In faithful true and fixed minde:

To her whom that I serued last,  
 Haue al my ioyfulness resignde,  
 Because I know assuredly,  
 My dieng day approcheth ny.

Dispaired hart the carefullest,  
 Of al the sighes I kept in store:  
 Conuey my careful corps to rest.  
 That leaues his ioy for euermore.  
 And when the day of hope is past,  
 Gene vp thy spzite and sigh the last.

But oz that we depart in twaine,  
 Tell her I loued with al my might:  
 That though the corps in clay remaine,  
 Consumed to ashes pale and white.  
 And though the vitall powres do cease,  
 The spzite shall loue her nathelless.

And pray my liues lady dere,  
 During this litle time and space,  
 That I haue to abiden here,  
 Not to withdraw her wonted grace.  
 In recompensing of the paine,  
 That I shal haue to part in twaine.

And that at least she will wilsaue,  
 To graunt my iust and last request:  
 When that she shal behold his graue,  
 That lyeth of life here dispossest,  
 In record that I once was hers,  
 To bathe the frosen stone with teares,

The seruice tree here do I make,  
 For mine executour and my frende:  
 That liuing did not me forsake,  
 Nor will, I trust vnto my ende,  
 To see my body well conueyde,  
 In ground where that it shalbe layde.

Tombed vnderneath a goodly Oke,  
 With Iuy grene that fast is bound:  
 Where this my graue I haue bespoken,  
 For there my ladies name do sound:  
 Beset euen as my testament teils:  
 With oken leaues and nothing els.

Grauen wheron shalbe exprest,  
 Here lieth the body in this place,

*much safe*

*Of*



## Songes

Of him that liuing neuer cest  
To serue the fairest that euer was,  
The corps is here, the hart he gaue  
To her for whom he lieth in graue.

And also set about my herse,  
Two lamps to burne and not to queint,  
Which shalbe token, and reherse  
That my good will was neuer spent.  
When that my corps was layd a low,  
My spirit did sweare to serue no mo.

And if you want of ringing bells,  
When that my corps goth into graue:  
Repete her name and nothing els,  
To whom that I was bonden slaue.  
When that my life it shall vnframe,  
My sprete shal ioy to heare her name.

With dolefull note and piteous sound,  
Wherwith my hart did cleaue in twaine:  
With such a song lay me in ground,  
My sprete let it with her remaine,  
That had the body to commend:  
Till death therof did make an end.

And euen with my last bequest,  
When I shall from this life depart:  
I geue to her I loued best,  
My iust my true and faithfull hart.  
Signed with hand as cold as stone:  
Of him that liuing was her owne.

And if he here might liue againe,  
As Phenix made by death anew:  
Of this ye may assure her plaine,  
That he will still be iust and trew.  
Thus farewell she on liue my owne,  
And send her ioy when I am gone.

The louer in dispaire lamenteth  
his case.

A Dieu desert, how art thou spent?  
Ah dropping teares how do ye washe?  
Ah scalding sighes, how be ye spent?

To

To pricke them forth that will not hast,  
Thy payned hart thou gapst for grace,  
Euen there where pitie hath no place.

As easy it is the stony rocke,  
From place to place for to remoue,  
As by thy plaint for to prouoke:  
A frozen hart from hate to loue,  
What should I say such is thy lot,  
To saue on them that force the not.

Thus mayst thou safely say and sweare,  
That rigour raigneth and ruth doth faile,  
In thanklesse thoughts thy thoughts do weare  
Thy truth, thy faith, may nought auaille,  
For thy good will why should thou so,  
Still graft where grace it will not grow.

Alas poze hart thus hast thou spent,  
Thy flowring time, thy pleasant yeres,  
With sighing voice wepe and lament:  
For of thy hope no frute apperes,  
Thy true meaning is paide with scozne,  
That euer soweth and repeth no corne.

And where thou seekes a quiet port,  
Thou dost but weigh against the winde,  
For where thou gladdest woldst resort,  
There is no place for thee assinde.  
Thy destiny hath set it so  
That thy true hart should cause thy wo.

### Of his maistresse. M. B.

In Bayes I boast whose braunch I beare,  
Such ioy therin I finde:

That to the death I shall it weare,  
To ease my carefull minde.

In heat, in cold, both night and day,  
Her vertue may be sene:

When other frutes and flowers decay,  
The bay yet growes full grene.

Her berries fede the birdes full oft,  
Her leues swete water make:

Ec. 1.

Her



## Songes

Her bowes be set in euery loft,  
For their swete saours sake.  
The birds do shrowd them from the cold,  
In her we dayly see:  
And men make arbers as they wold,  
Under the pleasant tree.  
It doth me good when I repaire,  
There as these bayes do grow:  
Where oft I walke to take the ayze,  
It doth delight me so.  
But loe I stand as I were dome,  
Her beauty for to blase:  
Wherewith my sprites be ouercome,  
So long theron I gase.  
At last I turne vnto my walk,  
In passing to and fro:  
And to my self I smile and talk,  
And then away I go.  
Why smilest thou say lokers on,  
What pleasure hast thou found?  
With that I am as cold as stone,  
And ready for to swoond.  
Fie fie for shame sayth fansie than,  
Pluck vp thy fainted hart:  
And speake thou boldly like a man,  
Shrink not for litle smart.  
Wherat I blushe and change my chere,  
My senses ware so weake:  
O god think I what make I here,  
That neuer a word may speake.  
I dare not sigh lest I be heard,  
My lokes I slyly cast:  
And still I stand as one were scard,  
Until my stormes be past.  
Then happy hap doth me reuiue,  
The blood comes to my face:  
A merrier man is not aliuie,  
Then I am in that case.  
Thus after sorow seke I rest,  
When fled is fansies fit,  
And though I be a homely gest,  
Before the bayes I sit,

Where

where I do watche tyll leaues do fall,  
 when winde the tree doth shake:  
 Then though my branche be very small,  
 My leafe away I take,  
 And then I go and clap my handes,  
 My hart doth leape for ioy:  
 These bapes do ease me from my bandes,  
 That long did me annoy,  
 For when I do beholde the same,  
 which makes so faire a show:  
 I fynde therin my maistris name,  
 And se her vertues grow.

The louer complaineth his harty  
 loue not requited.

**W**hen Phebus had the serpent slaine,  
 He claymed Cupides boe.  
 which strife did turne him to great paine,  
 The story well doth proue.  
 For Cupide made him fele much woe,  
 In sekynge Daphnes loue.

This Cupide hath a shaft of kinde,  
 which wounded many a wight:  
 whose golden hed had power to binde,  
 Eche hart in Venus bandes.  
 This arrow did on Phebus light,  
 which came from Cupides handes.

An other shaft was wrought in spight,  
 which headed was with lead:  
 whose nature quenched swete delight,  
 That louers most embrace.  
 In Daphnes brest this cruell head,  
 had founde a dwelling place.

But Phebus fond of his desire,  
 sought after Daphnes so:  
 he burnt with heat, she felt no fire,  
 Full fast she fled him fro.  
 He gate but hate for his good will,  
 The gods assigned so.



## Songes

My case with Ihebus may compare,  
His hap and mine are one,  
I cry to her that knowes no care,  
Yet seke I to her most:  
When I approche then is she gone,  
Thus is my labour lost.

Now blame not me but blame the shaft,  
That hath the golden head,  
And blame those Gods that with their craft  
Such arrowes forge by kindz.  
And blame the colde and heauy leade,  
That doth my ladies minde.

### A praise of .m. M.

In court as I behelde, the beautie of eech dame,  
Of right me thought fro al the rest should M. steale the same.  
But, er I ment to iudge: I vewed with such aduise,  
As retchlesse dome should not innade: the boundes of my deuise.  
And, whiles I gased long: such heate did bzyde within,  
As Priamus towne felt not more flame, when did the bale begyn.  
By reasons rule, ne yet by wit perceiue I could,  
That M. face of earth yfounde: enjoy such beautie should.  
And fanly doubted that from heauen had Venus come,  
To nourish rage in Britaines hartes, while corage yet doth blome.  
Her natue hue so stroue, with colour of the rose,  
That Paris would haue Helene left, and M. beauty chose.  
A wight farre passing all, and is more faire to seme,  
Then lusty May the lodge of loue: that clothes the earth in grene.  
So angell like she shines, she semeth no mortall wight,  
But one whom nature in her forge, did frame her selfe to spight.  
Of beauty pryncesse chiefe: so makelesse doth she rest,  
Whose eye would glad an heauy wight: and prison paine in brest.  
I ware altoned to see: the feator of her shape,  
And wondred that a mortal hart: such heauely beames could scape.  
Her limmes so answering were: the mould of her faire face,  
Of Venus stocke she semde to spring, the roote of beauties grace.  
Her presens doth pretend: such honour and estate,  
That simple men might gesse her birth: if folly bzed debate.  
Her lokes in hartes of flint: would such affectes imprese,  
As rage of flame not Nilus streames: in Nestors peres encrease.  
within

Within the subtile seat, of her bright eyen doth dwell,  
 Blinde Cupide with the prick of paine: that princes freedom sell.  
 A Paradise it is: her beauty to behold,  
 Where natures stuffe so full is founde, that natures ware is sold.

An old louer to a yong  
 gentlewoman.

Care to yong to bring me in,  
 And I to old to gape for flies:  
 I haue to long a louer ben,  
 If such yonge babes should bleare mine eyes,  
 But trill the ball befoze my face,  
 I am content to make you play:  
 I wyl not see, I hide my face,  
 And turne my backe and runne away.  
 But if you folow on so fast,  
 And crosse the wayes where I should go,  
 Ye may waxe wery at the last,  
 And then at length your selfe oze throw.  
 I meane where you and all your flocke,  
 Deuise to pen men in the pound:  
 I know a key can picke your locke,  
 And make you runne your selves on ground.  
 Some birdes can eate the strawie cozne,  
 And flee the lime that fowlers set,  
 And some are ferde of euery thorne,  
 And so thereby they scape the net.  
 But some do light and neuer loke,  
 And seeth not who doth stand in waite,  
 As fishe that swallowe by the hoke,  
 And is begiled thzough the baite.  
 But men can loke befoze they leape,  
 And be at price for euery ware,  
 and penyworthes cast to bye good cheape,  
 and in eche thing hath eye and care.  
 But he that bluntly runnes on hed,  
 and seeth not what the race shalbe:  
 Is like to bring a foole to bed,  
 and thus ye get no more of me.

The



Songes  
The louer forsaketh his  
vnkinde loue.

Farewell thou frozen hart and eares of hardned stele,  
Thou lackest yeres to vnderstand the grieve that I did fele.  
The Gods reuenge my wrong, with equall plage on thee,  
When pleasure shal prick forth thy youth, to learn what loue shalbe  
Perchaunce thou prouest now, to scale blinde Cupides holde,  
And matchest where thou maist repēt, when al thy cardes are told.  
But blishe not thou therfore, thy betters haue done so,  
Who thought they had retainde a doue, when they but cought a cro  
And some do linger time, with lofty lokes we see,  
That lightes at length as low or worse, then doth the betell bee.  
Yet let thy hope be good, such hap may fall from hie:  
That thou maist be if fortune serue, a princeesse er thou die.  
If chaunce prefer thee so, alas pooze sely man,  
Where shall I scape thy cruell handes, or seke for succour than  
God shild such greedy wolues, shoulde lap in guiltlesse blood,  
And send short hornes to hurtful hedds, that rage like lions wood.  
I seidome see the day, but malice wanteth might,  
And hatefull hartes haue neuer hap, to weake their wpath aright.  
The mad man is vnmete, a naked sword to gide,  
And moze vnfit are they to clime, that are oze come with pride.  
I touch not thee herein, thou art a fawcon sure,  
That can both soer and stoup sometime, as men cast by the lure.  
The peacock hath no place, in thee when thou shalt list,  
For some no soner make a signe, but thou perceiuest the fist.  
They haue that I do want, and that hath thee begilde,  
The lacke that thou dost see in mee, doth make thee loke so wilde.  
My luring is not good, it liketh not thine care,  
My call it is not halfe so swete, as would to god it were.  
Well wanton yet beware, thou do not tiring take,  
At euery hand that would thee fede, or to thee frendship make.  
This counsell take of him that ought thee once his loue,  
Who hopes to mere thee after this, among the faintes aboue.  
But here within this worlde, if he may shonne the place,  
He rather askeeth present death, then to beholde thy face.

The louer preferreth his lady  
aboue all other.

Resigne

**R**efigne you dames whom tikeling brute delight,  
 The golden praise that flatteries tromp doth sound:  
 And vassels be to her that claims by right,  
 The title iust that first dame beauty found.  
 Whose dainty eyes such sugred baits do hide,  
 As poyson harts where glims of loue do glide.  
 Come eke and see how heauen and nature wrought,  
 Within her face where framed is such ioy:  
 As priams sonnes in vaine the seas had sought,  
 If halfe such light had had abode in Troy.  
 For as the golden sunne doth darke ech starre,  
 So doth her hue the farrest dames as farre.  
 Ech heauenly gift, ech grace that nature could,  
 By art or wit my lady lo retaines:  
 A sacred head, so heapt with heares of gold,  
 As Phebus beames for beauty farre it stains,  
 A sucred tong, where eke such sweetenesse snowes,  
 That well it semes a fountain where it flowes.  
 Two laughing eyes so linked with pleasing lokes,  
 As wold entice a tigers hart to serue:  
 The bayt is swete but eager be the hookes,  
 For Dyane sekes her honour to preserue.  
 Thus Arundel sits, throned still with fame,  
 Whom enemies tromp can not attaint with shame:  
 My dased head so daunted is with heapes,  
 Of gistes diuine that harbor in her brest:  
 Her heauenly shape, that lo my verses leaps,  
 And touch but that wherin she clouds the rest.  
 For if I should her graces all recite,  
 Both time should want, and I should wonders write,  
 Her chere so swete, so chystal is her eyes,  
 Her mouth so smal, her lips so liuely red:  
 Her hand so fine, her wordes so swete and wise,  
 That Pallas semes to sojourne in her hed.  
 Her vertues great, her forme as farre exceeds,  
 As sunne the shade that mortall creatures leades.  
 Would God that wretched age would spare to race,  
 Her liuely hew that as her graces rare:  
 Be goddesse like, euen so her goddesse face.  
 Might neuer change but still continue faire  
 That eke in after time ech wight may see,  
 How vertue can with beauty beare degree.



## Songes

The louer lamenteth that he would  
forget loue, and can  
not,

Alas when shall I ioy,  
When shall my woful hart,  
Cast forth the folyshe toy  
That breedeth all my smart.  
A thousand times and mo,  
I haue attempted soze:  
To rid this restlesse wo,  
Which raigneth more and more.

But when remembrance past  
Hath laid dead coales together:  
Old loue renewes his blast,  
That cause my ioyes to wither.  
Then sodainly a spark,  
Startes out of my desire,  
And lepes into my hart,  
Setting the coles a fire.

Then reason runnes about,  
To seke forgetful water:  
To quench and cleane put out,  
The cause of all this matter.  
And saith dead flesh must nedes,  
Be cut out of the coze,  
For rotten withered wedes,  
Can heale no greuous soze.

But then euen sodainely,  
The feruent heat doth flake:  
And cold then straineth me,  
That makes my bodie shake.  
Alas who can endure,  
To suffer at this paine,  
Sins her that should me cure,  
Most cruel death hath slaine,  
wel well, I say no more.  
Let dead care for the dead,  
Yet wo is me therfore,  
I must attempt to lead.

On

One other kinde of life,  
 When hitherto I haue:  
 Or els this paine and strife,  
 will bring me to my graue.

¶ Songes written by N.G.

Of the ix. Muses.

I Mps of king Ioue, and quene Remembrance lo,  
 The sisters nyne. the poets pleasant feres:  
 Calliope doth stately stile bestow,  
 And worthy praises paintes of princely peres  
 Elion in solem songes reneweth all day,  
 With present yerres conioyning age bypast.  
 Delightefull talke loues Comical Thaley:  
 In fresh grene youth, who doth like laurell last.  
 With voyces Tragicall soundes Melpomen,  
 And, as with cheins, challured eare she bindes.  
 Her stringes wien Cerpsichoz doth touche, euen then  
 She toucheth hartes, and raigneth in mens mindes,  
 Fine Erato, whole looke a litle there  
 Presents, in dauncing keepes a comely grace.  
 With semely gellure doth Polymnie stee:  
 whose wordes whole routes of rankes doo rule in place,  
 Uranie, her globes to view all bent,  
 The ninefold heauen obserues with fixed face,  
 The blastes Eutrep tunes of instrument,  
 with solace sweete hence heauie dumps to chase.  
 Lord Phcebus in the mids (whose heauenly spire  
 These ladies doth enspire) embraceth all.  
 The graces in the Muses weed, delite  
 To lead them forth, that men in maze they fall.

Musonius the Philosophers  
 saying.



## Songes

**I**n working wel, if trauell you sustain:  
 Into the winde shal lightly passe the paine:  
 But of the dede the glory shall remain,  
 And cause your name with worthy wights to raine:  
 In working wrong, if pleasure you attaine:  
 The pleasure soon shal vade, and vaide, as vaine:  
 But of the dede, throughout the life the shame  
 Endures, defacing you with foule defame:  
 And stil torments the minde, both night and day:  
 Scant length of time the spot can wash away.  
 Flee then yf swading pleasures baies untrue:  
 And noble vertues faire renown pursue.

## Descripcion of vertue.

**W**hat one art thou, thus in torn weed yclad?  
 Vertue in price whom auncient sages had.  
 Why, poorly rayd? For fading goodes past care,  
 Why double faced? I marke ech fortunes farr.  
 This bridle, what? Whinders rages to restrain.  
 Tooles why beare you? I loue to take great pain,  
 Why winges? I teache aboue the starres to flye.  
 Why tread you death? I onely cannot dye.

## Praise of measure keping.

**T**he auncient time commended, not for nought,  
 The mean: what better thing can there be sought?  
 In meane, is vertue placed: on either side,  
 Both right and left, amisse a man shall slide.  
 Icar, with fire hadst thou the mid way flown,  
 Icarian beck by name had no man known.  
 If middle path kept had proud Phaeton,  
 No burning brand this earth had faine vpon.  
 He cruel power, ne none to soft can rain,  
 What kepes a meane, the same shal stil remain.  
 Thee, Iulie, once did too much mercy spill:  
 Thee, Nero stern, rigor extreme did kill.

How could August so many yerres well passe?  
 Noz ouermeke, noz ouerferse he was.  
 worshop not Ioue with curious fancies vain,  
 Noz him despise: hold right atween these twain.  
 No wastefull wight, no greedy goom is praisd,  
 Stands largesse iust, in egall balance payzd  
 So Catoes meal, surmountes Antonius chere,  
 And better fame his sober fare hath here.  
 To slender building, bad: as bad, to grosse.  
 One, an eyefore, the tother fallies to losse.  
 As medicines help, in measure so (God wot)  
 By ouermuch, the sick their bane haue got.  
 Unmeete me semes to vtter this, mo waies:  
 Measure forbids vnmeasurable praise.

Mans life after Possidonius  
 or Crates.

**VV**hat path list you to tread? what trade will you assay?  
 The courts of plea, by bzaul, & bate, bring gentle peace away  
 In house, for wife, and child, there is but cark and care:  
 with trauel, and with toyl ynough, in feelds we vse to fare.  
 Uppon the seas lieth dread: the rich in foraine land,  
 Doo feare the losse: and there, the pooze, like misers pored stand,  
 Strife, with a wife, without, your thurst full hard to see:  
 Pong bzats, a trouble: none at all, a maym it seems to bee:  
 Youth, fond, age hath no hart, and pincheth al to nie,  
 Choose then the leefer of these twoo, no life, or soon to die.

Metrodorus minde to the  
 contrarie.

**VV**hat race of life romn you: what trade will you assay?  
 In courts is glozy got, and wit encreased day by day.  
 At home we take our ease, and beak our selues in rest:  
 The fieldes our nature doo refresh with pleasures of the best.  
 On seas is gain, to get: the straunger, hee shall bee,  
 Esteemed: hauing much, if not, none knoweth his lack, but hee,  
 A wife will trim thy house: no wife: then art thou free.  
 Good is a louely thing: without, thy life is loole to thee.  
 Pong bloods be strong: old sires in double honour dwell.



## Songes

Doway that chople, no life, or soone to dye: for all is well.

### Of frendship.

O f all the heauenly giftes, that mortall men commend,  
What trusty treasure in the world can counteruail a frend?  
Our helth is soone decayd: goodes, casuall, light, and vaine:  
Broke haue we sene the force of powre, and honour suffer stain,  
In bodie lust, man doth resemble but base brate:  
True vertue gets, and keeps a frend, good guide of our pursue:  
Whose hartie zeale with ours accords, in every case:  
No terme of time, no space of place, no storme can it deface,  
When fickle fortune failes, this knot endureth still:  
Thy kin out of their kinde may swarue, whē frendes owe the good  
What sweeter solace shall befall, than one to finde, (will,  
Upon whose brest thou mayst repose the secretes of thy minde:  
He wayleth at thy wo, his teares with thine be shed:  
With thee doth he all ioyes enioy: so leet a life is led.  
Behold thy frend, and of thy selfe the patern see:  
One soule, a wonder shall it seem, in bodie twain to bee.  
In absence, present, rich in want, in sicknelle sound,  
Pea after death aliue, mayst thou by thy sure frend be found.  
Eche house, eche towne, eche realme by stedfast lone both stand:  
Where fowle debate breeds bitter bale, in eche deuided land.  
O frendship, flour of floures: O liuely sprite of life,  
O sacred bond of blisfull peace, the stalworth staunch of strife:  
Scipio with Lelius didst thou conioyn in care,  
At home, in warres, for weal and wo, with egall faith to fare,  
Gessippus eke with Cite, Damon with Pythias,  
And with Menetus sonne Achill, by thee combined was.  
Eurpalus, and Nisus gaue Virgil cause to sing:  
Of Pylades doo many rimes, and of Orestes ring.  
Down Theseus went to hell, Pirith, his frend to finde:  
O that the wines, in these our daies, wer to their wates so kinde.  
Cicero, the frendly man, to Atticus, his frend,  
Of frendship wrote: such couples lo doth lot but sel dome lend.  
Recount thy race, now ronke: how few shalt thou there see.  
Of whom to say: This same is he, that neuer fayled mee.  
So rare a iewell then must nedes be holden dere:  
And as thou wilt esteeme thy self, so take thy chosen fere.  
The tirant, in dispaire, no lacke of gold bewayls.

But

But, out I am vndoon (saith he) for all my frendship failes.  
 wherfore sings nothing is moze kindly for our kinde:  
 Next wisdom thus, that teacheth vs, loue vs the frendfull minde

The death of Zoroas, an Egyp-  
 tian Astronomer, in the  
 first fight, that Alex-  
 ander had with  
 the Persi-  
 ans,

N Ow clattering armes, now ragging broyles of warre,  
 Can passe the noyes of dreadfull trumpets clang:  
 Shrowded with shafts, the heuen: with cloud of darts,  
 Couered the ayre: against full fatted bulls,  
 As forceth kindled yre the Lyons keen:  
 Whose greedy gutts the gnawing hunger pricks:  
 So Macedons against the Persians fare.  
 Now corpes hide the purpled soyl with blood:  
 Large slaughter, on ech side: but Perses moze  
 Mopst feelds be bledd: their harts, and numbers bate.  
 Fainted while they geue back, and fall to flight:  
 The lightening Macedon, by swoords, by gleaues,  
 By bands and troups, of fotemen with his garde,  
 Speeds to Darie: but him, his nearest kyn,  
 Orate preserues, with horsemen on a plump  
 Before his carre: that none the charge could gene.  
 Here grunts here grones, echwhere strong pouth is spent:  
 Shakyng her bloody handes, Bellone, among  
 The Perses, soweth all kynde of cruel death.  
 With throte ycutt, he roozes: he lieth along,  
 His entrails with a lance through girded quite:  
 Him smites the club, him wounds far strikynge bow,  
 And him the sling, and him the shining sword:  
 He dieth, he is all dead, he pants, he rests.  
 Right ouerstood, in snowwhite armour braue,

The



## Songes

The Memphisite Foras, a cunning clarker:  
 To whom the heauen lay open, as his booke:  
 And in celestrall bodie he could tell,  
 The mouing, meting, light, aspect, eclips,  
 And influence, and constellacions all:  
 What earthly chances would betide: what yere  
 Of plenty stord, what signe forwarned derth:  
 How winter gendzeth snow, what temperature  
 In the primetide doth season well the soyl:  
 Why somer burnes, why atumne hath ripe grapes:  
 whether the circle, quadzate may become:  
 whether our tunes heauens harmony can yelde:  
 Of four begins, among them selues how great  
 Proportion is, what sway the erring lightes  
 Doth send in course gaine that first mouing heauen:  
 what grees, one from another distant be,  
 what starre doth let the hurtfull fire to rage,  
 Or him moze milde what opposition makes:  
 what fire doth qualify Hauozses fire:  
 what house eche one doth seke: what planet raignes  
 within this hemisphere, or that small things  
 I speake, whole heauen he closeth in his brest.  
 This sage then, in the starres had spied: the fates  
 Threatned him death, without delay: and sithe  
 He saw, he could not fatall order change:  
 Forward he prest, in battaile that he might  
 Meete with the ruler of the Macedoins:  
 Of his right hand desirous to be slaine,  
 The boldest beurn, and worthiest in the fiede:  
 And, as a wight now weary of his life,  
 And seeking death: in first front of his rage,  
 Comes desperately to Alexanders face:  
 At him, with darts, one after other throwes:  
 with reckles wordes, and clamour him prouokes,  
 And saith, Nectanabs bastard, shamefull stain  
 Of mothers bed: why lokest thou thy strokes,  
 Towards among: Turne thee to me, in case  
 Vanhed there be so much left in thy hart:  
 Come fight with me: that on my helmet weare  
 Appolloes laurel, both for learnings laude,  
 And eke for martial prais: that in my shield,  
 The seuenfold sophie of Minerue contem:

I match

Match, more meet, sir king, than any here.  
 The noble prince amoued, takes ruth upon  
 The wilful wight, and with soft wordes, open,  
 O monstrous man (quod he) what so thou art,  
 I pray the line, ne do not, with thy death,  
 This lodge of lore, the Muses mansion marre,  
 That treasure house this hand shall neuer spoyle:  
 My sword shall neuer bruse that skilful braine,  
 Long gathered heapes of science sone to spill.  
 O how faire frutes may you to mortal men  
 From wisdomes garden geue: How many may  
 By you the wiser and the better proue:  
 What error, what mad moode, what phrensie thee  
 Perswades to be downe sent to Depe Auerne:  
 Where no arts flourish nor no knowledge baile:  
 For all these sawes, when thus the sonerain sayd,  
 Alighted Foras: with sword vnshathed,  
 The carelesse king there smot, aboue the greue,  
 At thopening of his quithes, wounded him  
 So that the blood down rayled on the ground.  
 The Macedon perceluing hurt, gan gnash:  
 But yet his minde he bent, in any wise  
 Him to forbear: set spurs vnto his stede,  
 And turnde a way, lest anger of his smart  
 Should cause reuenger hand deale baleful blowes:  
 But of the Macedoniam chieftains knights  
 One Meleager, could not beare this sight,  
 But ran vpon the said Egyptian reake,  
 And cut him in both knees he fell to ground,  
 Wherewith a whole rout came of souldiers stern,  
 And all in pieces hewed the silly seg,  
 But happily the soule fled to the starres,  
 Where vnder him, he hath ful sight of all,  
 Wherat he gased here, with reaching looke.  
 The Persians woulde such sapience to forgot:  
 The very sone, the Macedonians wisht.  
 He would haue liued, king Alexander self  
 Demde him a man, vnnete to die at all,  
 who wen like praisse, for conquest of his pre,  
 As for stout men in field that day subdued  
 who princes taught how to discerne a man

That



## Songes

That in his hed so rare a Jewell beares.  
 But ouer all, those same Camenes, those same  
 Deuine Camenes, whose honour he procured,  
 As tender parent doth his daughters weall:  
 Lamented: and for thanks all that they can,  
 Do cherish him decess, and set him free,  
 From dark obliuion of denouring death.

### Marcus Tullius Ciceroes death.

Therfore, when restless rage of winde, and waile  
 He saw: By fates, alas cald for (quod he)  
 As haplesse Cicero: sayl on, shape course  
 To the next shore, and bring me to my death.  
 Perdy these thanks, rescued from cinell sword,  
 Wilt thou my countrey paye: I see mine end:  
 So powers diuine, so bid the gods above,  
 In citie saued that Consul Marcus shend.  
 Speakyng no moze, but drawyng from depe hart  
 Great groanes, euen at the name of Rome rehearse:  
 His eyes and chekes, with showres of teares he walght:  
 And (though a rout in dayly daungers woze)  
 With forced face, the shipmen held their teares:  
 And, striuyng long the seas rough floods to passe,  
 In angry windes, and stormy showres made way:  
 And at the last, safe ancred in the rode.  
 Came heauy Cicero a land: with pain,  
 His fainted lims the aged sire doth draine:  
 And, round about their master stood his band:  
 Noz greatly with their owne hard hap dismayd,  
 Noz plighted fapth, proue in sharp time to break:  
 Some swordes prepare, some their dere lord assaile:  
 In littour layd, they lead him bntouth wayes:  
 If so deceaue Antonius cruell gleaues  
 They might, and thzeats of folowynge routs escape.  
 Thus lo, that Tullie, went that Tullius,  
 Of royall robe, and sacred senate prince:  
 When he a far the men approach espiech,

And

And of his fone the ensignes doth aknowe  
 And, with drawne sworde, Popilius threating death  
 Whose life, and hole estate, in hazard once,  
 He had preferude: when Room as yet to free  
 Herd him, and at his thundring voice amazde.  
 Herennius eke, moze eyger then the rest,  
 Present enflamde with furie, him pursues.  
 What might he do? Should he vse in defence  
 Disarmed handes: or pardon aske, for mede?  
 Should he with wordes attempt to turne the wrath  
 Of charmed knight, whose safegarde he had wrought:  
 No, age forbids, and firt within depe brest  
 His countreyes loue, and falling Romes image,  
 The charret turne, sith he, let loose the raines:  
 Romn to the vnderferued death: me, lo.  
 Hath Phebus fowle, as messenger forwarnd:  
 And Ioue desires a new heauens man to make,  
 Brutus, and Cassius soules, liue you in blisse:  
 In case yet all the fates gaynstriue vs not,  
 Neither shall we perchaunce dye vncruenged.  
 Now haue I liued, O Room, ynough for mee:  
 My passed life nought suffreth me to dout  
 Noysome obliuion of the lothsome death.  
 Se lea mee: yet all the offspring to come shall know:  
 And this deccas shall bring eternall life.  
 Pea, and (vnlesse I fayle, and all in vaine  
 Room, I somtime thy augur chosen was)  
 Not euermore shall frendly fortune thee  
 Fauiour, Antonius: once the day shall come:  
 When her deare wights, by cruel spight, thus slaine.  
 Victorious Room shall at thy handes require.  
 He likes, therwhile, go se the hoped heauen.  
 Speech had he left: and therwith he, good man,  
 His throte preparde, and held his hed ynmoued.  
 His hasting to those fates the very knightes  
 We loth to see: and, rage rebated, when  
 They his bare necke behelde, and his hore heares:  
 Scant could they hold the teares, that furth gan burst  
 And almost fell from bloody handes the swoordes,  
 Onely the sterne Herennius, with grym looke,  
 Dastards, why stand you still: he saith: and straight,  
 Swaps of the hed, with his presumptuous pron.



## Songes

He with that slaughter yet is he not fild:  
Fowle shew me on shame to heape, is his delite:  
Wherefore his handes also doth he of smyte,  
Which durle Antonius life so liuely paint.  
Him, yelding strained goste, from welkin hie.  
With lothy chere, lord Phebus gan behold:  
And in blacke clowd, they say, long hid his hed.  
The latine Mulsis, and the Graves, they wept:  
And for his fall, eternally shall wepe.  
And lo, hert persing Ditho (straunge to tell)  
Who had to him suffisde both sence, and wordes,  
When so he spake: and drest, with nectar soote,  
That flowyng toung: when his windpipe disclosde,  
Fled with her fleing frend: and (out alas)  
Hath left the earth, ne will no moze retorne.  
Popilius flieth, therwhile, and, leauing there  
The sencelesse stock, a grizely sight doth beare  
Unto Antonius boord, with mischief fed.

### Of, M. T. Cicero.

For Tullie, late, a tomb I gan prepare:  
When Cynthia, thus, bad me my labour spare:  
Such maner thinges becom the dead, quoth hee:  
But Tullie liues, and still aliue shall bee.

N.G.

# Th

## A

**A**las so all thinges now. 5  
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## I

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Inters iust returne.  
 If care do use men cry.  
 In the rude age.  
 If waker care.  
 If finde no peace,  
 It may be good.  
 In faith I wot not.  
 If euer man might him.  
 If amorous faith.  
 It burneth yet alas.  
 If se that chaunce hath.  
 If thou wilt myghty be.  
 In court to serue.  
 In doutfull brest.  
 If euer wofull man.  
 If right be rackt.  
 In Grece sometime.  
 It is no fire.  
 I lent my loue to losse.  
 In seking rest.  
 If se there is no sort.  
 I lothe that I did loue.  
 If it were so that God.  
 In fredome was my fantasy.  
 I rede how Troilus  
 Heard when fame.  
 He can close in short.  
 It was the day on which.  
 That Ulysses peres.  
 If that thy wicked wife.  
 I would I found not.  
 I silly Haw.  
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 In court as I beheld.  
 Imps of king Ioue.  
 In working well.

# L

L One that lineth.  
 Layd in my quiet bed.  
 Lux my faire falcon.  
 Loue, fortune, & my mind.

# able.

6 Like vnto these vnnesu.  
 15 Like as the birde with.  
 17 Like as the lark.  
 20 Lo here the end of man.  
 21 Like as the brake.  
 23 Like as the rage of raine.  
 24 Like the Phoenix a bird.  
 32 Doe dead he liues.  
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# M

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 64 My hart I gaue thee.  
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81 Nature that gaue the bee.  
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V

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VV

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FINIS.

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